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THE GLORIES OF MADONNA BY MICHAEL KELLY
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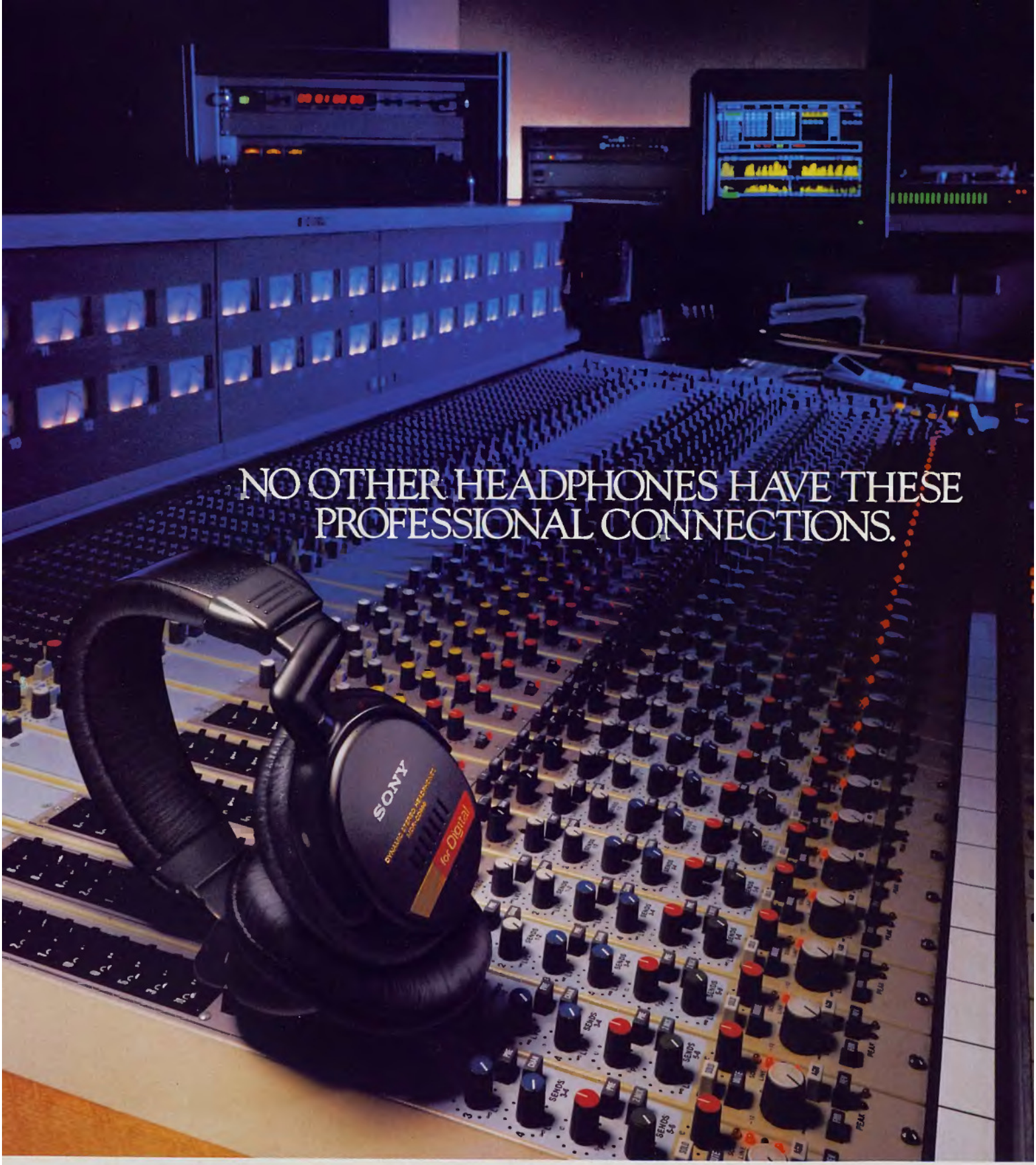

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PLAYBILL

WHAT IS IT, exactly, that **Madonna** is trying to tell us? That a strong woman can be smart and foolish, glamourous and tacky, tough and tender, all at the same time? Or has she pulled off the biggest hoax since **Milli Vanilli?** Writer **Michael Kelly** takes on these questions in *Playgirl of the Western World*, with an illustration by **Olivia De Berardinis.** We know what **Dennis Barrie,** the director of Cincinnati's Contemporary Art Center, was trying to tell us when he mounted an exhibition of the late **Robert Mapplethorpe's** photographs: that regular people can look at art and decide for themselves whether or not it has merit. In Cincinnati, on April 7, 1990, the local sheriff and the county prosecutor decided the photos were obscene. They barricaded the museum and hauled Barrie into court. Our story *Showdown in Cincinnati* has a happy ending, and Senior Staff Writer **James R. Petersen** was there to report on the trial and the verdict. In a related *Playboy Forum* piece, "The Obscenity Amendment," **Robert Scheer** mulls over the recent First Amendment–related obscenity flaps and suggests it's time to take this matter right to the people. If the Constitution is to be shredded, says Scheer, let the voters do it with an amendment banning obscenity. First, of course, someone will have to define obscenity. That ought to tie up **Jesse Helms** for a couple of years. An upcoming trial that will also be debated long after it's over is that of **Erik** and **Lyle Menendez,** charged with the shockingly brutal murder of their parents. Journalist **Robert Rand's** piece, *The Killing of Jose Menendez*, exposes the darkest side of the American dream. Those eager to exonerate the sons have fingered the Mob—which is what film makers have been doing a lot lately. In moviehouses, it's hard to avoid gangsters, so Contributing Editor **William J. Helmer** thought it was time to give you readers a test, *A Quiz You Can't Refuse* (illustrated by **Mike Benny**), to separate the good guys from the *GoodFellas*. When you're done, you'll know who done it.

Contributing Editor **David Sheff** says he was pretty cynical about New Age spirituality and even more so about psychiatry until his own life hit some serious snags. By the time he sat down with **M. Scott Peck,** author of the best-selling *The Road Less Traveled*, which recently surpassed *The Joy of Sex* in all-time sales, he was ready to listen. But in his *Playboy Interview*, the guru of self-help surprised him by being full of contradictions.

Robert Silverberg's *The Clone Zone* is an absorbing story about a South American dictator who gets duplicated to protect himself from being assassinated. It's illustrated by Argentine artist **Carlos Nine.**

Now that we've filled your head with interesting information, it's time to treat your eyes. Managing Photo Editor **Jeff Cohen** had so much fun exposing Russian women to American audiences in *Mission: Implausible* (February 1990) that this year, along with French photographer **Patrick Magaud,** he ventured into Cuba (via Mexico) and came home with Cohiba cigars and *Cuba Libre*, a wonderful photojournalism story featuring the women of Cuba. The cigars may be great, Jeff, but Magaud took one of the models, **Idolka,** home with him to Paris! For further balm to the eye, award-winning photographer **Herb Ritts** takes a close look at gorgeous supermodel **Stephanie Seymour**—more revealing than that you'll see in the upcoming *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit issue.

We tee off in fashion this month with the best in golf gear and garb. In *Home, Smart Home*, **Jonathan Takiff** makes George Jetson's space-age abode look like the cartoon it is. Ours is real. Are we finished yet? Not until we remind you—as if you needed it—to check out Playmate **Julie Clarke.** *Now* we're done!

KELLY

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NINE

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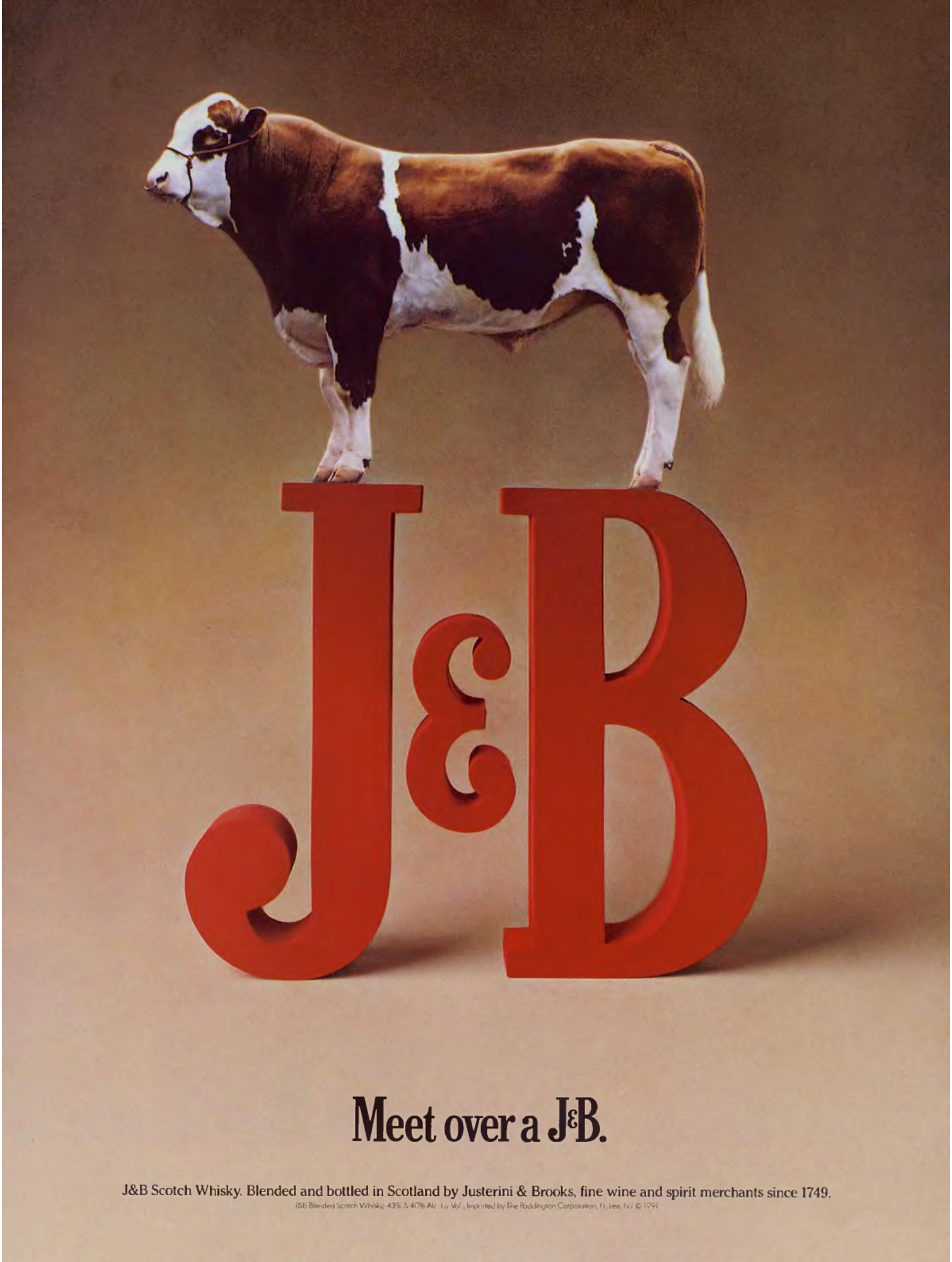

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vol. 38, no. 3—march 1991

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL 3

DEAR PLAYBOY 9

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS 13

MEN ..... ASA BABER 28

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR 31

THE PLAYBOY FORUM 33

REPORTER'S NOTEBOOK:
THE OBSCENITY AMENDMENT—opinion ..... ROBERT SCHEER 3B

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: M. SCOTT PECK—candid conversation 43

SHOWDOWN IN CINCINNATI—article ..... JAMES R. PETERSEN 64

CUBA LIBRE—pictorial ..... text by JEFF COHEN 68

A QUIZ YOU CAN'T REFUSE ..... compiled by WILLIAM J. HELMER 78

PLAYGIRL OF THE WESTERN WORLD—playboy profile ..... MICHAEL KELLY 82

PRICELESS JULES—playboy's playmate of the month 86

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor 98

THE KILLING OF JOSE MENENDEZ—article ..... ROBERT RAND 100

FORE PLAY—fashion ..... HOLLIS WAYNE 102

THE CLONE ZONE—fiction ..... ROBERT SILVERBERG 108

STEPHANIE—pictorial 112

HOME, SMART HOME—modern living ..... JONATHAN TAKIFF 124

PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE 165

Cuba Libre P. 68

Menendez Murders P. 100

Precious Jules P. 86

Sweet Home P. 124

COVER STORY

Stephanie Seymour sheds her swimsuit and all inhibitions in a *Playboy* pictorial that transforms the supermodel into a seductive sea goddess. Thanks to Sally Hershberger and Sharon Simonaire of Visage Style for hair and styling and to Carol Shaw of Cloutier for make-up. Kudos to photographer Herb Ritts for his vision of Venus rising from the deep in a timeless fantasy. Our Rabbit adds the finishing touch to Stephanie's crowning glory.

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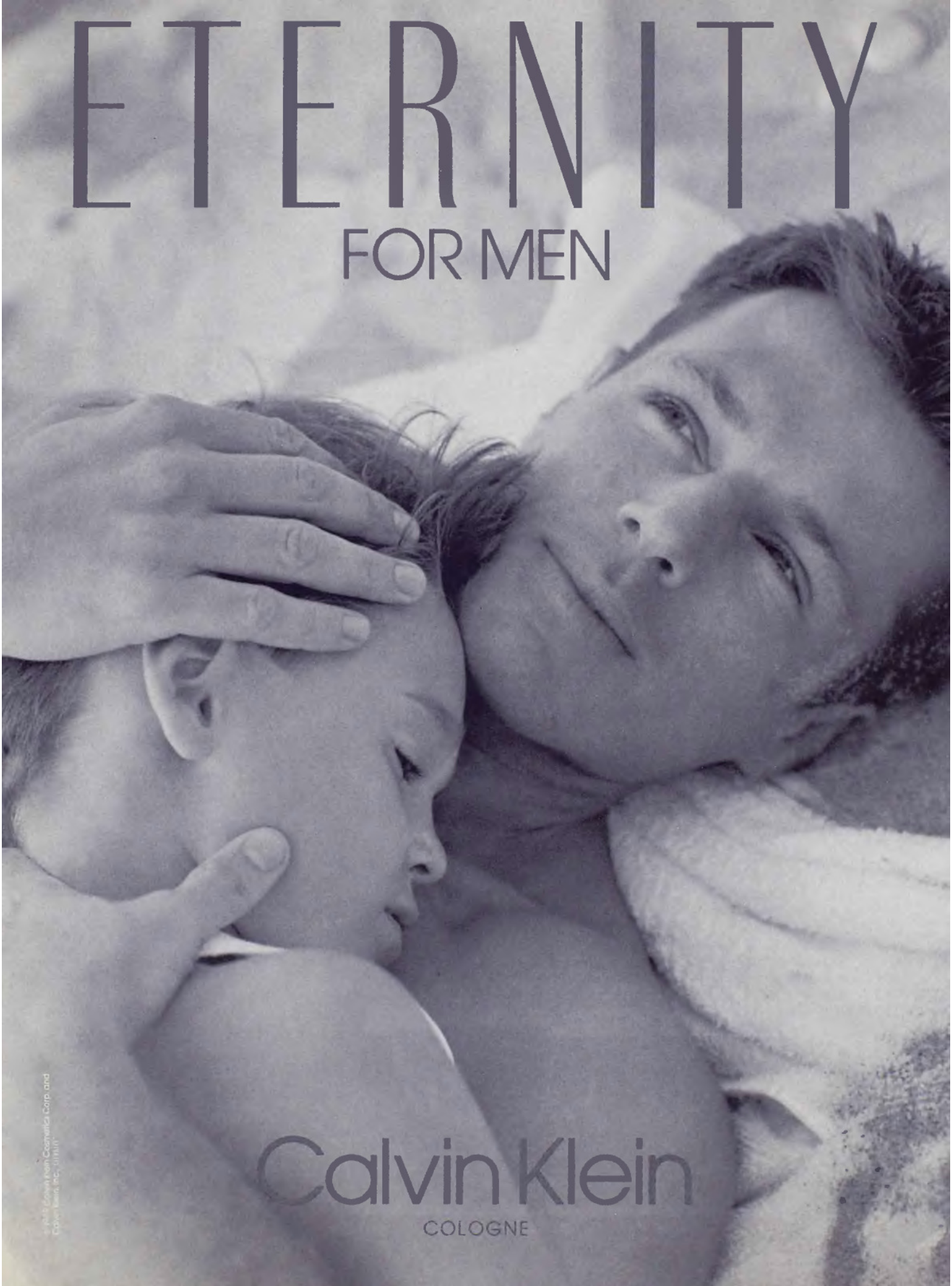
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JAY LENO

The mention of self-hypnosis in the *Playboy Interview* with Jay Leno (December) is most intriguing.

Although the term is never used, he does use such phrases as "going into a trance," "rhythm of the thing," "I fall asleep," "My pulse drops way down."

Jay could have been trained to go into a hypnotic trance, but my guess is that this commendable ability is natural to him. This is true of a number of people.

For instance, it was said that before Albert Einstein went to the blackboard to work on an equation, he appeared to go into a trance, as if he shifted gears in order to use his subconscious mind. Comedy ain't physics, but a great interview is a great interview. Thanks, *Playboy*.

Stew Albert
Northridge, California

After trying to sell a screenplay 100 times, I had all but given up; but after reading Jay Leno's interview, I've picked myself up, dusted myself off and started all over again.

Thanks for the inspiration, Jay, and showing that persistence and hard work *do* pay.

Paul Lopresti, Jr.
Sewell, New Jersey

I've always liked Jay Leno. He doesn't drag people's names through the mud. He does not spout blue lines on stage and make you want to gag. He just observes things and reports them in a humorous manner. He doesn't overdo sex and violence. Instead of foul language, he uses common sense and a mastery of the language to be humorous. He joins a long list of humorists who made their way in the same manner: Groucho Marx, Will Rogers, Jack Benny, Robert Benchley, Bob Hope, Johnny Carson, Bill Cosby and even Leno's buddy David Letterman.

Maybe clean humor is on its way back. I noticed that on the *Party Jokes* page in the same issue, there are only two of 11 jokes that one may not wish to tell at the dinner table. I hope Jay Leno stays at the top for a long time. There is a lot to be said for good, old-fashioned clean fun. Great interview!

Charles Howard Thomas
Wilmington, Delaware

UNDER GOD

After reading Garry Wills's article *Under God* in the December issue, I am reminded of the old saw that "America has no organized criminal class, except for politicians." Today, I believe that would read, "and Jesus business hucksters," since the present crop of Robertsons, Falwells, Bakkers, Wildmons, et al. have long since blurred the lines and made any reasonable distinctions impossible.

It *is* amazing that intelligent, literate and scholarly people seem to overlook the constant flow, in the gutters and sewers of our country's political structure, of religiosity and what I like to call sanctiphoniousness. Perhaps this blind spot comes from the rather silly notion that religion is, somehow, a matter removed from greed, venality, baseness and crass hunger for power.

Certainly, the best, most comprehensive and most accurate portrayal of evangelism and the Jesus business in America remains Sinclair Lewis' *Elmer Gantry*. Perhaps this work should be made compulsory reading for granting of a high school diploma.

As censorship, resurgence of the K.K.K., defeat of civil rights and other repressions descend upon us, we should all be grateful that *Playboy* continues to offer light, fresh air and an opportunity to look at both the present and the future without the blinders the Jesus business flacks would impose upon us.

Colin J. Guthrie, Ph.D.
Aurora, Colorado

I found both Garry Wills's *Under God* and Robert Scheer's *Reporter's Notebook*

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"Coming Out Right" thought-provoking and complementary. However, both writers missed the point. The underlying Puritanism that's ingrained into American society affects both the far right and the far left of politics. The concept that life consists of absolutes—black and white, good and evil—and the idea of one's own absolute moral and ethical superiority lead to the terrorism practiced by *both* anti-abortionist and radical ecologist. Indeed, if the Mapplethorpe photographs displayed in Cincinnati had been heteroerotic instead of homoerotic, most likely, members of NOW rather than those of the right wing of the body politic would have been the ones bringing charges of obscenity against the exhibition.

William Hines
Uniontown, Pennsylvania

"COMING OUT RIGHT"

If I understand Robert Scheer correctly, he suggests that all intelligent libertarian-minded conservatives should divorce themselves from the mainstream of conservatism. What purpose is Scheer asking libertarians to serve? To rid the right of its conscience? To leave the leadership of the right to the Klan? Or simply to leave the field open to the unbridled charge of the holy coalition of the left?

But Scheer makes a good point. That is, that coalition politics often overrides intellectual consistency, so politics makes strange bedfellows. So what else is new? But, to be honest, this is equally true of the left, or whatever you call that multitextured juggernaut that seems to control Congress, the bureaucracy, media, race relations, etc.

It is not in the least surprising that some politically knowledgeable homosexuals—people who are acutely aware of the fundamental importance of individual liberties—find an appeal in the libertarian position.

When powerful opinion makers such as Scheer cease to seek to divide and conquer us all with labels more suitable to bird parts or aircraft terminology, political debate can be more intelligible.

Leroy Yerxa
Santa Fe, New Mexico

PETER JENNINGS, FAMILY MAN

I enjoyed E. Jean Carroll's profile of Peter Jennings and his wives (*The Kiss of the Anchor Man*, *Playboy*, December). It is truly startling to learn that besides having a pretty face, the pretty man has somehow managed to keep a balance in his personal life. I think it is important that someone like Jennings, who is instantly recognizable around the world, can share positive moral values and demonstrate that success and a family life aren't necessarily incompatible.

Saskia Estupinan
Arlington, Virginia

We're not sure Carroll intended to present Jennings as a role model, but we're glad you enjoyed the article.

SHERILYN FENN

The cover of the Gala Christmas Issue (*Playboy*, December) is one of your best!

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THE WOMEN OF PETER JENNINGS
LEGIT, BOOBY AND BUT-BLOODED: THE BIRDS OF GREAT BRITAIN
FOR THE HUMBUG SET: WHERE TO GO TO GET AWAY FROM ALL THAT HOLIDAY CHEER
HOW RELIGION RUNS POLITICS IN AMERICA BY GARRY WILLS
STANLEY ELKIN
THOMAS BERGER
URSULA K. LE GUIN
ELIZABETH PERSIAN
PLUS: MILLION-DOLLAR CARS, A CREDIT FISH STORY, YOUR PLAYBOY JAZZ AND ROCK POLL BALLOT, THE WORLD'S BEST CARTOONS, FASHION TIPS, GIFT IDEAS AND MORE

Sherilyn Fenn is simply a stupendous work of art.

Todd Colicchio
West Orange, New Jersey

Who killed Laura Palmer? Who cares? Sherilyn Fenn is the sexiest, most beautiful screen/TV actress to grace your pages in recent years. I am now a *Twin Peaks* addict!

Scott L. Spencer
Austin, Texas

IN DEFENSE OF NASA

One swipe at the Hubble Space Telescope I can ignore, but two, as in your December issue (*Party Jokes* and *What NASA Wants for Christmas*), are too much.

I can unequivocally state that even with the current problem with the telescope's optics, the H.S.T. is clearly the best ultraviolet/optical telescope ever. When the problem with the mirror was announced, NASA said that Hubble was capable of performing excellent and innovative science. Unfortunately, the media, your magazine included, in their zeal to outdo one another in publishing bad news, have left the public with the erroneous impression that the telescope is nearly useless. Now, as NASA releases what are indisputably some of the finest astronomical photographs ever taken, of a quality impossible to achieve from ground-based telescopes, the media are in the somewhat amusing position of trying to present this information without appearing to have been in error originally. So we are now seeing stories beginning with "FLAWED OPTICS PRODUCE SUPERB PHOTOGRAPH."

However, bad news dies slowly, if at all, regardless of how erroneous it may be. It appears that the Hubble Space Telescope is destined to suffer this fate—unable "to read the top line of the eye chart," as your story goes—while producing data of staggering scientific importance. Correct this injustice! Spread the word! The Hubble Space Telescope is producing ground-breaking science now, and in 1993, NASA expects to return H.S.T. to its full potential.

David J. Pine
Deputy Program Manager
Hubble Space Telescope
NASA Headquarters
Washington, D.C.

THE MEN OF DESERT SHIELD

I am now spending my 50th day here in Saudi Arabia as part of Operation Desert Shield.

As you probably know, we are unable to receive your magazine because of local laws. What would be the chances of receiving letters from some of the Playmates? I am single, as are a lot of guys in my flight crew. Believe me, just a note from a Playmate would brighten our days and make life a little bit easier here.

The married guys are always getting letters and packages from home (one received *14* letters today). Even though we single guys receive, and greatly appreciate, mail from the public (through efforts such as Operation Dear Abby), most of our letters thus far have come from school children who write to us as part of a class project. But if female *Playboy* readers or the Playmates would write to us, we would be even more inspired.

Master Sergeant Dan Lucero
76th Weapons Flight Crew
Operation Desert Shield
23 TFW/76AMU (Deployed)
APO New York, New York

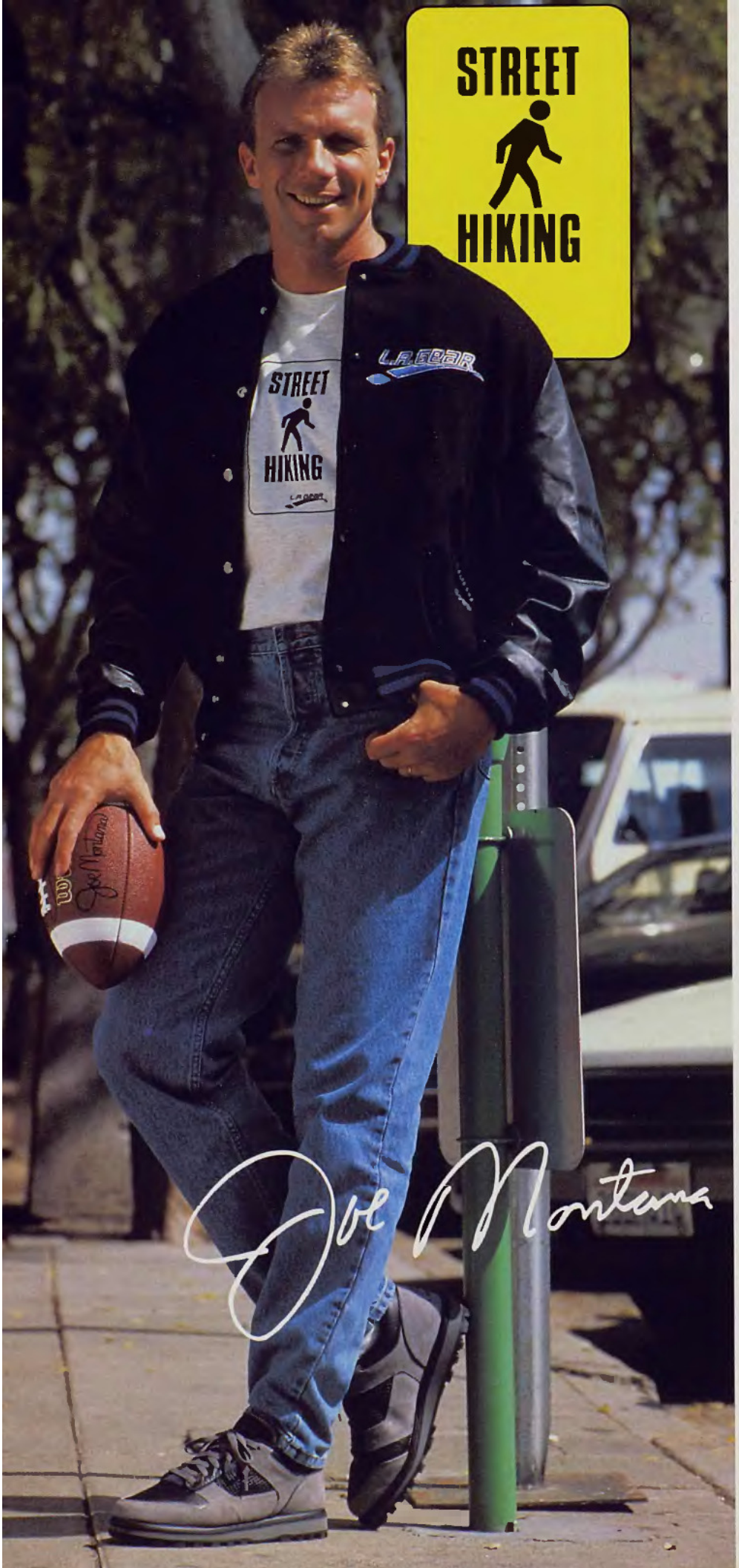
We're sending yours and all such letters that we're receiving to Kimberley Conrad Hefner, who's heading a cadre of Playmates who are writing letters to our military personnel on duty in Operation Desert Shield.

BLANCHARD'S *BLUES*

Playboy knows jazz, which makes it even more surprising that you would credit the trumpet virtuosity in Spike Lee's *Mo' Better Blues* to Branford Marsalis (*Sex Stars of 1990*, December). Shame on you! Jazz lovers know that the sweet trumpet sound on that film could have emanated only from the lips of Terence Blanchard.

Harry H. Rieck
Annapolis, Maryland

When you're right, Harry, you're right. Our apologies to Terence Blanchard fans everywhere.



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Now there's a durable, comfortable shoe that's perfect for the active, urban lifestyle. We call them Street Hikers—because they combine the ruggedness and style of a hiking boot with the flexibility and fit of an athletic shoe. And they're going to be your favorite shoes.

Perfect for maneuvering around town, climbing stairs, leaping potholes, and providing traction on rain-slick pavement. And so comfortable, that you may find yourself hiking ten blocks to get to the store on the corner. Street Hikers.

LANDMARK

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STREET HIKER LOW

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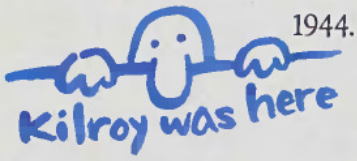
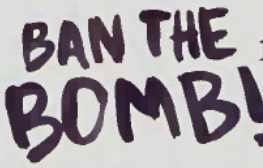


1944.



1959.

1969.

1972.

1982.

1988.

1991.

You always come back to the basics.

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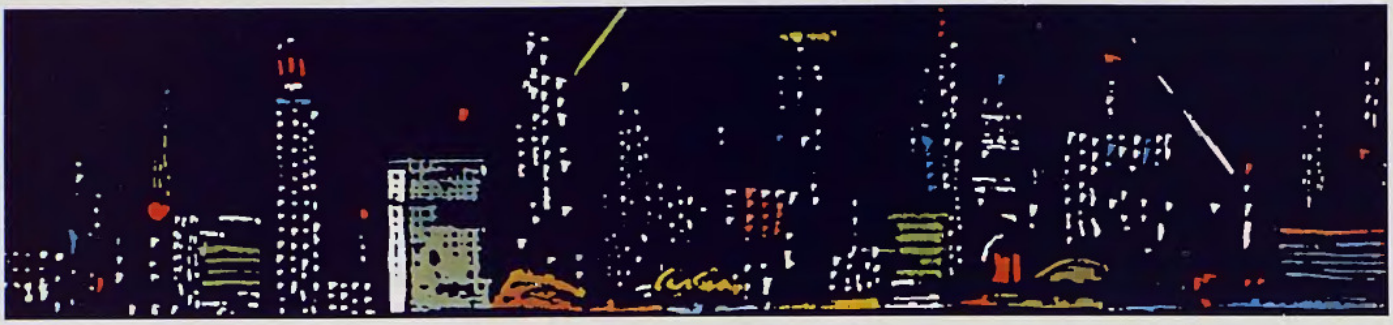
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



GETTING PERSONAL

Eric Neher, editor of the New York shopping guide *Manhattan Pennysaver*, has fashioned the ultimate Big Apple column: "The Anti-Personals." A weekly forum for people who want to "dis an ex-lover" or "slay a rotten neighbor," "The Anti-Personals" urges readers to "give the gift of hate." Ten dollars buys you 20 uncensored words, and the paper publishes *real* names. Some samples:

"Phil, I know I shouldn't have slept with you, but it was the only way of ensuring that you'd never call me again—Gina."

"To the remaining members of the Severed Limbs: At first, I was really upset that you kicked me out of the band, but now I finally realize why you did. It was because I'm a musician. Don't quit your day jobs, 'cause you guys stink—Bosco."

"Hey, Tommy C.: I don't know how to break this to you, good buddy, but here I go: Last week, when you passed out at Bob's party, I took your fiancée, Rachel, for a joy ride. Don't be mad—we're even now—J.K."

"Goodbye, New York. I hope I never have to smell your disgusting garbage, listen to your idiotic political views and ride your decrepit subway system again. I'm going to a place where people still respect people—Jean."

"To my ex-boyfriend, who dumped me for that trampy slut across the street: Today, she came into my office for a GYN exam. Guess what, darling? Your new girl has syphilis. Hope you have a nice day—Susan."

While the column seems to be catching on, Neher reacts to its success with a typical New York shrug: "It's great. So far, no lawsuits."

ROOM SERVICE

Sign in a Japanese hotel: YOU ARE INVITED TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE CHAMBERMAID.

I WANT MY ACTV

With his *Sledgehammer* music video, Peter Gabriel won kudos for breaking new ground in visual art. Now he's at it again—via interactive-TV technology in collaboration with ACTV Inc. Accessed through cable and requiring a simple remote device, ACTV allows viewers to choose what happens on the screen. Well, sort of.

We looked at *Cats*, a video demo by Gabriel featuring several of his hits. Calling up a concert version of *In Your Eyes*, we pushed buttons on the control and moved the camera angle around the stage: from a close-up of the drummer to stage left to dead center. During the stirring anthem *Biko*, we flipped among live concert shots, docu footage of the African people and their struggle with apartheid and a helpful display of the song's lyrics. Gaining confidence, we isolated the various instruments in *Sledgehammer* and recombined them one at a time, assembling our own arrangement. Next up came the *Peter Paper Doll* segment in which, like girlfriend Rosanna Arquette (see *Playboy*, September 1990), Gabriel poses nude—only *his* body belongs to a Ken doll. We got four choices from which to pick his outfit—the hula skirt was a hoot.

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

So far, ACTV is available only in Springfield, Massachusetts, and Canada, but it could boom into our living rooms as early as next year. The possibilities seem endless. Just imagine tuning in to *The New Wheel of Fortune*—what *won't* Vanna wear tonight?

SPEEDY DELIVERY

Sign in a Norwegian cocktail lounge: LADIES ARE REQUESTED NOT TO HAVE CHILDREN IN THE BAR.

WHEEL TALK

Courtesy of a Brit wit from *Autocar & Motor*, "Ten Things Car Dealers Say (and What They Really Mean)":

ON THE SALES FLOOR

"It will be here next Tuesday": Your car was delivered last week but in the wrong color, with the wrong engine and without the sun roof you ordered.

"They're going like hot cakes": It's a limited edition with a stupid paint scheme, and we're so desperate to unload them before this year's models arrive we'll practically pay you to drive one away.

"This car's for the real connoisseur": The chrome's peeling, the interior's mildewed and the walnut panels have wood rot. It guzzles gas and has sat on the lot for five months.

AT THE SERVICE DEPARTMENT

"They all do that": We've never seen this problem before and we don't know the cause of it—but we figure you'll feel better if you think you're not the only one.

"We're waiting for the part": We forgot to order it, then we ordered the wrong one. Now the computer's down and we can't remember what we needed in the first place.

"We're test-driving it right now": The guys have gone to the bar in your car and they'll be back in an hour.

"There's some additional work we'd recommend": The test-drive to the bar resulted in a cracked muffler and a broken rearview mirror—but we have already

WHERE'S LEFTY?

We thought covert operations were passé in liberated Russia, but ominous rumblings from Moscow continue. A recent dispatch from the motherland.

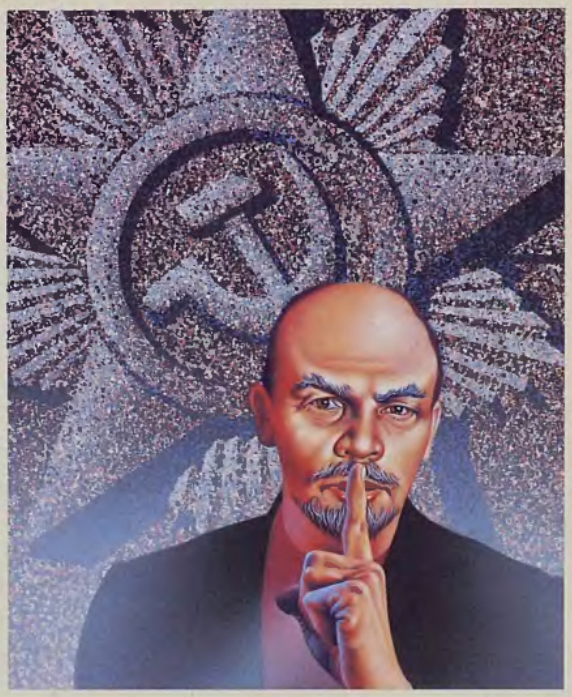
By Ray Bradbury

It was first reported as an absence without leave, then as a disappearance, then as a kidnaping.

Lenin's body, that is.

It vanished from beneath the Kremlin wall (where it had rested in a glass tomb since 1924) one December night.

No word has been received from



the thieves or kidnapers, nor has there been a demand for ransom.

"One moment it was there," reported S. Olanski, chief military tomb guard, "then—poof! Gone!"

"I am devastated," mourned I. Ivanov, necrocosmetics expert in charge of the long-dead-and-in-constant-need-of-repair Red leader.

What will you do now, it was asked, in lieu of your month-to-month and year-to-year servicing of the goatee, eyebrows, cheeks and eyelids of Comrade Lenin?

"Within hours, I have had offers," sighed Ivanov. "As a last resort—Hollywood?"

To repair with wondrous cosmetics the complexion of which famous but long-dead body?

"Would you believe—Louis B. Mayer?"

The former head of MGM studios is in need of your services?

"In the worst way."

But the question remains, what happened to Lenin? Did the Soviets lug his body away as an embarrassment?

"No comment."

Did the Soviet hard-liners nab and stash it in order to deny—never mind the history books—that Lenin was ever born?

"Well. . . ."

Or did Gorbachev's neoconservative radicals hope to discard the past to balance the ruble?

"Mmm. . . ."

Has anyone taken credit for the disappearance, the disposal and/or the kidnaping?

"Rumor says Lenin, still dead, is on a closely guarded locked, iron-riveted private car on an express train to Paris."

No!

"As he came, so he went."

Who hired the train?

"Brinks."

Representing . . . ?

"Sotheby's."

The London auction establishment?

"You got it."

Has Sotheby's set a minimum bid for when the body goes on display?

"The first bid is already in! Would you believe the national Republican Party for its autumn Evil Empire Catalog?"

Well, it has been a long showcase for him, hasn't it?

"Sixty-seven years under glass beneath that Kremlin wall? You *bet*."

Shall we wish him Godspeed on his long journey to Sotheby's?

"Why not? And may he keep along the way."

Finally, is there a future for Lenin in the 21st Century?

"As a statue, maybe, at Speakers' Corner in Hyde Park. Only the pigeons can tell."

replaced the parts and we want you to pay for them.

"Is it a fleet car, mister?": If you're not paying for this out of your own pocket, then we can wait three times as long for it and charge you twice as much.

"Will you be paying by cash?": Prepare yourself; the bill's more than a hundred bucks.

"Do you know much about this new fuel-injection system?": Neither do we. We had one manual and someone spilled oil over it.

PERRIER: THE SOURCE

Sign in an Acapulco hotel: THE MANAGER HAS PERSONALLY PASSED ALL THE WATER SERVED HERE.

BOSS KENNEDY

"And now, heading down the runway in sky blue and sea green is. . . ." Robert F. Kennedy, Jr.? Not quite. But the environmental activist and dynamic representative of the next wave of Kennedys did team up with tony clothing designer Hugo Boss to kick off the company's lecture series. A press release touted the event as a sign of Boss's "commitment to the cultural community."

We arrived at the Boss showroom in a visibly trashier outfit than most of those worn by the fabulously clad models, agents and fashion-industry reps. "Oh," a pretty lady said with a sigh, "I thought John, Jr., was speaking, not Robert."

But her disappointment turned to awe as Kennedy arrived. A handsome Harvard grad with weighty credentials—he's a professor at Pace University Law School and a project attorney for the Natural Resources Defense Council (N.R.D.C.)—Kennedy delivered an inspired and charismatic speech on water conservation and citizen responsibility. Observing that his audience was in the business of influencing others, he argued for curbs on the auto and oil industries. "If you join groups like the Rain Forest Alliance or the N.R.D.C., they will eventually gain enough power to effect changes."

Right on. We left in a nostalgic mood, fit to march on Washington.

L.A. INDIGESTION

Overheard at a swank luncheon for literary agents: "The producer calls my client and says, 'I *loved* your screenplay. I think it'll make a wonderful TV movie. I cried when my secretary read me the synopsis.'"

WANTED

Sign in the office of a Roman doctor: SPECIALIST IN WOMEN AND OTHER DISEASES.

—This and the previous sign messages collected by Stanley Stallcup for the *Far Eastern Economic Review*

KING ARTHUR'S EXCALIBUR

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Excalibur shown smaller than actual length of 43".

AN OFFICIAL ISSUE OF THE INTERNATIONAL ARTHURIAN SOCIETY

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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

RENATA BELLA (Holly Hunter), recently jilted by a live-in beau, takes off on a Caribbean jaunt in search of a recharge. On her return to Boston, she takes along a much older man (Richard Dreyfuss) to meet her Italian-Catholic family. Plotwise, **Once Around** (Universal) is hardly new, but it's a charming, romantic human comedy, thanks both to screenwriter Malia Scotch Marmo and to Scandinavian director Lasse Hallstrom, whose Swedish-language movie *My Life as a Dog* was a hit. This is Hallstrom's first film in English, and he shows a foreigner's keen appreciation of American hustle and go-getter qualities—traits that a more cynical moviemaker might see as negatives. *Once Around* is full of surprises, frequently skating to the edge of sentimentality, then darting away, with Dreyfuss in rare form as the obnoxious, loud but lovable supersalesman type who sweeps his girl off her feet, marries her and nearly destroys her eccentric, close-knit family. Hunter keeps pace with her co-star, which says a lot, and there are delicious bits contributed by Danny Aiello, Gena Rowlands and Laura San Giacomo—cast, respectively, as the heroine's dad, mom and newly wedded younger sister (who confides on her wedding day that she's having an affair). The thrust of it, of course, is Renata's utter devotion to her lewd Lithuanian, whose style is to publicly greet a young couple with: "I hope you have a lifetime of good sex and joy." Obviously, Hallstrom loves the guy. So will audiences, I suspect, nudged along by familiar tunes such as *Fly Me to the Moon* to melt their resistance to the most feel-good movie of the new year. ¥¥¥¥

•

Having the smash hit *Big* behind her, director Penny Marshall tackles darker problems of identity in **Awakenings** (Columbia), a downbeat but thrilling drama about the mental aftereffects sometimes suffered by victims of encephalitis. Like Rip van Winkle, they linger for years in a semiconscious sleeping state. Robin Williams plays the fictional Dr. Malcolm Sayer, whose work with such patients emulates that of Oliver Sacks, M.D., author of the book that inspired the movie. Williams' performance is movingly understated, shy and self-effacing. But the movie belongs beyond doubt to Robert De Niro as the twitching, tortured patient named Leonard, who emerges from his vegetable state after receiving the experimental drug L-Dopa, only to start slipping away again. His angry efforts to stay in the world he has rediscovered are little short of heroic. This work certainly

Once Around with Hunter, Dreyfuss.

Holly, Richard take romance; movies brush up their Shakespeare.

demands an Oscar—unless Academy members resist giving the prize to actors playing handicapped characters three years in a row (after Dustin Hoffman for *Rain Man* in 1988 and Daniel Day Lewis for 1989's *My Left Foot*). Ruth Nelson as Leonard's mother, Penelope Ann Miller as a sympathetic young visitor who befriends him and Julie Kavner as Williams' nurse are splendid. Throughout, Marshall proves that her movie know-how is not confined to comedy. *Awakenings* is a preachy but passionate and wrenchingly human slice of life. ¥¥¥¥

•

Surprisingly, remaking Shakespeare's *Macbeth* as a modern piece about Mafia power plays in New York turns out to be not such a bad idea. **Men of Respect** (Columbia), rewritten and directed by William Reilly, stars John Turturro and his wife, Katherine Borowitz, as Mike and Ruthie Battaglia, a street-smart married pair who think they might win control of a crime family by bumping off a kingpin named Charlie D'Amico (Rod Steiger). Dennis Farina plays a Banquo character, Bankie Como, and Peter Boyle confidently does MacDuff as an Irish mobster yclept Duffy. With a strong bunch of actors at his command, Reilly keeps the gang politics quite comprehensible and the movie has a dank, downtown look. At moments, though, *Men* shrinks a classic down to snickering size—especially when the New Yorkese Borowitz, wielding a flashlight, tries to wash away her guilt in a birdbath, or when Macbeth/Battaglia ultimately meets his comeuppance, soliloquizing: "Shit happens." Then you're damned sure that the Will in charge is no Shakespeare. ¥¥½

•

Too bad the Bard of Avon doesn't get residuals: His characters are making a splash all over the screen. In addition to a modernized *Macbeth*, here comes Franco Zeffirelli's **Hamlet** (Warner), starring Mel Gibson, of all people. It's an intelligent, stunningly handsome production, and a chance to see the star of *Lethal Weapon* cross swords with Laertes. Considering that he plays Hamlet as a young man of action—which somewhat contradicts the dialog—Gibson is passable, and gets better as he goes along. The supporting cast helps, with Glenn Close as a mesmerizing Gertrude, the hero's Queen Mother, Paul Scofield as the Ghost of Hamlet's father, Alan Bates as the murderous King Claudius and Helena Bonham Carter as the doomed Ophelia, who certainly has her moments. Gibson's peak may be the graveyard scene, when he slows down a tad and lets us see some soul behind his baby-blue orbs while speaking to the skull of poor Yorick. ¥¥¥

•

And then there's playwright Tom Stoppard's **Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead** (Cinecom), with Stoppard directing his own screen adaptation of his international stage hit that turned Shakespeare upside down two decades ago. Gary Oldman and Tim Roth, respectively, play the title roles, with Iain Glen as Hamlet and Richard Dreyfuss as The Player—a strolling thespian right out of the original *Hamlet*, which inspired Stoppard to plunge two minor Shakespearean characters into an intellectual romp about fate, free choice and the classics. Stoppard's cast is so brilliant you may wonder at times why they don't give up his precocious plays on words and just go straight back to the Bard, who could also handle the English language audaciously. In one inspired bit of theatrical mockery, Dreyfuss' hammy Player scoffs, "You call that an *ending* . . . with everyone still on his feet?" Filmed on location in Yugoslavia, *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern* is a funny, eye-filling spoof for the literati. ¥¥¥

•

Trimmed down from a three-part television miniseries, **An Angel at My Table** (Circle) borrows its title from a book by New Zealand novelist Janet Frame—with actress Kerry Fox playing Janet as an adult with wrenching vulnerability and pathos. This autobiography directed by Jane Campion (whose oddball

Sweetie was one of last year's surprises from down under) actually has three actresses portraying the writer at various ages, each one a mop-topped redhead looking remarkably like Little Orphan Annie. Fox's moving portrayal shows her as a painfully shy young woman who spends eight years in a mental hospital enduring shock treatments after she is wrongly diagnosed as schizophrenic. Her writing saves her and provides the means for a trip to Europe, public recognition, a measure of self-fulfillment and a brief, liberating love idyl on the island of Ibiza. Divided into chapters but tightly telescoped on film, *Angel* is an excruciating saga that Fox and Campion make both poetic and persuasive. ¥¥¥½

•

Lena Olin is a magnetic, wonderful screen presence, clearly cut out for better things than the warmed-over Ingrid Bergman role she has been given in **Havana** (Universal). It's a rehash of *Casablanca*, with the action transported from World War Two Morocco to pre-Castro Cuba. Olin appears opposite Robert Redford, miscast and decidedly no match for Bogart in the role of a jaded, globe-trotting gambler who plots card games while Batista's Cuba goes down the drain. He even falls for Olin (who wouldn't?) and makes a noble gesture regarding her wealthy, liberal husband (Raul Julia), who is either imprisoned or dead. Except for Lena, director Sydney Pollack's pallid political adventure makes one wonder: Why bother going to *Havana* with *Casablanca* available on tape? ¥¥

•

China's candidate for the 1991 Oscar race is **Ju Dou** (Miramax), directed by Zhang Yi-Mou and starring sexy Gong Li in the title role. Zhang's steamy drama of adultery and retribution has been touted as an Asian version of *The Postman Always Rings Twice*. Not quite. But it *is* stylish, with awesomely simple imagery to adorn a tale of illicit lust. Gong Li plays the wife of an impotent, brutal old merchant (Li Wei) who owns a dye factory. Under a stream of colorful banners that seem to hang all over the place, she conceives a child with the old devil's nephew (Li Bao-tian), then shamelessly flaunts their relationship after an accident leaves her husband crippled from the waist down. The son, of course, grows up to wreak vengeance on the amoral pair in this tale of headlong passion. ¥¥

•

Dyan Cannon is a stunning actress who wrote, directed and stars in **The End of Innocence** (Skouras), which she acknowledges is at least partly autobiographical. It's all about a troubled young woman named Stephanie who is derailed in childhood by a mother who tells her, "You cannot touch boys' *things*" and "If you're not a virgin, a guy doesn't want you." Some guys and many setbacks later, she's in group therapy, resisting her counselor (John Heard) and deploring patients such as Angel (Renee Taylor) who prattle nonstop about sex. Cannon's honest intentions and her own powerhouse performance cannot quite conceal the achingly familiar sense that we have seen all this before. ¥¥½

•

Australian-born writer-director Peter Weir has concocted **Green Card** (Touchstone) as a showcase for French superstar Gérard Depardieu, playing his first major English-language role. Depardieu, currently reaping acclaim as the definitive Cyrano de Bergerac on film, is all awkward charm as a Frenchman who needs a wife in order to obtain a green card so he can work in the U.S. Andie MacDowell, who needs a husband to qualify for buying an apartment, is an appealing foil for Depardieu. Here, clearly, is a screen comedienne whose role in *sex, lies, and videotape* was no flash in the pan. Well, naturally, she starts out detesting Depardieu and winds up in his arms. Where else? It's that kind of movie, an airy romantic comedy. ¥¥¥

•

Coming to terms with life as death looms is the serious matter considered by French director Bertrand Tavernier in **Daddy Nostalgia** (Avenue). Written by his ex-wife, Colo Tavernier O'Hagan, this graceful, earnest and ineffably sad family drama concerns the relationship between an English businessman (Dirk Bogarde) and his only child (Jane Birkin), a screenwriter in Paris. Attended by his French wife (Odette Laure), Bogarde is recovering from heart surgery in a villa on the Riviera when his daughter arrives to reminisce, fume, find fault and get reacquainted with her father before it's too late. It's all nicely done, in French and subtitled English, full of delicate personal touches—and dominated by Bogarde. A suave and subtle screen actor, he is more than welcome in his first film since 1978. ¥¥¥

•

Hostage taking is a topical subject made harrowingly real in **Not Without My Daughter** (MGM/UA), directed competently by Brian Gilbert from a book co-authored by Betty Mahmoody. Currently a lecturer on captive women and children, Mahmoody is the Michigan housewife whose doctor husband lured her back to Iran in the early Eighties, then made her a virtual prisoner of that alien, primitive society. Sally Field plays Betty, the plucky heroine who vows to escape with her child (Sheila Rosenthal). Pluck, of course, is Field's stock in trade—emotionally, she lets all the stops out here, with Alfred Molina (of *Prick Up Your Ears*) excellent as her treacherous Iranian mate. It's as obvious as a morning headline, which adds some melodramatic punch. ¥¥½

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

Alice (Reviewed 2/91) Woody Allen's romantic fantasy about infidelity. ¥¥¥¥

An Angel at My Table (See review) A writer's bio from down under. ¥¥¥½

Awakenings (See review) Williams rescues De Niro from limbo. ¥¥¥¥

Bonfire of the Vanities (Listed only) Miscast, misdirected and generally mauled version of the best seller. ¥

Cyrano de Bergerac (12/90) As the nosy poet and soldier, Gérard Depardieu makes a classic soar. In French. ¥¥¥¥

Daddy Nostalgia (See review) Deathly father–daughter doings. ¥¥¥

Dances with Wolves (2/91) Kevin Costner's long, self-indulgent ode to Indians has heart but loses its head. ¥¥

Dark Obsession (12/90) Sex and status in Britain, with Gabriel Byrne et al. ¥¥

Edward Scissorhands (Listed only) Tim Burton's captivating fable with Johnny Depp, a shear pleasure. ¥¥¥½

The End of Innocence (See review) Group therapy in a Cannonade. ¥¥½

The Field (2/91) Erin go bravura—and a feud among land grabbers. ¥¥½

The Godfather Part III (Listed only) Floridly operatic but not up to its masterful predecessors. ¥¥½

Green Card (See review) Depardieu, in a lighter vein, weds Andie MacDowell. ¥¥¥

The Grifters (12/90) Thompson tale stars Anjelica in top form. ¥¥¥¥

Hamlet (See review) Mel *de mère* in Elsinore. ¥¥¥

Havana (See review) One wag correctly calls it Ken and Barbie in *Casablanca*. ¥¥

Ju Dou (See review) Flagrant adultery with a China doll. ¥¥

The Long Walk Home (2/91) Bus boycott unites Whoopi and Sissy. ¥¥¥

Men of Respect (See review) Macbeth goes modern with Turturro. ¥¥½

Mermaids (2/91) Fishy Cher stuff. ¥

Mr. and Mrs. Bridge (1/91) The Newmans as Midwesterners. ¥¥¥¥

Not Without My Daughter (See review) Field trip to Iran. ¥¥½

Once Around (See review) May–December marriage, a family affair. ¥¥¥¥

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead (See review) Expert Bardfoolery. ¥¥¥

The Russia House (2/91) Connery joins Pfeiffer for a Soviet spy saga. ¥¥¥½

The Sheltering Sky (2/91) Bertolucci's bad take on Bowles's novel leaves Winger, Malkovich sand-trapped. ¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

VIDEO

GUEST SHOT

"I have very eclectic tastes," says Emmy-winning talk-show host **Sally Jesse Raphael.** Apparently so: Her personal video library includes (among others) *The Godfather*, Fred Astaire and Shirley Temple flicks, Disney cartoons and all the Crosby and Hope *Road* pictures. While *The Gods Must Be Crazy*, *Eating Raoul* and *King of Hearts* are particular faves, Raphael views by genre: everything by Woody Allen ("He's more real than anyone"); the works of Ingmar Bergman ("for the mood and photography"); Abbott and Costello comedies ("as a relief from the day—*and* their proven humor"); and Olivier's *Henry V* and *Hamlet* ("to hear English spoken well"). Don't look for current box-office hits in Raphael's collection, though. "[Film makers] can't be as creative or as sophisticated as they once were," she complains. "*Pretty Woman*, for example, is not on my list of favorites."

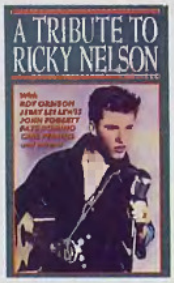
—SUSAN KARLIN

VIDEO SLEEPERS
good movies that crept out of town

The Great Santini: Marine officer Robert Duvall drives his wife (Blythe Danner) and son (Michael O'Keefe) half-crazy. Bob was never better.

COUCH-POTATO VIDEO OF THE MONTH:

Guys do not live by the Three Stooges alone. *The Best of the Soupy Sales Show* reruns two decades of the TV clown's top guests (Sinatra and Sammy), best bits (Black Tooth and Pookie the Lion) and, natch, flying pies (Rhino).



COUCH-TOMATO VIDEO OF THE MONTH:

Bobby-soxers, reunite! You can swoon again to your favorite heartthrob crooner: *A Tribute to Ricky Nelson* includes vintage clips, candid interviews and golden oldies such as *Garden Party* and *Travelin' Man* (Rhino).

The Gunfighter: Vintage Gregory Peck in a superior Western; he's in top form as a gunslinger trying to live down his past.
Payday: Rip Torn as rip-roaring country singer Maury Dann, grinding his gears on a hell-for-leather road trip.
Since You Went Away: This 1944 epic earns its stars and stripes as a tearjerker about life on the home front. With Claudette Colbert and Joseph Cotten.
Starting Over: Burt Reynolds is dandy as a divorced man on the mend in this 1979 comedy. Best bit: Candice Bergen's bad singing.

—BRUCE WILLIAMSON

VIDEOSYNCRASIES

Cinema Paradiso: Enchanting Oscar winner celebrating the silver screen's magic. At his village theater, a young Italian is transported by movie greats; you will be, too. Subtitled or dubbed (HBO).
The Best of 60 Minutes: Two 60-minute (what else?) volumes featuring the grill team's eight favorite stories. Best segments: Safer quizzing *Rain Man*–like geniuses and Wallace's visit to Gallaudet College for the deaf (CBS/Fox).
Doing Business in Asia: Four-tape set explores the etiquette, customs and market-place conduct of the Pacific Rim biggies—Japan, Hong Kong, Taiwan and South Korea. Includes four 20-page guides; produced by Asian expert Yue-Sai Kan in association with Northwest Airlines (you've seen excerpts in Northwest's ads). To order, call 800-526-8926, extension 111.

SHORT TAKES

Primo* Videos *Mexicano (from *Bowker's Complete Video Directory*—translations theirs): *Son Tus Perfumes, Mujer* (*Girl, It's Your Perfume*); *Tonta, Tonta, pero No Tanto* (*Dumb, Dumb, But Not That Dumb*); *Hay Muertos que No Hacen Ruido* (*Some Dead Don't Make Noise*); *Mi Novia El . . .* (*Is She a He?*); *Nosotros los Feos* (*We the Uglies*); *Carnada* (*Bait*); *Carne de Horca* (*Hung Bait*); *Una Chava para Dos* (*One Chick for Two*); *La Buscona* (*Grope in the Dark*); *Dos Esposas en Mi Cama* (*Two Wives in My Bed*); *Asi No Hay Cama que Aguante* (*No Bed Is Big Enough*); *Cinco Nacos Asaltan Las Vegas* (*Five Jerks Hit Vegas*); *Los Apuros de Dos Gallos* (*Two Cocks in Trouble*).

THE HARDWARE CORNER

Going Down?: As money gets tighter, watch for prices to go lower. Canon takes the first step with the introduction of its E57 8mm camcorder. Complete with 10:1 zoom, electronic shutter, remote and video light, it lists for a relatively lightweight $1299.

—MAURY LEVY

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
FEELING REPETITIVE	***Die Hard 2*** (Willis is duller at Dulles, but it's still the best blow-'em-up in town); ***Gremlins 2: The New Batch*** (director Joe Dante revives his toothy toys; surprisingly good); **RoboCop 2** (disagreeable punks blast mechanized flatfoot Peter Weller to bits—again).
FEELING MACHO	***Henry V*** (Kenneth Branagh's Oscar-nominated turn as the English monarch on the warpath in France); ***I Come in Peace*** (big, nasty cop Dolph Lundgren trades fire with an even bigger, nastier alien); ***Predator*** (yet another large alien wipes out Schwarzenegger's merry band o' huntsmen).
FEELING FUNKY	***Mo' Better Blues*** (Spike Lee's tale of trumpeter sorting priorities, girlfriends; Denzel Washington stars); ***Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!*** (Pedro Almodóvar's psycho-boy-kidnaps-girl love story); ***Without You I'm Nothing*** (comedienne/sex grenade Sandra Bernhard's one-woman off-Broadway show).
FEELING FUNNY	***My Blue Heaven*** (*mafioso* turned witness Steve Martin hips Feds to wise guys' ways); ***Short Time*** (wrong diagnosis sends Dabney Coleman off on on insurance-inspired death quest); ***9½ Ninjas*** (Republic Pictures' "first erotic martial-arts action comedy"; harmless).

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MUSIC

To coincide with the Grammy awards, honoring the best music of the year, we've asked our critics to honor their favorite underrated albums of 1990.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

THE FAILURE of the Pretenders' ***Packed!*** (Sire) to reach anybody but hard-core Chrissie Hynde fans is enough to make you think that guitars are going out of style. Despite producer Mitchell Froom's keyboards, it's old Rockpile stalwart Billy Bremner who defines Hynde's toughest bunch of songs in a decade, adding signature rock-and-roll crunch and reverb to singing and writing that have become more sinuous with the years. Chrissie's lyrics about romantic pain add emotional muscle. What kind of pop world is it when Mariah Carey can cream all over the charts while the full-time feelings of *Never Do That* and *Sense of Purpose* stiff? A callow one.

And what kind of music world is it when the most soulful dance jams of the year have their U.S. break-even point calculated at 1000 sales? A chauvinistic one. Featuring three mid-Seventies and three mid-Eighties cuts by a permutation of Nigeria's Oriental Brothers International, ***Heavy on the Highlife!*** is the third release in Original Music's quixotic distribution deal with Lagos' Afrodisia label that isn't basically archival. When Dan Satch Okpara picks up the guitar beat from another angle or Dr. Sir Warrior Okpara shouts out another variation on his eternal theme, I say yeah. Available for $17 by writing to Original Music at R.D. 1, Box 190, Lasher Road, Tivoli, New York 12583.

VIC GARBARINI

If Ritchie Valens had lived to develop a poetic social sensibility and assemble a band like John Cougar Mellencamp's with a touch of U2, he might have sounded like Miami's Nuclear Valdez, whose driving, haunting *Summer* from ***I Am I*** (Epic) was the great lost single of 1990. Traces of the band's Hispanic-American heritage come through in Froilan Sosa's impassioned vocals and warm melodies, but these guys are potentially a great rock-and-roll band with Latin sensitivities. And the Nuc's insightful lyrics stir the heart and the head without slipping into agitprop.

Frankly, I'm pissed that some of the superstars who contributed to the well-intentioned ***Nobody's Child*** (Warner) couldn't ante up anything more than mediocre leftover tracks and half-baked originals for the Romanian children,

Reeling in 1990's lost treasures.

Signature rock and roll, hip-hop and percolating dance music.

many of whom have AIDS. You knew Stevie Wonder and Elton John would make worthy contributions. The surprise is Guns n' Roses' shattering *Civil War*, a maelstrom of defiance and hope that keynotes the Nineties the way *Gimme Shelter* and *London Calling* did in previous decades. That one track is worth the cost of the album. So is the cause.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

The trend in metal over the past couple of years has been toward intelligence. Bands such as Metallica, Anthrax, Alice in Chains, Faith No More, Soundgarden, the Buck Pets and others have demonstrated wit, social awareness and musical imagination way beyond the call of cliché. A couple of lesser-known bands that belong on the above list are Manitoba's Wild Kingdom and the Jersey Dogs.

Singer Handsome Dick Manitoba was born to fill up concert halls with his hugely exuberant personality. On Manitoba's Wild Kingdom's ***And You?*** (MCA/Popular Metaphysics), he demonstrates a wonderful gift for enthusiasm. When he sings a song like the deserves-to-be-classic *The Party Starts Now!!*, you know that the party starts now. Songwriter/producer/bassist Andy Shernoff finds just the right blend of hooks, snarl, humor and aggression. This record makes me feel manly without feeling stupid.

The Jersey Dogs debuted last year with ***Thrash Ranch*** (Grudge). They come off as a cross between Metallica and Bruce Springsteen: They're dissonant and have a social conscience. If you want to thrash but not think about Satan or be exhorted to drink beer, I predict these guys will inspire you to bang your head on the nearest sharp corner.

NELSON GEORGE

Without the hype of Teddy (new jack swing) Riley or the notoriety of Time members Jimmy "Jam" Harris and Terry Lewis, "Babyface" Edmonds and his

GUEST SHOT

ONE OF THE *strongest 1990 debuts belonged to the classic hard-rock quintet Alias, and one of the strongest voices in pop belongs to Alias lead singer* **Freddy Curci.** *Much to our surprise, the album Curci chose to review was a classical disc, the 17-track "Carreras Domingo Pavarotti in Concert" (London).*

"My parents are Italian, and from the womb to the age of 13, I heard only opera. As a teenager, I did a 180-degree turn to Black Sabbath because of peer pressure, but I continue to split my listening time today between rock and classical music. What I like most about this LP is the very palpable experience of being at the concert. There's a tremendous intimacy among the three tenors and between the performers and the audience. Each singer brings his own special gift: Domingo provides the passion, Pavarotti the clarity, Carreras the control. Listening to these singers helps me a lot in what I do. There's so much to learn about texture, control and embracing a lyric. And the selections on this LP cover a lot of territory—from the opera *Tosca* to popular works such as *Maria* from *West Side Story*. A person who loves the intensity of rock can also love the intensity of the classics. I hate to think of music fans robbing themselves. It's OK to like classical music. It won't bite!"

PLAY

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COLLEGE BASKET

Pick The Four Teams Who Will Meet At The Indianap

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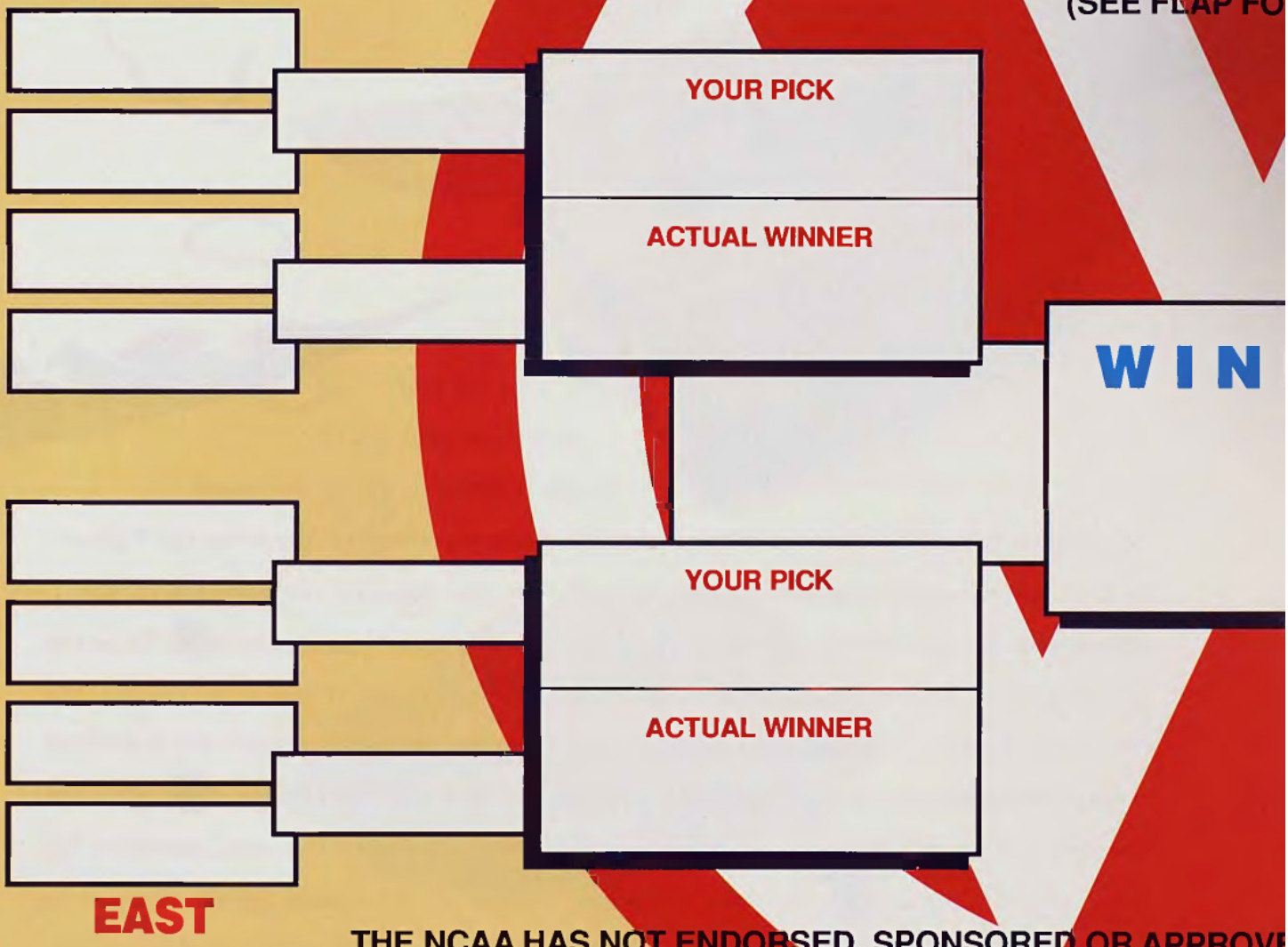

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Zip: _____ Age: _____

Daytime Phone: _____

PICK YOUR FOUR SEMI-FINALISTS

MIDWEST	WEST
EAST	SOUTH

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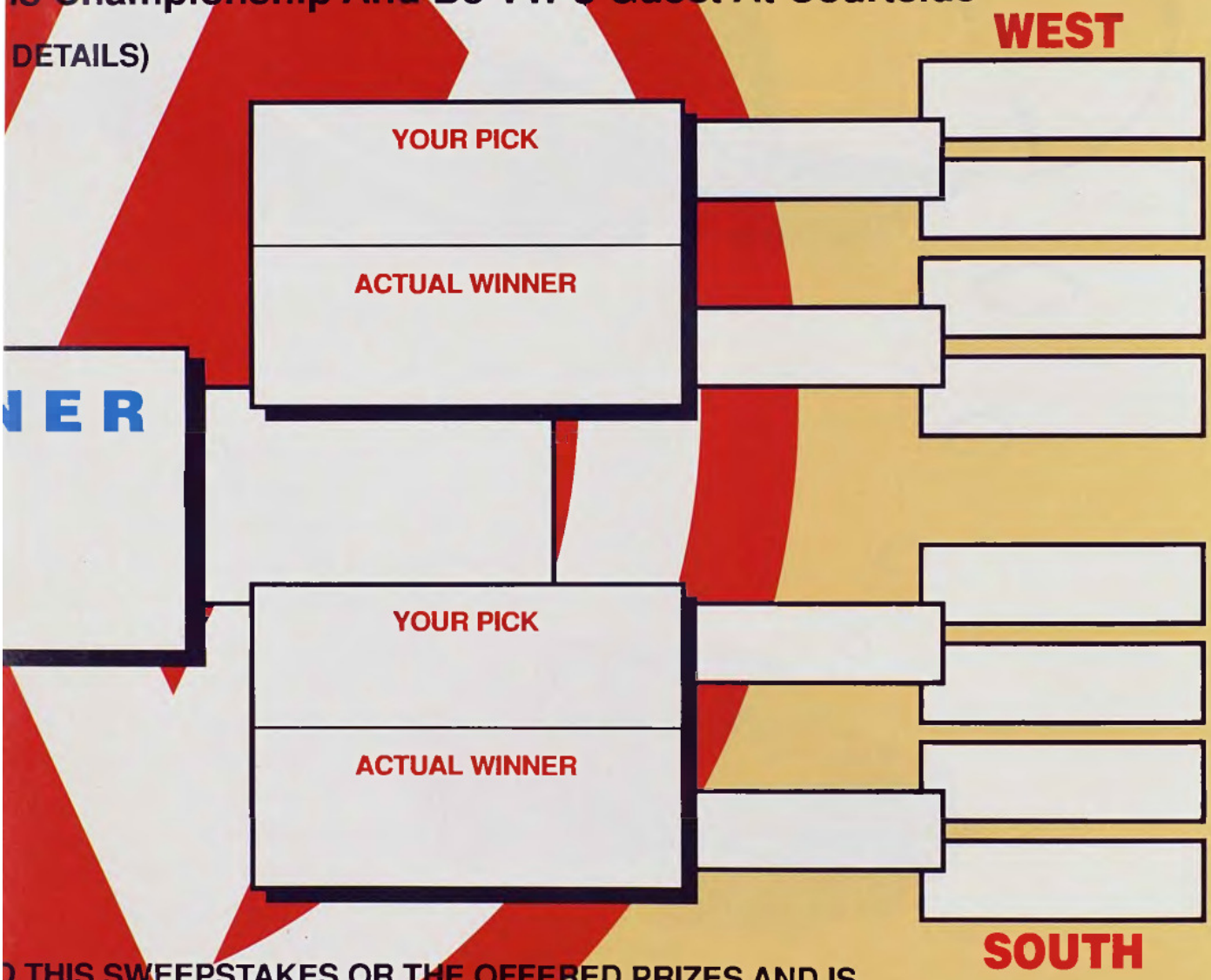

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1. NO PURCHASE NECESSARY. To enter fill out the official entry form completely (or on a 3x5 card hand print the words "Playboy presents: Volkswagen's College Basketball Challenge" and also four choices for the college basketball semi-finalists). All entries must have all of the following information: contestant's name, address, age and daytime phone number. Official entry forms are found in the March 1991 issue of *Playboy* magazine. Photocopies or other mechanically reproduced entries are not eligible. Incomplete or illegible entries are not acceptable. Completed entries should be mailed to:

Playboy/Volkswagen "College Basketball Challenge"
P.O. Box 1316
Stamford, CT 06904–1316

2. All entries must be received by March 20, 1991 at 12pm Eastern Standard Time. Playboy Enterprises Inc., Volkswagen and The Marketing Partnership Inc. are not responsible for late, lost or misdirected entries.

3. You may enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be filled out separately and mailed in a separate envelope. Only one winner per family, address or household.

4. Grand, first, second and third prize winners will be selected in a random drawing on or about March 25, 1991 from among all correct and eligible entries received by noon March 20, 1991, by an independent judging organization whose decisions on all matters relating to this sweepstakes are final. In the event that there are an insufficient number of entries submitted that have all of the correct answers, then the prizes remaining after awarding the prizes to those entries that have the correct answers will be awarded by a random drawing from all eligible entries, regardless of whether the entries have correct answers. The grand prize winner will be notified by phone or writing by March 26, 1991. In the event that the selected grand prize winner cannot be contacted, by this time, the prize will be awarded to an alternate winner. Grand prize must be taken on Friday, March 29, 1991 and no alternate prize will be offered.

5. PRIZES: One grand prize of a trip for two (2) to Indianapolis, Indiana and the semi-final and final rounds of the college basketball championship. Trip includes: hotel accommodations for 4 nights, from March 29 to April 2; round trip plane fare from a major airport located in the continental United States nearest to the winner's residence, leaving Friday March 29 and returning Tuesday, April 2; two sets of tickets to three games (semi-finals and finals) of the college basketball championship in Indianapolis, Indiana and $500 spending money. (Approximate retail value: $4,000.) One first prize for a trip for two to the Los Angeles Playboy Jazz Festival June 15-16, 1991 (trip includes round trip airfare for two to Los Angeles from a major airport in the continental United States located nearest to the winner's residence, three night's lodging, two 2-day tickets to Playboy Jazz Festival, 2 dinners for two at participating hotel and $250 spending money (approx. retail value: $2,500). One second prize for a trip weekend for two at Trump Castle Hotel and Casino (blackout dates apply, subject to availability) in Atlantic City, New Jersey. Weekend trip includes: round trip airfare for two to Atlantic City from a major airport located nearest to the winner's residence, hotel accommodations for two nights, 2 dinners, lunch and champagne brunch for two at Trump Castle Hotel and Casino, and $250 spending money. (Approximate retail value: $1,600.) Twenty-five (25) third prizes of the 1991 Playboy Video Playmate Calendar. (Approximate retail value: $29.95 each.)

6. Prizes are non-transferable and non-redeemable for cash. No substitution of prizes by winners is permitted. Playboy reserves the right in its sole discretion to substitute a prize of equal or greater value. For trip prizes: transportation to and from airport of departure and arrival and all other costs are the responsibility of the winner and guest. Playboy reserves the sole right and discretion to choose the airline and departure times of these flights on the dates specified.

7. All prizes will be awarded. Winners must accept prizes during the period of availability.

8. Void where prohibited or restricted by law. Sweepstakes open to citizens and residents of the United States, 18 years of age (21 years of age to win the Trump casino prize), except employees and their immediate families of Playboy Enterprises Inc., Volkswagen, The Marketing Partnership Inc., and their affiliated companies and agencies. Odds of winning prizes will be determined by the number of correct entries received.

9. All federal, state and local taxes will be the sole responsibility of the winners.

10. Winners consent to the use of their names, photographs and likenesses for purposes of advertising, trade and promotion on behalf of Playboy Enterprises Inc., and Volkswagen without further compensation.

11. Winners and their travelling companions will be required to execute and return an affidavit of eligibility and release of liability immediately following prize notification. Failure to return the executed affidavit and release within that time period will result in a forfeit of the prize and an alternate prize winner will be selected.

12. For a list of major prize winners, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope between April 1st and May 1st, 1991 to: Playboy/Volkswagen "College Basketball Challenge" P.O. BOX 1316 Stamford, CT 06904–1316

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partner L. A. Reid have emerged as perhaps the most versatile black writing team since Kenny Gamble and Leon Huff. The Tinkertoy pop of Paula Abdul's *Knocked Out* and the Motownlike *I'm Your Baby Tonight*, by Whitney Houston, are just two examples of their melodic dexterity.

Whether guiding nonsingers like Abdul or Pebbles, the booming voices of Johnny Gill or Houston or even the passionate yelps of Bobby Brown, the L.A./Babyface team maintains a nice balance between the high-tech demands of current pop and the more emotive traditions of black music. Despite that consistent achievement, Babyface's solo album, **Tender Lover** (Solar/Epic), hasn't garnered the critical acclaim it deserves. Babyface's image may be too slick or his music too smooth at a time when rap rawness is celebrated by musical scribes. But his collection juxtaposes the best elements of dance music with ballads for an overall effect that is definitely artful.

Two of the ballads have become instant classics: *Whip Appeal*, a love song with a kinky edge to it, and *Soon As I Get Home*, with ultrasensitive-male lyrics ("I give good love/I'll buy your clothes/I'll cook your dinner, too/Soon as I get home from work") that miffed many male listeners. Although his tenor is no match for the elite love men (Luther Vandross, Al Green), Babyface has superb phrasing.

DAVE MARSH

California is now hip-hop's functional center. The big sales come from Oakland's M. C. Hammer and the real energy comes from L.A.'s anti-authoritarian underground (Ice-T, Ice Cube, N.W.A.). L.A. is also home to hip-hop's emerging Hispanic contingent, led by Mellow Man Ace's hilarious bilingual *Mentirosa*—**Escape from Havana** (Capitol)—and Kid Frost's **Hispanic Causing Panic** (Virgin).

My favorite unknown hip-hopper is Seattle's Sir Mix-a-Lot, whose **Seminar** (Nastymix) shows off the underground's vices and virtues. *My Hooptie* is the greatest car song anyone has written since *Little Red Corvette*. If last summer's furor over *The Star-Spangled Banner* had been a real dialog rather than an exercise in demagoguery, *National Anthem* would have made Mix-a-Lot a star. Mix-a-Lot's mordant, eminently repeatable "I'm ashamed of my national anthem" is waiting to be picked up as the first anthem of the new antiwar movement. On the other hand, *Beepers*, *Gortex* and *Something About My Benzo* place Mix-a-Lot squarely within the ritualized, consumption-crazed dope-dealer environment. That doesn't make him a hypocrite—*he*'s not running for office—but it ought to wipe the easy smile off our lips. That's a job for an artist.

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Babyface *Tender Lover*	6	7	8	7	8
Miami's Nuclear Valdez *I Am I*	2	8	7	5	8
Manitoba's Wild Kingdom *And You?*	4	7	6	7	9
Nigeria's Oriental Brothers International *Heavy on the Highlife!*	10	8	7	6	8
Sir Mix-a-Lot *Seminar*	6	6	7	8	9

BLOOD, SWEAT AND SHEARS DEPARTMENT: A doctor has advised **Crystal Gayle** to cut her hair to cut down on recurring headaches. Crystal's hair weighs seven pounds!

REELING AND ROCKING: Three movie bios—of the **Jacksons, Marvin Gaye** and **Jackie Wilson**—are in production at Motown for either TV or features. The Wilson bio will be directed by **Debbie Allen**. . . . **Madonna** has teamed up with director **David Lynch's** daughter **Jennifer** (who wrote *The Secret Diary of Laura Palmer*) to make *Boxing Hanna*. . . . **Vanilla Ice** will make his screen debut in the *Ninja Turtles* sequel. . . . Look for the **Ramones** in *Car 54* (inspired by the Sixties TV series) later this spring.

NEWSBREAKS: Two record-industry trade groups—The National Association of Recording Merchandisers and The Recording Industry Association of America—are gearing up to fight a new wave of lyrics legislation in at least 15 states where labeling and sales restrictions on music are currently under consideration. . . . In the wake of **Milli Vanilli's** admission of lip synching, the Grammy nominees and performers have been issued a warning by the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences. **Mike Greene,** president of the academy, stressed that lip synching is not allowed at the Grammy awards. . . . **Don Was** is one of the producers of the new **Paula Abdul** album. . . . **Wilson Phillips** plans to avoid the sophomore slump on its second album with "harder-edged" songs, says **Carnie Wilson**. . . . **Ronnie Spector's** autobiography didn't make ex-husband and former producer **Phil Spector** very happy. He still refuses to allow her the rights to sing her old hits. Ronnie has a new line-up of **Ronettes** and has been recording, with **Marshall Crenshaw** producing. . . . The Montreux Jazz Festival celebrates its 25th anniversary in July and **Quincy Jones** has signed on as coproducer. Since 1967, more than 10,000 artists have performed there. . . . **George Michael** plans to hit major U.S. concert halls in late 1991. . . . **Whitney Houston's** world tour will begin later this spring. . . . The editors of *Rock & Roll Confidential* will have *50 Ways to Fight Censorship* (Thunders Mouth Press) out any time now. . . . Remember we told you that Berkeley, California, home of the original free-speech movement, was thinking about banning rap concerts at Berkeley High? The ban was voted down by the school board. . . . Yes, that's **Mark Knopfler** playing guitar on **Ronnie Milsap's** song *All Is Fair in Love and War*. . . . For those of you who would not send your sweetheart a fruit basket, we have a hipper idea: Retro Kool gift baskets. Each basket contains vintage sweets from the Sixties (from Chuckles to Red Hots to Pez) and a 45, tape, CD or memorabilia from the same era. Baskets start at about $31. We like the Retro Kool that includes a **Turtles** collectible, for $45. For more information, call 800-677-KOOL. . . . Finally, under the heading Old Hippies Never Die and They Don't Fade Away, Either: **Country Joe McDonald's** personalized California license plate reads GIMEANF. We know those are the opening words of the infamous *Fish Cheer*, but Joe told the Department of Motor Vehicles that F was a musical reference. And so it goes.

—BARBARA NELLIS

STYLE

WATCH WORDS TO THE WISE

A Rolex or a Cartier is great for making a timely statement about your financial well-being, but there are occasions when discretion may caution against wearing a watch that costs more than your boss's monthly salary. For those moments, there are elegant alternatives in stylish, well-crafted but relatively inexpensive watches. Ranging from about $300 to $1800, the brands that are currently being worn on all the best male wrists include Sector (the Sector Adventure Chrono alarm watch pictured here is available from Pepi in Beverly Hills), Citizen, TAG-Heuer and Seiko, among others. Quartz movements, brushed-metal finishes and multiple functions make these watches as practical as they are sophisticated. The hottest watch in Europe is the Breitling, worn with a brown stitched-leather band. Whichever watch you select, the choice will make you a canny consumer—what the Nineties are all about.

SECOND BORN

If you don't want to economize on watches (see above), how about on clothes? Several designers are launching second lines that offer plenty of cachet for a lot less cash. Here are some new "twos" you can use: JA II: Joseph Abboud translates his rich, tailored outlook into sports coats and suits ranging from $375 to $600 (compared with $475 to $850 for his upscale models). . . . Barnes Storm: Jhane Barnes simplifies her signature weaves for a line of sport shirts, knits and shorts that is less dressy but still distinctive. Prices are between $40 and $80. . . . B. Free by M. Julian: Known for his novel leathers, Julian now extends his offbeat design to denim with a collection that includes extra-large overalls and knee-length shorts highlighted in orange. The average price is $55. . . . Options: Keith Varty and Alan Cleaver, designers of the Byblos collection, also are the brains behind this new line of colorful, casual clothes.

HOT SHOPPING: MIAMI

Looking for shopping in the sun? Then SoBe it—that's Miami-speak for South Beach, the new area to sea and be seen. Last Tango in Paradise (1214 Washington Avenue): Vintage clothing ranging from Victorian to Sixties pop. • Bomba (1259 Washington Avenue): "Bombshell" in *español*, this is the top shop for club kids. • Tuti Plein (1127 Washington Avenue): This haunt offers British boots, club clothes, leather jackets and other East Village–style accouterments, as well as a restaurant/hair-extension salon. • The News Cafe (800 Ocean): A mecca for mobs of gorgeous models and photographers, this trendy restaurant offers French- and Middle Eastern–influenced cuisine, smokes sold by the piece or the pack, plus tooth paste, shampoo and other sundries for those impromptu overnights.

VIEWPOINT

"Men's clothes shouldn't look contrived," says Manhattan shoe designer Kenneth Cole, "and accessories can make that happen." The son-in-law of New York governor and possible Presidential contender Mario Cuomo, Cole says it's OK to wear brown shoes with a navy or black suit or suede shoes with a leather belt, as long as the accessories work together. "Wear an interesting tie or silk scarf with matching socks or coordinate your belt with your shoes," he advises. What would he wear to the Presidential Inaugural? "No comment," Cole replied, sounding like a seasoned politician.

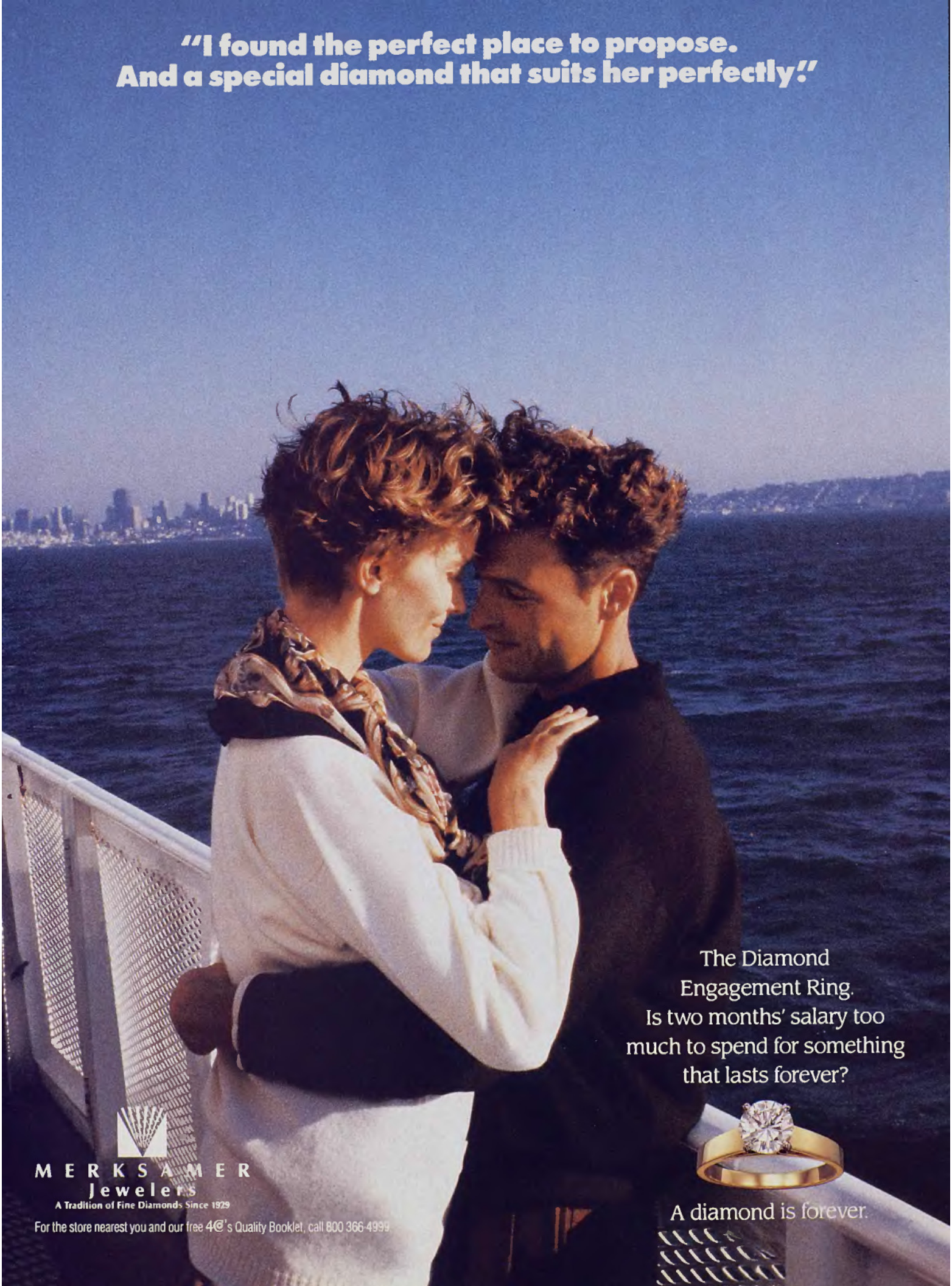
GENTLEMEN, YOU MAY SMOKE

Sales of hand-rolled cigars are up and tobacco companies are offering a variety of status stogies. Here's a guide to the newest smokes. Davidoff of Geneva: Aniversario No. 1, Dominican hour-and-a-half cigars that sell for $18 each. (We're talking *status*.) "21" Club: Full-bodied Dominican cigars that come with their own lighter and clipper in a box of 21, of course. New York: Tasty Mexican long-leaf cigars by Te-Amo in sizes ranging from Park Avenue to La Guardia. Premier: Honduran cigars that are showcased in a lacquered-cedar box. Fuente Cuban Corona: slightly tapered 5¼" full-bodied Dominican cigars that are perfect 30-minute smokes. Macanudo Vintage: Aged, hand-selected Jamaican cigars from the premium years of 1984 and 1988.

STYLE METER

TROUSERS	IN	OUT
FIT	Close fitting at rear, loose fitting at thigh, tapering to ankle	Straight, wide pants legs
STYLE	Double or triple pleats; 1¼"- to 1½"-wide cuffs; straight hem with break at shoe top	Straight-front dress pants; trousers without cuffs; angled legs or bell-bottoms (wait until next year)
FABRICS	Washed linen or silk, iridescent weaves and soft, drapy fabrics	Stiff, cardboardy fabrics

Where & How to Buy on page 163.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Bell Blv De Voe: Poison (MCA) 00547

Johnny Gill (Motown) 00738

Tommy James & The Shondells: Anthology (Rhino) 44185

AC/DC: Back In Black (Atlantic) 13772

Don Henley: The End Of The Innocence (Geffen) 01064

Eagles: Greatest Hits, Vol. 1 (Asylum) 23481

Lorrie Morgan: Leave The Light On (RCA) 01111

Soul II Soul: Vol. II-1990-A New Decade (Virgin) 00567

Damn Yankees (Warner Bros.) 14852

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U2: Rattle And Hum (Island) 00596

Barry Manilow: Live On Broadway (Arista) 24805

The Who: Who's Better, Who's Best (MCA) 00790

The Beach Boys: Made In U.S.A. (Capitol) 64143

Simon & Garfunkel: The Concert In Central Park (Warner Bros.) 44006

Jimi Hendrix: Electric Ladyland (Reprise) 23362

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Travis Tritt: Country Club (Warner Bros.) 60195

En Vogue: Born To Sing (Atlantic) 14187

Cher: Heart Of Stone (Geffen) 42874

Best of Eric Clapton: Time Pieces (Polydor) 23385

Neville Brothers: Brother's Keeper (A&M) 63513

Duke Ellington Orch.: Digital Duke (GRP) 63356

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Garth Brooks (Capitol) 33963

Allman Bros. Band: Eat A Peach (Polydor) 63353

Glenn Miller Orch.: In The Digital Mood (GRP) 43293

Sawyer Brown: Greatest Hits (Capitol/Curb) 43412

Dino: Swingin' (Island) 43498

Grateful Dead: Built To Last (Arista) 72230

Air Supply: Greatest Hits (Arista) 34424

Anne Murray: Greatest Hits (Capitol) 63530

Vixen: Rev It Up (EMI) 54615

Spyro Gyra: Fast Forward (GRP) 00829

Bob James: Grand Piano Canyon (Warner) 04899

The Cure: Disintegration (Elektra) 01109

Nelson: After The Rain (DGC) 74079

Keith Whitley: Greatest Hits (RCA) 10728

Dionne Warwick Sings Cole Porter (Arista) 53326

Kentucky Headhunters: Pickin' On Nashville (Mercury) 24740

Lita Ford: Stiletto (RCA) 63893

Alabama: Pass It On Down (RCA) 00531

Eric Clapton: Journeyman (Warner Bros.) 53940

Chicago: Greatest Hits 1982-89 (Reprise) 63363

Norrington: Beethoven, Symphony No. 9 (Choral) (Angel) 00467

Doobie Bros.: Cycles (Capitol) 73187

Jeff Lynne: Armchair Theatre (Reprise) 00803

Traveling Wilburys: Vol. One (Wilbury) 00711

Tom Petty: Full Moon Fever (MCA) 33911

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Lisa Stansfield: Affection (Arista) **34198**

The Moody Blues: Greatest Hits (Threshold) **34284**

Best Of Mitch Ryder & Tha Detroit Wheels: Rev Up (Rhino) **64188**

Best Of Bad Company: 10 From 6 (Atlantic) **60321**

Music Of Bali/Gamelan & Kecak (Nonesuch) **44671**

ZZ Top: Afterburner (Warner Bros.) **64042**

Conway Twitty: Greatest Hits, Vol. 3 (MCA) **00556**

The Beach Boys: Still Cruisin' (Capitol) **44379**

Too Short: Short Dog's In The House (Jive) **54304**

Randy Travis: No Holdin' Back (Warner Bros.) **34766**

Wilson Phillips (SBK) **00726**

Bob Mould: Black Sheets Of Rain (Virgin) **53750**

Alan Jackson: Here In The Real World (Arista) **53833**

Prince: Graffiti Bridge (Paisley Park) **34107**

Tha Time: Pandemonium (Paisley Park) **52225**

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Bonnia Raitt: Nick Of Time (Capitol) **54410**

Bad Company: Holy Water (Atlantic) **24784**

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Winger: In The Heart Of The Young (Atlarftic) **00570**

Paula Abdul: Shut Up And Dance (The Dance Mixes) (Virgin) **80326**

Billy Idol: Charmed Life (Chrysalis) **62264**

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BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

AS THE MAZE of computer technology becomes more sophisticated every day, a sizable cottage industry has developed in books that demystify this brave new world of gigabytes and HyperCard. At the beginner's level are general introductions such as Peter McWilliams' witty and whimsical ***The Personal Computer Book*** (Prelude) and ***The First Book of Personal Computing*** (Sams), by W. E. Wang and Joe Kraynak. The latter offers a helpful analysis of the differences between IBM and Apple systems. John C. Dvorak's ***PC Crash Course and Survival Guide*** (PC), written with Peter Harrison and Steven Frankel, takes you a step further into the IBM jungle with a quick gloss on the basics of DOS (disk-operating system). When you are ready to buy, the InfoWorld Test Center's ***Computer Buyer's Guide*** and ***Software Buyer's Guide*** (both from IDG) provide meticulous comparisons of the various options.

Once you have passed the stage of general inquiry about computers, almost all of the books are guides to specific products. For example, because WordPerfect is the best-selling word-processing program, several dozen books on how to use it crowd the shelves. The best designed and organized guidebook is ***Mastering WordPerfect 5.1*** (Sybex), by Alan Simpson, with its next-to-the-keyboard companion ***WordPerfect 5.1 Instant Reference*** (Sybex), by Greg Harvey and Kay Nelson. ***Using WordPerfect 5.1*** (Que), by a team of experts, presents most of the same information in a different format, and ***WordPerfect 5.1: The Complete Reference*** (Osborne/McGraw-Hill), by Karen Acerson, arranges the topics in alphabetical order. For more advanced users, ***WordPerfect Wizardry*** (Wordware), by Paul Garrison, grapples with matters such as the use of multifunction "macro" key strokes and scientific symbols.

Comically enough, Windows 3, the popular "point-and-click" software program that was designed to simplify DOS use, has turned out to be so complicated it has spawned the biggest computer-book boom of the past year. ***Windows 3 Companion*** (Microsoft), by Lori Lorenz and R. Michael O'Mara, is the clear standout in this field, and the ***Windows 3 Quick Reference*** (Que), by Timothy Stanley, is a useful supplementary resource. The word-processing program designed to work within the Windows environment, Word, has also made the ***Word for Windows Companion*** (Microsoft), by Mark W. Crane, a hit. Even a program as well known as WordStar is enhanced in many books, such as Vincent Alfieri's excellent ***The Best Book of WordStar*** (Hayden).

User-friendly computer books.

Guidebooks for novices and nerds.

In a market place dominated by 50,000,000 IBM and IBM-system clones, there are still plenty of Apple-system enthusiasts, and most of them swear by ***The Macintosh Bible*** (Goldstein & Blair), by Sharon Zardetto Aker and Arthur Naiman, now in its third edition, or ***The Big Mac Book*** (Que), by Neil J. Salkind. But Mac users have also made a best seller out of ***The Complete HyperCard 2.0 Handbook*** (Bantam), by Danny Goodman, which explores the myriad possibilities of this "user friendly" Mac programming technique. Many consider the sophisticated interplay of text, images, sound, animation and data-base functions in HyperCard the cutting edge of computer technology. Less serious-minded Mac users may enjoy ***Stupid Mac Tricks*** (Addison-Wesley), by Bob LeVitus, a book-and-software package that allows you to create such colorful programs as "The Talking Moose" and "Sexplosion."

If the computer world has been expanding inside those PCs and Macs, it has been exploding on the telephone lines outside. According to ***Dvorak's Guide to PC Telecommunications*** (Osborne/McGraw-Hill), by John C. Dvorak and Nick Anis, there are now 18,000,000 computers connected to modems around the world. Dvorak and Anis explain how you can use computer networks to chat with friends in Bombay, dig up information on data bases such as Dialog or download thousands of free share-ware programs from electronic bulletin boards.

You can also just have fun. CompuServe and Prodigy are the two largest computer networks in the United States, and each has unique entertainment, news and educational features. ***CompuServe Information Manager*** (Bantam), by Charles Bowen and David Peyton, provides a map to more than 170 forums or special-interest groups that communicate about computers and lots more through CompuServe. Like CompuServe, Prodigy provides electronic banking, an on-line encyclopedia and discussion groups on many topics. As Pamela Kane points out in ***Prodigy Made Easy*** (Osborne/McGraw-Hill), one of the newer network's unique points is that subscribers can communicate directly with Prodigy's team of experts on a variety of subjects, such as Gene Siskel on movies and *Playboy*'s book columnist.

Of course, who's kidding whom? Despite all their technological potential, many people use computers just to play games. And there are plenty of books to show you how. Corey Sandler and Tom Badgett have practically made a career out of writing the ***Ultimate Unauthorized Nintendo Game Strategies,*** volumes 1, 2 and 3 (Bantam), with tricks to take on Rambo, RoboCop or the Kung Fu Heroes games. The staff of *GamePro* magazine doesn't go into as much depth with strategies, but it does cover games from Nintendo, Genesis and TurboGrafix-16 in its ***GamePro Hot Tips: Adventure Games*** and ***GamePro Hot Tips: Sports Games*** (both from IDG).

As extraordinary as some of the computer applications described in these books may sound, they are modest compared with what the future holds. One of the best surveys of the exciting projects in development is ***The Art of Human-Computer Interface Design*** (Addison-Wesley), edited by Brenda Laurel. Dealing with topics from virtual reality to cyberspace, the writers suggest that if you want to play any important role in the next decade, you had best read up on computers.

BOOK BAG

The Choices We Made (Random House), edited by Angela Bonavoglia: In the face of an unprecedented threat to legal abortion, 25 writers, performers and activists document their individual experiences and emotional reactions to this controversial issue.

Sliver (Bantam), by Ira Levin: The author of *Rosemary's Baby*, *The Stepford Wives* and *The Boys from Brazil* is back with another thriller. This one takes place in voyeurs' heaven, the horror high-rise.

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MEN

By ASA BABER

Pssst! Hey, you. Yeah, you, the guy reading this column. You and I are engaged in a confidential transaction, did you know that? It's you and me and the printed page. There's no one else involved. Privacy? You have complete privacy here.

So let me ask you a question. I want you to give me an honest answer, no bullshit, no tap dance, no hiding and denying. The question is this: Are you a guy who fucks around?

Hey, stay cool. That question really makes you nervous, doesn't it? Relax. Nobody can hear us. It's just you and me, *amigo*. So let's try it again. Tell me, in all honesty, are you involved with more than one woman these days?

Come on, don't quibble with me. You ask, What *exactly* do I mean by "involved"? Well, it includes fucking, but it can also include sexual play. I am not talking harmless verbal flirtation or private personal fantasies here. I'm talking sex. Sexualized relationships. The question is simple: Are you wheeling and dealing with more than one woman?

How many women? Let's say a minimum of two women and a maximum of 2000. Does your range of activity fall within those numbers?

OK, it's clear that you don't want to talk about this. I understand. Believe me, I understand. Time was when I was promiscuous as hell and didn't want to talk about it, either. Time was when my name was Asa "Hello, I Love You, Can We Fuck Now?" Baber.

You know what I mean? Most guys know what I mean. It's what all our sheep and chicken jokes are based on. Our sexuality is humongous, and it takes a lot of energy and wisdom to contain it. As I've said before, the sexual energy of the normal male is the equivalent of a nuclear power plant.

Believe it or not, good brother, I think I have some limited wisdom about this question now. After many years of wrestling with it, I'd like to share something with you about promiscuity and the self-destruction it can bring.

It goes like this: Forget the scolds, forget the moralists who warn you of hell's fire and God's judgment if you stray. The fact of the matter is that fucking around is a self-destructive and self-limiting act. When you fuck around, you fuck yourself. It fragments your time and your psyche. When you fuck around, you send a signal to yourself that basically says, "Go ahead and mess up your life, sucker; start juggling two or three women at a time and split yourself into pieces; go ahead, numbnuts, and complicate your life."

A QUESTION OF FOCUS

Let's tell it like it is: At that moment of rationalization, *you* are the victim of your own sexual confusion. *You* are the person who will become more and more divided as the complications pile up, the little white lies accumulate, the juggling continues. When you start to wander, *you* voluntarily take an ax and split yourself into pieces. You lose your focus. *That is the central problem with promiscuity. It divides the self.*

Care to share a few laughs about the complexities of having an affair on the side? It gets confusing, doesn't it? You have to remember names, for example. In your sleep and in your orgasms, you have to remember to call the right woman by the right name. "I'm with Nancy today," you mutter to yourself. "Don't call her Sylvia. Or Jane. This is Nancy."

Better be alert on the street, too, dickmeister. Sure, you hope the women in your life never get together and compare notes—but what if they all ran into you on the same street corner at the same time? What if the god of synchronicity decided to call your name? Did you ever have a dream about that? All your women in touch with all your hypocrisy, and all standing at the same intersection as you arrive? You'd be mincemeat in about five seconds, right?

Told one way, it's kind of funny. Looked at another way, it is very revealing. What does it reveal? That mincemeat is what you're looking to be, superstud. For some deep and dark and personal reason, you want to be divided at this point in your life. You *want* to be out of focus. Why? That is the essential question that only you can answer. Here are a few of the many possible reasons:

1. *You crave excitement.* What, a life with no diversions or complications? How deadly dull. You have fun living by your wits. You enjoy the chase and the seduction, the small lies and manipulations, the thrill of hiding affairs and holding secrets. It makes you feel alive. A little split, but alive.

2. *You need nurturing.* No question about it, given today's pressures and pace, many a couple can fall off the bed of nurturing. Some people never get back on. So the search for nurturing is out there. You may be after it. But since when did splitting the self comfort you?

3. *The unfocused perspective is all you know.* To be focused and centered is scary for some of us. We don't necessarily know how to do it. We've been divided for too long. We fear the responsibility we would have to assume for our own actions if we had no crises in our lives, no melodramas, no women crying or arguing or scolding, no domestic distractions. Imagine: You, without excuses for failure, without the diversions that keep you from looking at yourself—could you handle that?

4. *For you, commitment is a dirty word.* For some people, possibly for you, commitment is obscene, especially the commitment to the focused self. That is what you want to avoid. Or so you think.

But consider this, and consider it well: In the martial arts, in all the arts, in business and sports and parenting, the search of the wise man is *always* for focus, for clarity, precision, loyalty, unity.

The search of the wise man? Try it sometime. You may surprise yourself and the people around you. For a change, pull all of your selves back together. Enjoy the new cohesion. Don't wait. Do it now.

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PLAYBOY

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Here's one for the books. My lover and I are having an argument about sexual fantasies. Recalling that Jimmy Carter once confessed to lusting in his heart for other women, she asked how many women I had slept with—in my heart. Like a fool, I told her. If you can't fool around in your fantasies, what are fantasies for? She responded that women have monogamous fantasies; i.e., she doesn't even fool around in daydreams. Can you cast any light on this subject?—J. P., Chicago, Illinois.

Bruce J. Ellis and Donald Symons studied sexual fantasies of male and female college students and found dramatic differences between the sexes. The most interesting question was, "Considering your sexual fantasies throughout the course of your life, do you think that in your imagination you have had sexual encounters with more than 1000 people?" One out of three men said yes; only eight percent of the women had been that active. Almost half of the women (43 percent) reported that they never substituted or switched partners in the course of a single sexual fantasy; only 12 percent of the men said they never did so. The researchers found other differences, as well: "Women's fantasies were less frequent and less dominated by visual images than men's fantasies were; women, more than men, emphasized touching, feelings, partner response, their own physical and emotional responses and emotional states, such as mood and ambience. Women's fantasies were more personal than men's fantasies: Women were more likely to fantasize about someone they were or had been involved with, to focus on personal or emotional characteristics of their imagined partner, to include nonphysical details about their imagined partner and to report that their imagined partner was uniquely able to arouse them emotionally and physically. Women's fantasies unfolded more slowly than men's fantasies and included more caressing and nongenital touching, and this build-up and interplay were more important to women than to men. . . . By contrast, men's fantasies were more frequent, featured more imagined partners, were more impersonal, were more dominated by visual images, particularly genital images, moved more quickly to explicitly sexual acts . . . and were more likely to emphasize partner variety." The researchers suggest that women's fantasies are like romance novels, men's like pornography. The former are about mate selection, finding Mr. Right. The latter are about sex and physical encounters. In short, fun as we know it.

I was taught that the best way to stop a car quickly in a dangerous situation is to hit the brakes hard to drop the car's nose down, then ease up on the pedal to prevent the wheels from locking up. My

new car has ABS—antilock braking system. If I have to stop quickly, should I just slam on the brakes and let the computer do all the work?—C. S., Los Angeles, California.

Step on it. The ABS pumps the brakes automatically—up to 15 times per second—to prevent wheel lockup. Not even drug-crazed tap dancers can move that quickly. Take the car to an open parking lot and get used to the sensation of emergency braking. Then trust the system.

Recently, my girlfriend and I had our first serious sexual encounter. After masturbating her to orgasm, she began to masturbate me in return. That was the first time a girl had ever touched my penis. I thought I wouldn't last for ten seconds, but the opposite happened: I couldn't come. It was like my penis had lost all sensitivity. Finally, after concentrating on the fact that a beautiful girl was touching my penis, I had a great orgasm. But I really had to work for it, and I was embarrassed that she'd had to work so hard. Is it normal for a sexual novice to take so long?—K. J., Cleveland, Ohio.

Relax. We used to close lectures by asking people to repeat "The Playboy Advisor" oath: "I am incredible in bed, and when someone else is there with me, I'm even better." First sexual experiences are fraught with anxiety and cluttered with expectations. The only hand that had touched your penis was your own—you probably got caught up in the difference between what she was doing and what you were accustomed to. Some people are so preoccupied that they suffer from spectatoring, mentally distancing themselves from the action. You were able to redirect your attention to the physical sensation of the moment, the miracle that a beautiful girl was touching you. When you see sex as what it is, instead of what it should be, the result is orgasm. You did fine.

After a long monogamous relationship fizzled, I met the girl of my dreams. In six months, we were engaged to be married. Here's the problem: With the wedding still three months away, women seem to be coming out of the woodwork. I've had several proposals for final flings from women who had little interest in me before. What's going on, and should I partake?—W. R., Charleston, South Carolina.

The final-fling factor rates right up there with the mercy fuck as one of those unexplained mysteries of womanhood. It's probably easier to talk about the latter. One of our editors was once struck by an automobile while riding a motorcycle. He broke some bones, including a rib. Within weeks of the accident, women, as you say, came out of the woodwork. One woman offered oral sex; he declined, saying that if he moved, the rib might puncture his heart or a lung and he might die. "That's the point," she said. Another woman whom he had pursued for years finally straddled his immobile body. He was as confused as you. Throwing yourself in front of 4000 pounds of moving steel is not a form of seduction you can easily repeat. The same irony applies to the final-fling factor. Women say that all they want is a man who is willing to make a commitment. You have made one (not to them) and are suddenly Mr. Right. How you deal with it depends on your definition of commitment. You can't exactly walk around the streets of Charleston with a sandwich board proclaiming, GETTING MARRIED. LAST CHANCE FOR A FAMOUS FINAL FLING.

My cassette tapes are starting to slip and slide. Are my rubber pinch rollers worn beyond repair?—P. L., Detroit, Michigan.

First, make sure they are clean. Buy one of those mock-cassette cleaning units that clean both the heads and the rollers. If you still have a problem, you may want to touch up the rollers with Radio Shack's Non-Slip. If that fails, take your cassette player into the shop for replacement of the rollers.

Help! I'm a 25-year-old male. My last relationship lasted a little more than two years. It was filled with the most exciting and adventurous sex I've encountered in my life. We had sex in my bedroom, on the counter in my bathroom, during showers and baths, in her bathroom, in her basement, in an open field, in a house under construction, in the woods,

ILLUSTRATION BY DENNIS MUKAI

on a beach (which isn't fun when you roll in the sand), in a motel room, in a movie theater, in my hatchback, at my sister's house (shhh!), in a warehouse under construction, in an abandoned house, on a picnic table in a park and probably other places that I can't remember. We even experimented with bondage (rope and handcuffs). Here's the problem: All of the above came up in a casual, friendly conversation with a female co-worker. When I talk with certain women, I find I can be very up front and honest about past sexual experiences. And usually, they will be up front with me. My co-worker—who is 40, but with the looks and body of a woman in her late 20s—listened. Then she told me that she was in a horrible marriage and that she refuses to sleep with her husband, who does nothing to keep in shape. She said she was at her sexual peak and hinted that she could keep up with someone my age. Recently, she asked me to join her for drinks. I'm running out of excuses. I need some advice. What do you think of our age difference? If you were in my shoes, would you go out with her? If I give in, will I be morally damned forever? Does that matter? I'm starting to fantasize about having oral sex with her.—M. D., Trenton, New Jersey.

You may be reading a little too much into her invitation. She may just want you to commiserate. You may learn something; it may lead to something; then again, it may not. Can you deal with that frustration? (We once thought that if God had wanted us to play the transitional man, He would have put our genitals up around our collarbone—that way, when women cried on our shoulder, it would at least seem like sex.) If you are uncomfortable with sleeping with another man's wife, don't. We aren't into the moral-damnation-for-all-eternity business.

Lately, in Italian restaurants, I've tasted a dessert, *tiramisu*—sort of an Italian trifle. What goes into such a luscious dish? Can it be made at home?—E. G., New York, New York.

Tiramisu *is not new, but apparently, its time has come. Recipes vary. The one from Manhattan's popular Pen & Pencil restaurant consists of ladyfingers moistened with espresso and liqueur, layered with a mixture of* mascarpone *cheese, egg yolks, sugar, vanilla extract and whipped cream. It's topped with more whipped cream and shaved semisweet chocolate.*

I am 22 years old and single. A few weeks ago, I met a single 35-year-old goddess. I have never seen a more ravishing woman, not even in my most erotic dreams. She has beautiful, long, curly dirty-blonde hair, seductive blue eyes, luscious lips and a perfect nose. Her neck invited me to nibble on it. Her breasts screamed for my massive hands. Her never-ending legs are as slick as snow. There are no words that I can conceive of that would do justice to her vagina. There was an attraction between us immediately. Surprisingly, there was no trouble at all regarding the difference in our ages. Our sex is great. On the very first night of love, we started off by fondling each other for about ten minutes. She unbuttoned my shirt with her teeth while I slowly stripped off her clothes, piece by piece. When we were fully naked, we examined each other's bodies. She directed my hand to her breast. It fit perfectly. I caressed her passionately. I moved my fingers down and began feeling her pussy. She directed my mouth toward her vagina and I licked deep. She gradually pushed my head forward, signaling that she wanted me to lick deeper. She screamed passionately. Then, with a sudden thrust, she grabbed me and threw me backward. She knelt down and started to rub my penis. She gradually rubbed faster and faster until it was fully erect. She remarked on how enormous it was. Needless to say, I was feeling very confident of my manhood at that moment. She then started to lick it, from the testicles to the tip. She put it in her mouth and violently sucked it. I could tell she was very enthusiastic. She stopped sucking and pulled my dick toward her pussy while wrapping her long legs around me. She was controlling our every move. I felt powerless and uncomfortable. Nonetheless, it was one of the best sexual experiences I have ever had. Until then, every time I had made love with somebody, I was always in control. I remarked to her that I liked being more in control during intercourse and that I didn't think that when we made love, she should control my every move. She got mad and said that that was the way she liked her sexual encounters. She also said that because she is older and much more experienced, she should be the one in control, because I am still a novice. I don't feel that way. We have made love many times, and every time, she is in total control. She refuses to let me direct us. I enjoy our sex very much, but I'd enjoy it more if she would let me direct. How can I persuade her to let me do this once in a while?—J. N., San Diego, California.

Is this what comedienne Judy Tenuta calls being a stud puppet? Now you know what it feels like to be made love to—many men never give up the active role, never relinquish control, never experience the pleasure of receiving. Having said that, we can also understand your confusion. Nothing in this scenario satisfies your need to feel competent. You have more to offer than your responsiveness, your 22-year-old anatomy. A one-sided sexual relationship sucks. Healthy relationships have the flexibility to accommodate the needs of both individuals. This may be a situation where talking about power doesn't help: If you have to ask to take control, you aren't in control. If she can't take turns, take a walk.

For years, I've read *The Playboy Advisor*. During that time, you have counseled men who suffer from premature ejaculation. You've described the squeeze technique, the stop-and-start technique and others. But you have never said what causes premature ejaculation. Why does it strike some men and not others?—D. Z., Dallas, Texas.

Every sex therapist has a favorite theory. Some feel that the premature ejaculator hasn't learned how to read his arousal accurately and so slides off the precipice. Yet studies have shown that premature ejaculators and non–premature ejaculators are equally accurate. They know exactly how excited they are at any given moment. Other therapists have suggested performance anxiety, power struggles, anger, control issues. It may be much simpler. Donald Strassberg and three other researchers at the University of Utah wondered if perhaps premature ejaculators were simply more sensitive to all forms of sex. They asked a group of premature ejaculators to masturbate in the lab and at home, then compared the times with those of a group of non–premature ejaculators. The P.E. group reached orgasm during masturbation in 3.16 minutes on the average. The N.P.E. group reached orgasm on the average in 6.24 minutes. (The men in the P.E. group reported that they reached orgasm in two minutes or less at least 50 percent of the time during intercourse and perceived that they had no control over the onset of orgasm. The N.P.E.s reported that they lasted three minutes or more at least 50 percent of the time during intercourse, and that they were able to exert control over the onset of orgasm.) Strassberg concludes, "The orgasmic threshold for premature ejaculators may simply be lower . . . requiring less physical stimulation (via partner or self) for premature ejaculators to reach orgasm. This would explain why even removal of all sources of interpersonal anxiety still results in the premature ejaculator reaching orgasm more quickly than his 'normal' counterpart." Whatever the reason, it is reassuring to know that if you are bothered by this problem, the cures work.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.

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PROFILES IN

HOMOPHOBIA

sex, lies and hatemongering from America's most dangerous self-appointed hit men

THE CONGRESSMAN

The rancor on the floor of the U.S. House of Representatives last July was unusually intense as members debated the political future of Barney Frank. The popular Massachusetts Democrat, who had acknowledged a relationship with Stephen L. Gobie, a male prostitute, had been the subject of an ethics-committee probe. While the committee uncovered no evidence to support Gobie's more lurid charges, it did find that Frank had fixed his parking tickets and intervened with his probation officer. It recommended that Frank be reprimanded.

But to William Dannemeyer, a 12-year Congressional veteran with a well-known sodomy fixation, reprimand was not sufficient. The conservative Republican from Orange County, California, had introduced a resolution to expel Frank from the House. "We must stand and affirm the existence of standards in our society," he said. "What is going on in America is a cultural war" that pits the Judaeo-Christian ethic against godless "moral relativism." He then went on to recite as fact Gobie's seamier unproved allegations: that Frank and Gobie had ejaculated into then Vice-President George Bush's locker in the House gym and that Frank was aware of the use of his house for prostitution when he was out of town and indulged in sniffing the soiled bed sheets.

After Dannemeyer stopped frothing, before his resolution was defeated 390 to 18, Julian Dixon, chairman of the ethics committee, took the floor. "You have just heard [some] of the most edited, selected garbage that has ever been put forth, in my opinion, in this House," he thundered, as the Democratic side of the House burst into applause.

The Vile People: William Dannemeyer, Patrick Buchanan, Jesse Helms.

It would be very difficult to pinpoint which of Dannemeyer's many pronouncements on AIDS and gay issues would not merit that distinction. Dannemeyer has told his colleagues that the AIDS virus can "mutate in such a way so that it can be transmitted through the respiratory system as a main means of transmissibility" and that persons infected with AIDS should "take a glass of water upon arising with seven or eight squirts of liquid garlic" as a palliative. He has said that people with AIDS "emit spores that have been known to cause birth defects" and that radical gays were likely to practice "blood terrorism," intentionally spreading the virus to heterosexuals by donating blood. "One third of male homosexuals [find] child sex attractive," he told a hooting audience in San Francisco; "typical" gay pastimes, he added,

THE PAPER OF RECORD

"Although polls show more Americans are beginning to accept homosexual men and women and support their rights, there has been a great increase in reports of antigay bias since the beginning of the AIDS epidemic. But rather than creating the new hostility, researchers have found, the disease has given bigots an excuse to act out their hatred.

"In studying the virulence and tenacity of antigay feelings, psychologists are finding clues to the deeper sources of homophobia. The new findings confirm the theory that some men use hostility and violence to homosexuals to reassure themselves about their own sexuality. But the greatest portion of antihomosexual bias, psychologists now say, arises from a combination of fear and self-righteousness in which homosexuals are perceived as contemptible threats to the moral universe."

—DANIEL GOLEMAN in *The New York Times*, July 10, 1990

THE SENATOR

To all the statistics regarding the North Carolina Senatorial race won by Jesse Helms, may I add this one: 62. It is the reported number of people murdered last year in attacks on homosexuals. The best you can say about Helms is that he did nothing to lower those numbers.

In the closing days of his campaign, Helms appealed not only to racism but to homophobia, as well. He accused his opponent, Harvey Gantt, of accepting money from gay groups—funds raised, Helms said, in gay bars. "Why are homosexuals buying this election for Harvey Gantt?" a Helms newspaper ad asked. "Because Harvey Gantt will support their demands for mandatory gay rights!!"

Hatred of homosexuals remains the last acceptable American bigotry. . . . Racism, on the other hand, has been banished from the American political dialog. That's why David Duke, a racist and anti-Semite if there ever was one, was booted from the Republican Party. Duke's racism used to be raw and uncomplicated—as raw as once being a Nazi and a member of the Ku Klux Klan. That being the case, it hardly mattered that in his recent Senatorial campaign, Duke eschewed outright racism and concentrated, instead, on affirmative action. We all knew what he was saying. . . .

The primary obligation of a politician is not different from that of a physician: First, do no harm. Helms does plenty of harm. He is entitled to be a political reactionary, not to mention a mean and cantankerous human being. But his appeals to bigotry—above all, to homophobia—should put him beyond the pale of American politics. For some reason, though, they do not. The same G.O.P. that would have nothing to do with Duke embraced Helms. President Bush campaigned for him twice, raising an estimated $1,000,000. What point of light was that?

When it comes to homosexuals, the sum and substance of Helms's message is one that encourages continued discrimination and, indeed, violence. Helms may say, "Prove it," to which I respond, "Sorry, I cannot." But as a citizen and a journalist, I know my country. I know, in other words, that just as lynchings occurred in a hospitable political culture, so do assaults on gays. There were nearly 800 of them last year, some resulting in death, others in injuries so horrible (attempts at castration) that few newspapers would report them in any detail. To some men, the difference between gays and deer is a mere technicality. The latter can be hunted only in season.

Helms is once again a winner and, as usual, for a variety of reasons. But one of them, surely, is that he appealed to the prejudices of the electorate. It's too late now for George Bush to refuse to campaign for Helms, too late for the G.O.P. to treat him as it did Duke. Maybe the most we can ask is some sense of shame. For the Republican Party in the matter of Jesse Helms, it would be well deserved.

—RICHARD COHEN, *The Washington Post*, November 8, 1990

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included eating human excrement. Dannemeyer wrote a book, *Shadow in the Land: Homosexuality in America*, that outlines the insidious process by which gays and their liberal apologists are taking power in America. He takes his message of hate on the road, lecturing church and civic groups on the topic "Are gay-rights groups trying to destroy the American family?" To educate his colleagues, he has inserted graphic descriptions of purported homosexual practices into the *Congressional Record* (see "For the Record," *The Playboy Forum*, January 1990). Activities peculiar to homosexuality include "having one man or men urinate on another man or men; fisting, or handballing, which has one man insert his hand and/or part of his arm into another man's rectum; and using what are euphemistically termed 'toys,' such as one man inserting dildos, certain vegetables or light bulbs up another man's rectum." So upset was Representative Andrew Jacobs, Jr., of Indiana after reading this diatribe that he asked the ethics committee to investigate whether Dannemeyer had violated House obscenity standards.

Dannemeyer's book, published by the Catholic Church's Ignatius Press, lays bare his delusions in florid detail. "In their newspapers and magazines homosexuals openly proclaim their intention to destroy American society—our families, our churches, our deepest religious beliefs," he rails. "The homosexual blitzkrieg has been better planned and better executed than Hitler's." Aware that scientific findings attributing homosexuality to biological or genetic causes may lead to increased tolerance and acceptance of gays, he declares that "homosexuality is not undeniably an inherited 'orientation,' but is probably a bad habit acquired in early childhood or puberty. . . . In an age when homosexuality was not publicly advertised, relatively few young people fell into such unnatural behavior."

Like his sex-obsessed soulmate in the Senate, Jesse Helms, Dannemeyer keeps gays on the defensive by trying to attach antigay amendments to appropriations, health-care bills and other legislation. For example, in debates on the Hate Crimes Statistics Act, mandating that the Justice Department collect statistics on crimes motivated by bigotry, Dannemeyer went on a crusade to exclude hate crimes based on sexual orientation. According to Frank, "You get this very distinct impression from him that he thinks it's understandable to commit violence against gay men and lesbians." (Physical assaults against gays, Dannemeyer writes, are "a minuscule number when compared with the violence perpetrated against children in this country—some of these crimes committed by homosexual pedophiles.")

Dannemeyer has fought to prohibit the use of Federal funds for educational materials that "promote or encourage" homosexuality targeting safe-sex instruction, sponsored a 1988 amendment to reduce money for AIDS research by $100,000,000 and opposed

distribution of the Surgeon General's report on AIDS, because it "promotes sodomy." While most of Dannemeyer's proposals fail by lopsided margins or are stricken in conference committees, he occasionally scores. In 1989, after the Department of Health and Human Services (HHS) issued a report on teen suicide that concluded that gay youth were two to three times more likely to take their lives than other teens because of "a society that . . . stigmatizes homosexuals," Dannemeyer pressured HHS Secretary Louis Sullivan to renounce this section of the report because it was "antifamily."

"I never thought of heterosexuality as such a fragile institution that a society's acceptance of the reality of sexual diversity somehow threatens the continuation of the race," says Urvashi Vaid, executive director of the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force, a frequent Dannemeyer target. Vaid cautions against dismissing Dannemeyer as an isolated wacko. "I think he's very dangerous," she says. "He voices the prejudice that many people feel. . . . He speaks to an element that is absolutely ignorant of gay people's lives, that has a lot of prejudice and misconceptions about them and that really is unwilling to change its mind."

Above all, it is AIDS that most rivets Dannemeyer. A lawyer, he acquired his dubious public-health expertise with the help of Dr. Paul Cameron, a psychologist whose relentless campaign of hatred against gays probably contributed to his expulsion from the American Psychological Association, according to *Los Angeles* magazine. The promulgator of the myth that gays have sex with gerbils (the rodent's death throes are supposed to offer rectal thrills), Dr. Cameron, who signed on as Dannemeyer's AIDS advisor in 1985, has called for the quarantine and extermination of all gay men. (He later fudged his final solution by saying he had written only of its "viability.") Until a public outcry forced Dannemeyer to sever formal ties to this lunatic, Cameron's $2000-a-month fee was paid by the American taxpayers.

"He is obsessed with male homosexuality," says Thomas B. Stoddard, executive director of the Lambda Legal Defense and Education Fund, who debated Dannemeyer on several occasions before the Congressman stopped appearing with gays on the grounds that they were plotting to kill him. "Really, only a psychotherapist could explain what motivates such a public crusade."

—STEPHEN RAE, a New York writer

THE COLUMNIST

Pat Buchanan, like many commentators on the loony right, has a hater's quarrel with homosexuals. "His lips assume a tracing of utter disgust whenever he talks about them," said Tom Braden, his former adversary on CNN's *Crossfire*.

The beast has been brought out by the AIDS epidemic. In 1983, just when the horror of the virus was beginning to sink in, Buchanan taunted those who were about to die: "The sexual revolution has begun to devour its children. . . . The poor homosexuals—they have declared war upon nature, and now nature is exacting an awful retribution."

In a 1984 article in *The American Spectator*, Buchanan and fellow homophobe J. Gordon Muir raised the specter of the gay community as the human equivalent of biological weapons: "Within the homosexual community, there are today incubating pandemic, rare and exotic diseases with a time-bomb potential of exploding into the general population. Without descending into clinical detail, some concept of the 'gay lifestyle' needs to be understood. Its essence is random, repeated, anonymous sex—runaway promiscuity. The chapel of this new faith has been the bathhouse." In the same article, Buchanan moaned that gay rights would force the military to accept homosexuals. He is afraid that "basic training of 18-year-old Marine recruits will include sensitivity training on the proper respect to be accorded the 'alternative lifestyle' of their gay comrades in the barracks."

He apparently feels that gay bashing is one of the rites of passage our brave Marines must preserve. His own efforts tend toward the shrill and nonphysical.

Buchanan's favorite form of gay bashing is statistical genocide. He would like to make homosexuality disappear, and he has enlisted the aid of two pseudo scientists—Edward Eichel, a Manhattan psychotherapist, and Judith Reisman, a former songwriter for *Captain Kangaroo* and self-described performance artist [see *Showdown in Cincinnati*, on page 64]. The two have written a book called *Kinsey, Sex and Fraud: The Indoctrination of a People*.

Buchanan has promoted the crackpot theories of Eichel and Reisman in several nationally syndicated columns: "One in ten American males is either homosexual or bisexual. That explosive finding, by the late Dr. Alfred Kinsey, may be one of the great hoaxes of the 20th Century and Dr. Kinsey may soon be adjudged the greatest scientific charlatan and mountebank of his age."

Eichel and Reisman rake over AIDS statistics and, with some skewed thinking of their own, calculate that the "true figure for exclusive homosexuality among the male population is one to two percent."

Buchanan trumpets the finding: "It may just blow the sewer cap off Kinsey's monumental reputation, re-establish homosexuality as a one-in-50 aberration [and] expose the gay-rights movement as a paper tiger."

With the courage of an accountant, Buchanan accomplishes his final solution.

READER

QUORUM SEX?

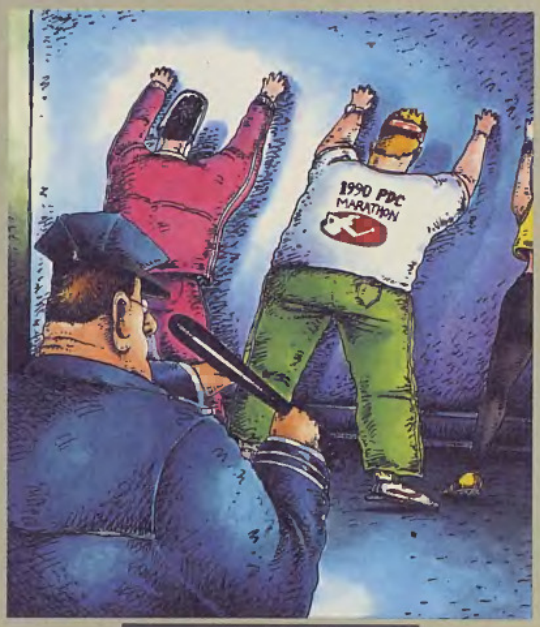
Having finished *The Playboy Forum*'s series on date rape, I was astonished by the coverage of a trial in Oshkosh, Wisconsin. A 29-year-old man met a 26-year-old woman who suffers from multiple-personality disorder. (She claims to have anywhere from 21 to 46 personalities—each dominated by a specific emotion.) He had sex with one of her personalities. At least one other surfaced and said that she had been raped, that knowing of her condition, he had summoned forth a "fun-loving" personality who would say yes to sex. The woman says she has no control over which personality emerges but was able in court to change voices like television channels. The judge required that each new personality be sworn in. It sounded like a circus, except the poor guy could spend ten years in jail. This sort of destroys the notion of consent: A single yes won't do; you have to hear from a whole choir.

David Wall
Chicago, Illinois

That bizarre rape case in Oshkosh leaves me wondering just how much new law there is to be made out of sex. The defendant has been convicted of making it with one of the so-called victim's 46 personalities—one of which consented to have sex and presumably enjoyed it. Why should he be prosecuted after the fact by a nonconsenting personality that, by the same stretch of psychology, wasn't involved? Perhaps the consenting personality should be prosecuted for fornication, which is illegal in Wisconsin.

(Name withheld by request)
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Apparently, others saw it the way our readers did. A judge subsequently ordered a new trial and the prosecution chose to drop all charges. Still, this case raises more questions than it answers. Women have many moods, and in dating, men attempt to elicit one that is conducive to consensual sex. How different is that from the behavior of the man in the Oshkosh trial? Call it Rubik's consent: Before you can have sex with a person, must you have a qualified psychiatrist testify that there is only one person home? Or that if your partner has multiple personalities, all of the squares are in agreement? This was made-for-TV-movie justice.



FOR THE RECORD

THE MAKINGS OF WAR

"When a person dies as a result of jogging, playing squash, driving a car or engaging in sexual intercourse, it does not provide the occasion for a war on jogging, a war on squash, a war on cars or a war on sex. But the dangers of cocaine provoke an extraordinary, warlike mentality that sacrifices critical thinking."—BRUCE ALEXANDER, psychology professor and author of *Peaceful Measures: Canada's Way Out of the "War on Drugs,"* as adapted in *Reason* magazine

NC-17 CONTROVERSY

Twenty-four church leaders took out an ad in the Ventura County *Star–Free Press*, equating the new NC-17 film rating with a formula for disaster: "We, the undersigned, as leaders in our community, want to go on record that we oppose the Motion Picture Association of America's recent change of the movie-rating system from X to No Children Under 17 (NC-17). We believe this is an attempt to legitimize films that up to now have been rated X. As *USA Today* pointed out in a recent editorial cartoon, it is a 'wolf in sheep's clothing.' We see this as the ultimate in hypocrisy and self-serving for the M.P.A.A. to redefine and predetermine our community values so they can line their pockets. In response to this unwarranted change, we are asking you, as responsible members of our community, to refuse to support any theater or chain of theaters in our cities *while* they are screening any film with an NC-17 rating."

A "Sound-Off Poll"—in which readers could phone in their opinions on the boycott—followed two days later. Of the 1058 callers, 884 supported the boycott. Granted, this is by no means a scientific representation of my community, but it's scary to think of the consequences. By the way, I do not support the ban on NC-17 movies.

David Weber
Ventura, California

Did you phone in? Did you phone in 20 or 30 times? Have you called your local theater manager to tell him you support mature movies with adult themes? Did you write a letter telling him how much you enjoyed "Henry & June," the first NC-17 film? What people sometimes fail to recognize is that the forces of censorship are not unsophisticated. It is easy to organize the intolerant, almost impossible to organize the tolerant. The introduction of the new NC-17 rating is welcomed by all who believe that it is possible to make adult films that are not pornographic. But its arrival will do something more. It will reveal the hidden agenda behind the previous suppression of distribution and advertising of any adult film that received an X rating. Those of a censorial mind will now refuse to distribute and/or advertise certain NC-17 films as well, because they really do believe they have the right to suppress legitimate adult entertainment. Their professed concern, protecting children from pornography, is simply a cover for their

real agenda—control of the minds and bodies of their fellow citizens.

GLOBAL-WARMING CZAR?

Has anyone done a scientific study correlating the trend in global warming with the number of ridiculous speeches made by departed drug czar Bill Bennett? He quit his job in a snit, the sound of his saber rattling lost in the roar of Saudi-bound machinery. He claimed that progress was being made in the war on drugs as a result of his rhetoric, his talk of beheading drug dealers, of creating orphanages for the children of drug users, fines for the parents of dealers. The simple fact is that drug use has declined steadily for more than a decade—not because of interdiction or high-tech cops but because we learn from our own experience. (America's attitudes toward legal drugs—alcohol and tobacco—demonstrate a similar pattern. We did not change from sousing to sophistication because of mandatory prison sentencing.)

Bennett launched a highly publicized war on drugs in Washington, D.C. It failed. He launched a highly publicized campaign in four target areas. It failed. He left a legacy of lost freedom—his speeches paved the way for increased drug testing in the workplace, in schools and in the athletic arena. Next time you have to piss into a test tube, think of Bill.

(Name withheld by request)
New York, New York

"DATE RAPE"

Stephanie Gutmann ("Date Rape," *The Playboy Forum*, October) ignores the real nerve of the date-rape controversy: consent. She says that the issue is clouded by the tradition of men's taking the sexual initiative and complains that date-rape dogma depicts women as passive. Actually, the tradition of male initiative keeps the woman in power, sitting in judgment on the man and forcing him to wait upon her feminine wiles. Women preserve this tradition to protect their own emotional advantage. What is needed is role reversal. The female should initiate all sexual advances. If she made the advance, consent could not be an issue and no one would call it rape. She would take full responsibility for her choice to have sex. My guess is that women would not welcome such a change. Why not? Because it would require of a woman what she loathes the most—having to commit sexually or emotionally to a guy before she knows whether or not he's interested, thus making her sexually and emotionally vulnerable to his mood.

Steven Jenkins
Wilmington, California

WHAT DO YOU REALLY KNOW ABOUT CONDOMS?

The makers of Trojan brand condoms have prepared the following quiz to test how much you really know about condoms and their use. Take it and see.

1. It is safe to put a condom on just before ejaculation. True or false?

2. A condom used alone is an effective method of birth control. True or false?

3. Using a condom interferes in the intimacy and/or pleasure of sex. True or false?

4. Condoms come in different sizes. True or false?

5. Condoms have an expiration date. True or false?

6. All condoms are made of latex. True or false?

7. Condoms have assumed a new importance in our society over the past five years. True or false?

8. What is the proper way to put on a condom?

Answers:

1. False. Never wait until just before ejaculation to put on a condom. A condom should be put on an erect penis prior to any contact as part of foreplay.

Note: Pre-ejaculatory fluid can cause an unwanted pregnancy.

2. True. A condom, when used consistently and properly (according to instructions), is 97 percent effective in pregnancy prevention.

3. False. Putting a condom on the penis may be done by either partner and can be an intimate part of foreplay. In addition, today's condoms are thinner, allowing for increased sensitivity.

4. True. Larger-sized condoms are available for those who find standard condoms uncomfortable.

5. True. The shelf life of spermicidally lubricated latex condoms is generally two years and their expiration date is marked accordingly. Latex condoms without a spermicidal lubricant, which have a shelf life of about five years if stored properly, do not currently carry an expiration date. For protection from deterioration while in storage, condoms should be kept in a cool, dry area (50 to 86 degrees Fahrenheit) and not exposed to extremes of heat and cold. They should remain in their individually sealed, air-tight packages until ready to be used.

6. False. Condoms are made from either latex (rubber) or specially processed natural lamb-membrane material.

7. True. The condom became the focus of attention when the medical community found latex condoms to be the best available protection (barring abstinence) against transmission of the AIDS virus. The renewed interest in condoms underscores other advantages of condom use, including:

- Lack of serious side effects as opposed to other forms of birth control
- Protection against many sexually transmitted diseases
- Male participation in contraception and protection from infection
- Low cost
- Availability
- Examination, prescription or fitting not required

8. Place the rolled condom at the head of the erect penis. Squeeze tip gently so no air is trapped inside. Hold the tip while unrolling the condom all the way down to the hair.

Reporter's Notebook

THE OBSCENITY AMENDMENT

if the constitution is to be shredded, let the people do it

opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

Like death and taxes, it seems that sex and censorship will always be with us. Now more than ever. With Jesse Helms triumphantly back in the Senate, and liberal Justice William Brennan retired from the Supreme Court, it's time to reflect again on sexual expression and the First Amendment. Before the new conservative Court majority, under pressure from right-wing legislators, lurches farther down this conservative path, let's force the debate onto honest turf. Here's my opener: Helms should propose a constitutional amendment banning whatever it is he defines as obscenity. If the Constitution is to be shredded, let the people do it.

I borrow the idea from the late Justice William O. Douglas, one of the great defenders of the First Amendment, who warned that the Supreme Court could not be trusted to protect us from lurking puritans. Despite the constitutional barrier separating church from state, there remains a strident minority insistent on treating sexual ideas and imagery as so blasphemous that they are no longer ideas but plain sin. And the Court has too often bowed to its agenda. In his time, Justice Douglas challenged the zealots to be honest and try to get the public to support a rewrite of the Constitution to suit their purposes.

"What shocks me may be sustenance for my neighbor," Douglas wrote in a dissenting opinion, along with Justices Brennan, Stewart and Marshall, in the landmark *Miller vs. California* case. "What causes one person to boil up in rage over one pamphlet or movie may reflect only his neurosis, not shared by others. We deal here with a regime of censorship that, if adopted, should be done by constitutional amendment and after full debate by the people."

So, if Helms were to rise to the challenge, how *would* the people vote? I don't know. We have such complicated feelings about our sexuality that the libertine and the puritan are often at war in the same person. Hell of a thing, sex. No other natural and presumably God-given act is both so consistently exciting and so consistently distressing. How else to explain the fact that the public censors so often turn out to be the private perverts?

The corruption is ecumenical. Born-again Protestant minister Jim Bakker saw his empire crumble over charges of illicit sexuality. And the Catholic priest Bruce Ritter, once the leading zealot on the Attorney General's Commission on Pornography, now is humbled by his own Church over repeated accusations of homosexual affairs.

Didn't we know all along that the censors are at best voyeurs? Yet many fall, and always will, for their gambit; Jimmy Swaggart is preaching again.

What is it about sex that so disorients the common sense of otherwise reasonable people? And why is it that sexual imagery, everywhere, is found to be so subversive of the established order?

In China last fall, a woman received a life sentence for selling pornographic literature. In traditional Saudi Arabia, a woman can't even have premarital conversation with a man outside of her family. And in most of the Christian world, the fiction that sex is meant only for procreation remains enforced by law. There are interesting differences of degree as one traverses the sexual terrain from primitive monarchy to enlightened democracy, but the principle is the same: Sexuality is an offense.

Hypocrisy, however, is rarely forbidden. Concubines are still a way of life for the powerful in China, and Gulf sheiks are notorious for molesting servants at home and running wild with callgirls abroad.

And back in the U.S.A.? If we can believe their biographers and various police reports, many of the most influential U.S. citizens diddled outside the confines of marriage up to the moment of their death. Recent accounts of the private lives of John F. Kennedy, Martin Luther King, Jr., Nelson Rockefeller and William Paley all provide evidence that a ribald sexual life may be useful—hell, essential—to exemplary leadership.

At least in overtly totalitarian countries, the censors make it clear that they are threatened by the ideas inherent in a freer sexuality. Sexual fantasy, the more honest totalitarians readily admit, embodies the subversive notion of an individual's fantasy's escaping the control of the dominant power, be it religion or the state. So in China, according to top officials there, pornography is held responsible for all kinds of rebellious opposition to the state and, indeed, is the very essence of bourgeois democracy. In Saudi Arabia, sexuality outside the male master/female slave confines of the family is considered an example of pernicious Western influence. The Saudis will let the U.S. Marines in but not the Marines' favorite literature.

Of course, a well-developed sexuality is no more Western than it is Eastern, as the *Kama Sutra* so eloquently testifies. But the market economy now identified with Western practice and values does embody the radical notion that individuals should be free to purchase whatever literature or see whatever movies they want and that the market should respond by delivering them. Which explains the recent explosion of erotica on the streets of eastern Europe.

Back at the beginning of the Gorbachev era, I found myself trudging up a creaky, unlit stairwell to the closet-like studio of one of Moscow's leading photographers. His pictures of insects and fauna had been collected in seri-

ous books, but I was not visiting for that reason. My guide, a leading female editor at one of the young, cutting-edge Soviet publications, had taken me there to see a slide show of erotic photography this man had managed to shoot under several tyrannical regimes, from Khrushchev to Andropov. His collection consisted of thousands of slides, mostly of women and some of men, all posed nude against natural settings. From these, he created shows with the aid of a primitive and cranky projector and an erratic record player.

I can't adequately judge this man's artistry. But I can tell you that he was one of the bravest souls I had ever encountered. Both he and his unpaid models had worked at considerable risk, facing some of the most severe penalties the Soviet state then dished out. There was no question about his willingness to sacrifice his freedom—and perhaps his life—for his ideas on the erotic and art.

Maybe this guy was the D. H. Lawrence of his set. But one wonders, Why the hassle? As with Lawrence, the most serious burden placed by the censor on those who would explore the realm of the erotic is to deny that there is anything intellectually important about their quest. It is, the censors always assume, simply porn.

How to exclude sexual expression from constitutional protection has long been a creative obsession of America's would-be censors. Clearly, they could not just cite the fact that various sexual practices are against God's laws, because that would violate the separation of church and state. Nor could they simply ban ideas relating to sexuality, since there are the troublesome provisions of the First Amendment.

The answer, enshrined in the *Miller* decision of the U.S. Supreme Court, which stands as the current dictate on sexual censorship, is simple if absurd: Sexual depiction can be banned not because it offends religious norms but because it violates something more secular-sounding called "community standards." And as to free traffic in ideas, that's simple: Sexual ideas are simply ruled not to be ideas at all.

"The dissenting Justices [Brennan, Stewart, Douglas and Marshall] sound the alarm of repression," Justice Warren Burger wrote for the majority in *Miller*. "But, in our view, to equate the free and robust exchange of ideas and political debate with commercial exploitation of obscene material demeans the grand conception of the First Amendment and its high purpose in the historic struggle for freedom." The Court, failing to draw a clear line between erotica and obscenity, contented itself with stating that "a state offense must also be limited to works which, taken as a whole, appeal to the prurient interest in sex, which portray sexual conduct in a patently offensive way and which, taken as a whole, do not have serious literary, artistic, political or scientific value."

The last phrase sounds good, but it's a cop-out. There is nothing in the First Amendment about protected speech's being serious or artistic in the eyes of a local jury. And the Court has made clear that it does not apply this extra-

neous requirement to nonsexual expressions. Indeed, the Court acted vigorously to protect the ranting of racists without asking for proof of its serious political content.

The determination of whether sexual behavior is "patently offensive," according to the Court, is to be made by local communities applying local standards. The absurd result is that Luther Campbell is free to sing in one city in Florida but not in another. No similar local standard is tolerated in evaluating nonsexual activity. A march by uniformed Nazis in Skokie, Illinois, with its large Jewish population, including many concentration-camp survivors, was clearly offensive. Yet there, the Court argued, a national standard of the unfettered right to speech and assembly had to be respected.

Sexual expression, the Court decided, is in a category all its own when it comes to the Constitution. The problem is, the U.S. Constitution provides no such exemption. "The difficulty," Douglas noted in his dissent, is that "'obscenity' is not mentioned in the Constitution or Bill of Rights."

Douglas then challenged the Court's majority, writing that the only way one could justify censorship consistent with the Constitution would be to amend that sacred document.

And why not? If the founding fathers failed to properly calibrate our rights to guard against sexual expression, then a constitutional amendment is the method they provided for such a fundamental change. Constitutional conservatives, led by Robert Bork, should open their arms wide to this strategy, since they are the ones who always insist that the Supreme Court not creatively interpret this sacred document as a cover for social engineering. If they want the Constitution to permit the state to tell us what books to read and movies to watch, they should put it to the test.

As Justice Douglas wrote, "If there are to be restraints on what is obscene, then a constitutional amendment should be the way of achieving the end." And, pending passage of such an amendment, the Court should get back to enforcing the First Amendment as it was so clearly written.

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

THE CENSORSHIP SAILS ON

GREEN COVE SPRINGS, FLORIDA—*Local school parents have forced removal of the children's classic "My Friend Flicka" from the fifth- and sixth-grade optional-reading*

lists. Parents objected because the book contains the word damn and the word bitch in reference to a female dog. The Florida town is rivaled by Owensboro, Kentucky, where the object of recent censorship was Kurt Vonnegut's "Slaughterhouse Five," which makes reference to a Magic Fingers vibrating device attached to a bed.

LIES AND DOLLS

MINNEAPOLIS—*Used alone, anatomically correct dolls can lead to more false than true clues of child sexual abuse, says a University of Minnesota study. Researchers believe the dolls are useful only when the child's strengths, weaknesses and other problems are understood.*

FEDPORN, INC.

SAN FRANCISCO—*The Ninth U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals has decided that a child-pornography sting operation called Project Looking Glass was not entrapment. The defendant had mailed ten dollars to U.S. postal inspectors for a copy of* Torrid Tots *magazine. The inspectors had solicited the man because of his answers to a sex survey conducted by another Government front company.*

SMUT BUSTERS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*By rejecting the free-speech arguments of the defendants in a recent appeal, the United States Supreme Court has tacitly approved the use of the Federal racketeering law following obscenity convictions. The Court upheld an appellate ruling that, under the Racketeer Influenced and Corrupt Organizations Act, allowed Federal prosecutors to seize the entire assets of three adult bookstores and nine video-rental shops because their owners had been convicted on obscenity charges in Virginia. The appellate court, conceding that much of the inventory was legitimate reading and viewing materials, had held that "obscenity is not protected by the First Amendment and a convicted racketeer may not launder his dirty money by investing it in materials that involve protected speech."*

S.T.D.s and HIV

KINSHASA, ZAIRE—*Studies of prostitutes show that those with sexually transmitted diseases—especially chlamydia, gonorrhea and trichomoniasis—stand a three to seven times greater risk than others of acquiring the HIV virus. A researcher suggests two possible explanations: The diseases may cause microscopic ulcerations that permit entry of the virus, or the attendant inflammation may cause an increase in the kinds of cells that the virus most often targets.*

MORE TEENAGE SEX

NEW YORK CITY—*A survey by the Alan Guttmacher Institute indicates that sexual activity among teenage girls of all socio-economic classes rose sharply during the Eighties. Sexual activity among the daughters of white or high-income families increased the most. The median age for first intercourse for all girls is 17.9 years.*

UNDETECTABLE WEAPON?

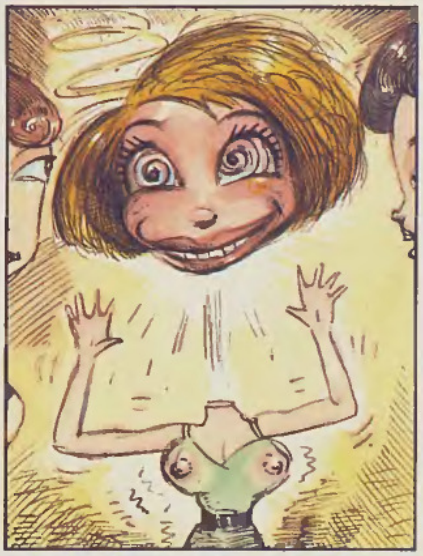
WASHINGTON, D.C.—*The Stealth bomber and the Stealth Condom have met—at the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office. The Northrop Corporation wants to stop the maker of a red, white and blue prophylactic from calling it the Stealth Condom and marketing it in a package modeled after Northrop's B-2 bomber, which is designed to elude radar detection. The military contractor claims the condom "may falsely suggest a connection with" or "bring disrepute" to Northrop. Condom experts believe, however, that there should be no confusion, because the rubbers do not cost $800,000,000 apiece.*

NEXT TIME, SHOUT IT OUT

DEVINE, TEXAS—*A minister and two members of his church racked up a sentence of two years' probation and 200 hours of community service, plus a $1500 fine, $600 restitution and court costs, for trying to "beat the devil" out of a fellow church member. The perpetrators claimed they were purging the man's depression. Court records do not indicate whether the treatment worked.*

NO JOKE ORGASMS

VINTON, LOUISIANA—*A fake-orgasm contest has landed the owner and the manager of the Starz night club in court. The event was inspired by the movie "When Harry Met Sally," where in one scene Sally shows Harry how convincingly she could fake an orgasm. Cops in the*



audience closed the club, arrested everyone involved but prosecuted only the club's owner and the manager on a misdemeanor charge for permitting lewd conduct on a licensed premises.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: M. SCOTT PECK

a candid conversation with america's all-time best-selling psychiatrist about the joys of love, the evils of satan and the problem with fidelity

"Life is difficult."

With those three words, psychiatrist M. Scott Peck began his landmark book "The Road Less Traveled" and launched millions of personal breakthroughs, religious conversions and psychological catharses. Few books since the Bible have influenced so many people. Certainly, few have sold more. While publishers gleefully celebrate the number of weeks a book survives on the best-seller list, Peck's book seems to have taken up permanent residence there, going on its seventh year. It has sold about 4,000,000 copies and continues to move at the rate of approximately 500,000 books a year—recently acing out "The Joy of Sex" as the record holder in the nonfiction category.

In the process, Peck has become perhaps the most famous, and most controversial, psychiatrist in the country. His insights hit home with all age groups, but more interestingly, his infusion of spirituality into psychiatry—a field not known for its close relationship with religion—wins him both admirers, who are looking for moral guidance, and detractors, who find his religious views naïve and puzzling. Three other Peck books have followed "The Road Less Traveled" onto the best-seller list, and he is a sought-after speaker and lecturer, both as shrink and as religious leader.

Unlike his psychiatrist-turned-writer counterparts who offer self-help, instant therapy and an "I'm OK, you're OK" view of life, Peck refuses to sugar-coat life's problems. There are no easy answers, he says. "The Road Less Traveled" introduces a radically different idea: Of course you're worried. There is a lot to be worried about.

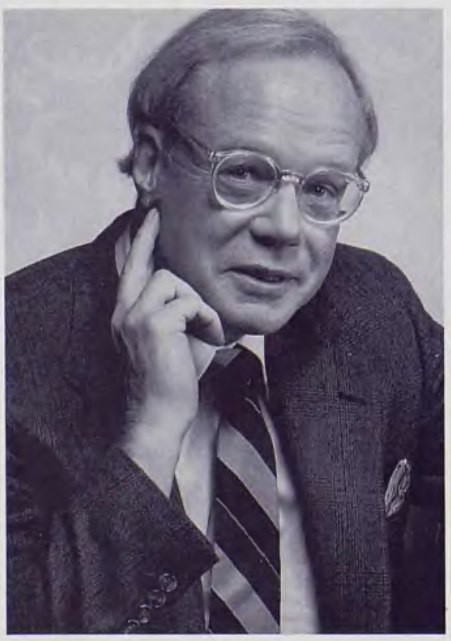
Millions have found solace in this uncheery thought and in Peck's prescriptions for coping with today's harsh realities. For instance, depression, he says, is not necessarily something to be avoided; it is often an appropriate response to change or to the frustration most of us often feel. Nor is it the end of the road; it can be a temporary state in the process of growth. Peck has also sought to redefine our idea of relationships. As long as we hold on to our romantic illusions, he maintains, we will continue to be disappointed and to search for fulfillment in the wrong places. Peck offers no panaceas or quick fixes. He instead advocates hard work, discipline and introspection.

But it is Peck's concern with spirituality that makes "The Road Less Traveled" unique. He rebelled against his family's atheism while a college student, finding solace in Eastern religions well before they were fashionable here. He studied Zen Buddhism and Taoism and practiced meditation but put them aside when he opened his private practice in New Preston, Connecticut, where he was a traditional secular therapist.

"I came to see that psychotherapy and spiritual growth are one and the same thing," Peck says now. Time and time again, he found that his patients were searching for answers that psychotherapy couldn't provide. It led him to a search that culminated in his baptism as a Christian in 1980. Unlike traditional psychiatrists such as Sigmund Freud, Peck believes that psychology and religion are complementary. "Theologically, he's very sound," says the Reverend William Sloane Coffin, Jr., former senior minister at Manhattan's Riverside Church.

When "The Road Less Traveled" was released in 1978, The New York Times *summarized it as "psychological and spiritual inspiration by a psychiatrist." Phyllis Theroux, writing in* The Washington Post, *called it "not just a book but a spontaneous act of generosity." In an interview with the* Times, *she said she was so taken by the book that she spent weeks "crafting a review for the* Post *that would force people to buy [it]."*

The book, originally titled "The Psychology of Spiritual Growth," is a mix of Peck's common and uncommon sense, case histories from his days of practicing psychiatry, both



"There is no such thing as a marriage that does not have to deal with the problem of fidelity or infidelity. One of our myths is that we should be completely happy and fulfilled by one woman or one man. That's nonsense."

"I believe pornography can be healthy. It's natural to look at pornography. I enjoy it. I separate only the really demeaning, violent stuff. But where do you draw the line? It's always a question of drawing the line."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVE CONWAY

"I get opposition from right-wing Catholics, from the New Age people and from the fundamentalists. They say that I'm the Antichrist. That's real power—I mean, not one of the antichrists, but the Antichrist."

privately and in the military, and doses of his neo-Puritan philosophy. The publisher, after asking him to rename the book, originally agreed to print only 5000 copies, which quickly sold out. Phenomenal word of mouth—at cocktail parties, group-therapy sessions, A.A. meetings, on college campuses—took over. Peck even received a call from Cher, who had read the book and wanted help from him personally. A year after its publication, it had sold 12,000 copies. In the following years, sales grew, so that by mid-1983—five years after it was released—it crept onto the Times *best-seller list for the first time. More than 1,000,000 copies were sold that year.*

Peck returned to his typewriter in 1982 and produced an incredibly controversial book, "People of the Lie"—a study of human evil from that in man–woman relationships to the horror of My Lai. The Wall Street Journal *called the book "ground-breaking";* The Washington Times, *"a daring study of evil"; and* Contemporary Christian Magazine, *"one of the most significant new works in recent memory." This time, Theroux praised Peck's "act of courage." Although "People of the Lie" didn't come close to the first book's huge appeal, it was another best seller, as was "The Different Drum," which followed. In "Drum," Peck moves from diagnosing the woes of individuals to diagnosing the woes of communities, America and the world itself. Subtitled "Community Making and Peace," the book sets forth Peck's premise that the human race stands at the brink of self-annihilation and only radically new thinking will save us.*

Peck's background is eclectic. He was born in New York City, where his father, a self-made man from Indiana, had become a successful lawyer and judge. After graduating from Harvard in 1958 with a degree in social relations, Peck bowed to pressure from his father and went into medicine. He enrolled in Columbia University for premed studies and there met Lily Ho, who was born and raised in Singapore. Although his family objected to their interracial relationship, they married a year later.

After receiving his degree in medicine, Peck joined the Army and spent the next nine and a half years as a military psychiatrist serving in Okinawa and the Surgeon General's office in Washington, D.C. In 1972, he returned to civilian life and moved to Connecticut, where he hung out his shingle as a shrink and worked on his golf game. He, Lily and their three children lived in an 18th Century farmhouse on, appropriately enough, Bliss Road. There Peck led the quiet life of a country psychiatrist until, four years later, he "was called," as he puts it, to write "The Road Less Traveled."

The controversy surrounding Peck's books and his work—he now spends most of his time lecturing, conducting workshops and promoting his books, as well as writing—continued when his latest book, "A Bed by the Window," was released. It is, surprisingly, a novel, but it still provides a forum for his message—this time laced into a mystery about murder and sex in a nursing home. A reviewer for the Los Angeles Times *was appalled. "Call me prejudiced! Call me puritanical! Call me naïve! The sex in this novel made my hair curl."* The New York Times, *on the other hand, found "this overtly didactic and opaquely religious novel both moving and brave." The conclusion? Nothing has changed; people are still furiously feuding about Peck, making it high time for us to make our own assessment. Contributing Editor* **David Sheff,** *who last squared off with Japan's controversial politician Shintaro Ishihara, made the pilgrimage. His report:*

"Psychologists tell us that everything we do, think and react to has a larger significance. At one time in my life, I thought that was nonsense. I considered most of psychology and psychiatry manipulative, exploitative and even dangerous. They offered panaceas, blame and rationalizations.

"When I first heard about Scott Peck, I was particularly suspicious. The first line of 'The Road Less Traveled' that had been ballyhooed about—'Life is difficult'—seemed like a less imaginative version of the bumper sticker LIFE'S A BITCH AND THEN YOU DIE.

"Then, when my marriage disintegrated, I went into therapy. I came to realize that there was something profound about the process. The motivations for much of what we do are incredibly complex, and it's no accident that we keep on making the same mistakes. In therapy, I learned that only if we choose to figure out why we do what we do can we live consciously—with our eyes open.

"By the time I was assigned to interview Peck, my mind was open to much of what he talks about, though I remained cynical about his religious references. I certainly appreciated the fact that he doesn't pretend to have easy answers—and sometimes admits he has none.

"Nonetheless, I wasn't prepared for the man I met. At times, the interview swung from the sublime to the ridiculous. Peck was full of contradictions. He trembled (attributing the condition to a neurological disorder) and smoked so much that I felt as if the interview had shortened my life.

"We met in Seattle, where he was busy working the talk-show-and-interview circuit to push his novel. After a hearty breakfast of eggs Benedict in the hotel's restaurant, we moved to Peck's room for a first marathon session. He sat on the couch, pulling up his khaki slacks at the knees. He adjusted his turquoise sweater and pushed on the nosepiece of his clear-framed spectacles, staring into the coffee he'd made with his travel percolator. His appearance changed with his moods—at times, he seemed older, world-weary; at others, youthful and vibrant. His tone swung from animated to, when he spoke about religion, sex or the demons that he believes exist among us, a barely audible monotone. He rolled his eyes when I asked my more skeptical questions. He'd heard them all before.

"He watched the clocks—three of them were placed around the room—and at precisely five P.M. *poured us healthy shots of gin. For all of his solemnness and reverence, Peck was aware that this was, after all, the 'Playboy Interview.' In addition to describing what he likes about our centerfolds (basically, the more provocative the better), he told me a joke for* Playboy *readers: A very Christian woman with two Christian parakeets went to a pet shop to buy a third but was told that the one parakeet the pet-shop owner had left was inappropriate for her, since the only thing it could say was, 'I'm a prostitute! I'm a prostitute!' The woman finally persuaded the man to sell her the bird, anyway—her birds, she said, would save it. So she took it home and placed it in a cage with the Christian parakeets. After a few minutes, the newcomer spouted the only expression it knew: 'I'm a prostitute! I'm a prostitute!' The Christian parakeets looked at each other and said, 'Our prayers have been answered.'"*

> *"One of our primitive needs is to have heroes rather than to be heroes ourselves."*

PLAYBOY: *The Road Less Traveled* has been on the best-seller list longer than any other work of commercial nonfiction. Why do you think it is so popular?

PECK: People are no longer accepting the answers they've been given; they want more. They realize the old program doesn't work. There's a larger and larger segment of the population that has made a decision to question the givens—things the culture takes for granted, things people's parents taught them. They are becoming enlightened. Some go to therapy, some to A.A., some——

PLAYBOY: Some go to you. How do you feel about the cult that has grown up around you?

PECK: I hate cults. They encourage dependency and conformity, neither of which I believe in. When I get the feeling that there is a Scott Peck cult, I get very uncomfortable. I constantly tell people, "Look, I don't want to be your fucking Messiah."

PLAYBOY: Yet you want people to hear your message.

PECK: Well, there is a tendency for us to put people on pedestals. I think that one of our primitive needs is to have heroes rather than to be heroes ourselves. It's a very odd feeling when people come up to touch my robe, so to speak. Half the time, it's not all bad. But about half the time, I think, *Baah! Ugh! Get away!*

PLAYBOY: Before you wrote *The Road Less Traveled*, you worked as a traditional psychotherapist—a secular therapist. Why did you write the book?

PECK: I was called to write it—that one

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and each of my other books. They said, "Write me. Do it." I was under orders.

PLAYBOY: Orders from whom?

PECK: From God.

PLAYBOY: Do you hear a voice or get a feeling? How does God talk to you?

PECK: You *know* when you are called. The word for it is vocation, which means *calling*, and is thought to come from God. I suppose it's a matter of faith, but I believe that some of our drives, our intuitions, *do* come from God or from Whoever God is—something outside that is wiser, smarter than we are.

PLAYBOY: Were you also called to write your latest book, the novel *A Bed by the Window*?

PECK: Actually, when *The Different Drum* was put to bed, it was the first time in ten years that I didn't feel called to write anything. It felt just great, as if God had let me off the hook. Because I wasn't writing and had free time, a friend suggested I read some murder mysteries. I took a bunch with me to Jamaica.

PLAYBOY: Anything in particular?

PECK: I can't even remember. All I know is that I was going to Jamaica to play golf, even though I was getting all sorts of messages that I was overdoing it as far as my bad back was concerned. I was reading these mysteries, too, thinking it would be fun to try to write one. Then I threw my back out and was stuck on my back in Jamaica with nothing to amuse me except a Dictaphone. I said to myself, My God, what am I going to do for the next two weeks, other than pray? I started dictating the book. It just clicked and said, "Write me."

PLAYBOY: *The Road Less Traveled* is famous for its opening sentence, "Life is difficult." Why do you think that's such a provocative idea?

PECK: Well, the most common response I've gotten to my books has been not that I've said something radically new but that I've said the kind of things that people have been thinking all along but are afraid to talk about. Well, life *is* difficult.

PLAYBOY: Yet the pervading sensibility in our culture is "Don't worry, be happy."

PECK: We're supposedly a Christian culture, yet Jesus wasn't terribly happy. He never had much peace of mind. The common image of him that Christians try to create is what my wife, Lily, calls the wimpy Jesus—someone who went around with this sweet smile on his face, doing very little other than patting children on the head. But that's not at all the Jesus of the Gospels. The fact is, life is difficult and there is often much to worry about. That's very disillusioning for people who think that we're here to be happy.

PLAYBOY: Why *are* we here?

PECK: To learn. In my gloomier moments, I think this is a kind of celestial boot camp. Children are done a disservice if they are taught that they ought to

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be happy. They are in for great disappointment.

PLAYBOY: Don't your patients go to you because they want to be happy?

PECK: I used to tell my patients that therapy is not about happiness, it is about power. I can't guarantee that you'll leave therapy one jot happier. What I can guarantee is that you will leave more competent. There is a certain joy that comes from knowing you're worrying about the big things and no longer getting bent out of shape over the little ones.

PLAYBOY: Do shrinks—— Excuse us, do you object to that word?

PECK: I don't care, but the idea of head shrinking has to do with people's anxiety. In fact, psychotherapy is about the *opposite*: It is head *expanding*, consciousness *expanding*.

PLAYBOY: Why are people so anxious about therapy?

PECK: They can't handle the paradox that both the sickest and the healthiest go into therapy. To be in therapy suggests to some people that you are nuts, whereas it often means you are far healthier than many people who stay away from therapy.

PLAYBOY: Resorting to therapy is also sometimes viewed as a weakness in a culture that places a high value on being able to handle problems by ourselves. Going to therapy means admitting that you need help.

PECK: In fact, it is often the wisest people who realize when help is necessary. I believe that therapy can benefit almost anyone willing to dedicate himself to it. Some people certainly do fine without it, but many others find themselves making the same mistakes over and over. Usually, they're looking for the reason for their problems everywhere but where it lies. Therapy is the only process devoted to finding the source of those problems and changing it.

PLAYBOY: Psychology and psychiatry are not exact sciences, so it's difficult to determine what effect they have. How can you tell if you've helped a patient?

PECK: There was one study in which researchers took one group of people and put them into therapy, while refusing therapy to a control group. Three or four years later, they found that the patients who hadn't had therapy were just as healthy as those who had. However, about ten years after the study, somebody decided to look again. They found that there was a remarkable difference between the treated group and the untreated group. The group that had had therapy had more variability. Some were far more healthy, and some were far more unhealthy than they had been.

PLAYBOY: What do you conclude?

PECK: Well, they traced it further to particular therapists. Good therapists made people better. Bad therapists made people worse.

PLAYBOY: Which brings up a major question: How does one choose a shrink?

PECK: I get *so many* letters asking how to choose a therapist. All I can say is, don't hesitate to shop around. Go on your gut feelings. Different styles of therapy are appropriate for different types of people. When I went into therapy, I was already clearly aware of some spiritual parts of my nature, so I went looking for a Jungian therapist. I found one, and I was furious because he kept treating me as if he were a Freudian—after our first session, he didn't say anything for the next eight sessions. I never learned anything about his personal life. I kept taking in these beautiful dreams and I waited for him to analyze them, but he never said a word about them. Well, it took a long time for me to realize that his silence was exactly what I needed. You begin to know after you have been in therapy for about three months. You may not feel any better, but you may have some sense that the process is going in the right direction, that it's a process that you need. If by the end of three or four months you don't have that sense, I would question whether you ought to work with somebody else.

"With the exception of sleeping with a patient, I've probably broken each of those rules."

PLAYBOY: Some people claim that many shrinks are more screwed up than the people they treat.

PECK: It's not that simple. I've known some therapists who were quite screwed up but who were extremely good.

PLAYBOY: Another confusing aspect of therapy is the number of philosophies it embraces—Freudian, Jungian, Gestalt, and so on. To which do you subscribe?

PECK: To none and to all. The best therapists are invariably eclectic. If I could take only one school of thought to a desert island, I would take Freud's. He was a true genius. He had no peer. Unfortunately, he gave psychotherapy a serious antireligious bias.

Carl Jung was helpful in starting to correct that. His chief contribution was to bring spirituality into psychology. Maslow brought spiritual aspects to therapy; he also brought the idea of studying healthy people. And he found, by the way, that the healthiest people tend to be quite spiritual. Adler founded the social-work movement and emphasized power and will, which have remained neglected subjects. Each school essentially describes a piece of a person. I think we need pioneers, founders of new schools.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about alternative therapies—from Werner Erhard and est to primal scream?

PECK: Anything carried to an extreme can cause harm. Est became a cult. Cults are dangerous.

PLAYBOY: What about radio and TV shrinks—such as Toni Grant and Dr. David Viscott?

PECK: I haven't listened to any of them. However, in the book-promotion business, I do call-in shows, and I've gotten a taste of what those media therapists do. I used to think, God, no, I can't do that. But now I think it's OK. It's amusing.

PLAYBOY: Do media therapists help people?

PECK: I think they probably would have been sued up the kazoo and put into jail if they had done harm. But, generally, no, I don't think anybody gets real therapy over the phone. The best help a media therapist can probably give to someone with a real problem is to recommend that he or she see a therapist for real therapy.

PLAYBOY: Are you supportive of other pop trends in psychology?

PECK: You know what I am critical of? I am a critic of the critics of psychologizing America. Plato said that the unexamined life is not worth living. Well, more and more people are examining their lives. That cannot be bad.

PLAYBOY: Some therapists break completely from the Freudian model and become part of their patients' lives. You even hear about therapists who seduce their patients.

PECK: Of course there are people who abuse the relationship. I think it is generally best for a therapist to keep his distance from a patient, but all rules are made to be broken. I think we should be nervous about breaking rules.

PLAYBOY: Have you broken rules?

PECK: With the exception of sleeping with a patient, I've probably broken each of those rules. When I look back, I think I significantly helped a small portion of my patients, but I don't think that I've harmed any of them. There were times when I found it was appropriate to talk about my own life in therapy, which is generally viewed as *verboten*, and there were some times I made that decision wrongly.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about the charge that psychotherapy is elitist—that many people can't afford the money or the time to indulge in it?

PECK: That's a concern but not a significant one. Decent therapy is available to almost everyone. There are sliding fee scales, free clinics. The more likely scenario is that people who need therapy find excuses not to go.

PLAYBOY: But do you acknowledge that

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therapy is more of an option for the upper and middle classes than for the lower classes?

PECK: Ordinary therapy is not going to work in a culture of poverty, where there is so little capacity for delaying gratification. You have to have a tremendously large ability to delay gratification to get anywhere. There is no instant fix. You have to pay your bills.

In my own practice, no matter where patients fell on a sliding scale, when they would bounce checks, I would practice what I call checkbook therapy. Learning how to balance one's checkbook is a first step in being responsible for other aspects of one's life. That's one of my concerns about this country. I'm concerned about how much this country has to grow in health when it can't even balance its own checkbook.

PLAYBOY: You've said that the success of *The Road Less Traveled* is connected to the proliferation of groups such as A.A. Why are A.A. and its offshoots so popular?

PECK: I believe, along with many other people, that perhaps the greatest event of the 20th Century occurred in 1935 in Akron, Ohio, when A.A. was established. A.A. was the beginning of the self-help movement, and also the beginning of the integration of science and religion on a grass-roots level.

PLAYBOY: Why does A.A. work?

PECK: When I was studying psychiatry, it was assumed that A.A. worked with alcoholics—better than psychiatry did—because alcoholics were what we called oral personalities who got together at A.A. meetings and yapped a lot, smoked a lot and drank a lot of coffee and in that way satisfied their oral needs. Most psychiatrists still think A.A. is a substitute addiction. But that's a bunch of shit. A.A. works because it's a program of religious or spiritual conversion. I suspect that many people who do not profess to be religious have a sense of a higher power, even when they're not yet on friendly terms with it, and A.A. helps them discover that. It works because it's a psychological program that helps uncover the motivations behind unhealthy symptoms. It teaches people not only *why* they should go forward through the desert toward God but also *how* they should go forward through the desert. It teaches people how to support one another. Joining A.A. is obviously not an easy decision. When you have made the decision, there is some sadness in being in this minority who have transcended the culture. [People in A.A., therapy, etc.] make up four or five percent of the population now, which is significant.

PLAYBOY: In what way?

PECK: The bigger the number, the more we can go forward as a race.

PLAYBOY: How so?

PECK: We take control of our own lives and become intolerant of irresponsible governments. People become more compassionate and at the same time more competent. Being awake involves an appreciation of life, of the environment, of our fellow man. And an intolerance of waste, of incompetent bureaucracy, of prejudice. . . .

PLAYBOY: And you believe A.A. has significance beyond the treatment of addiction?

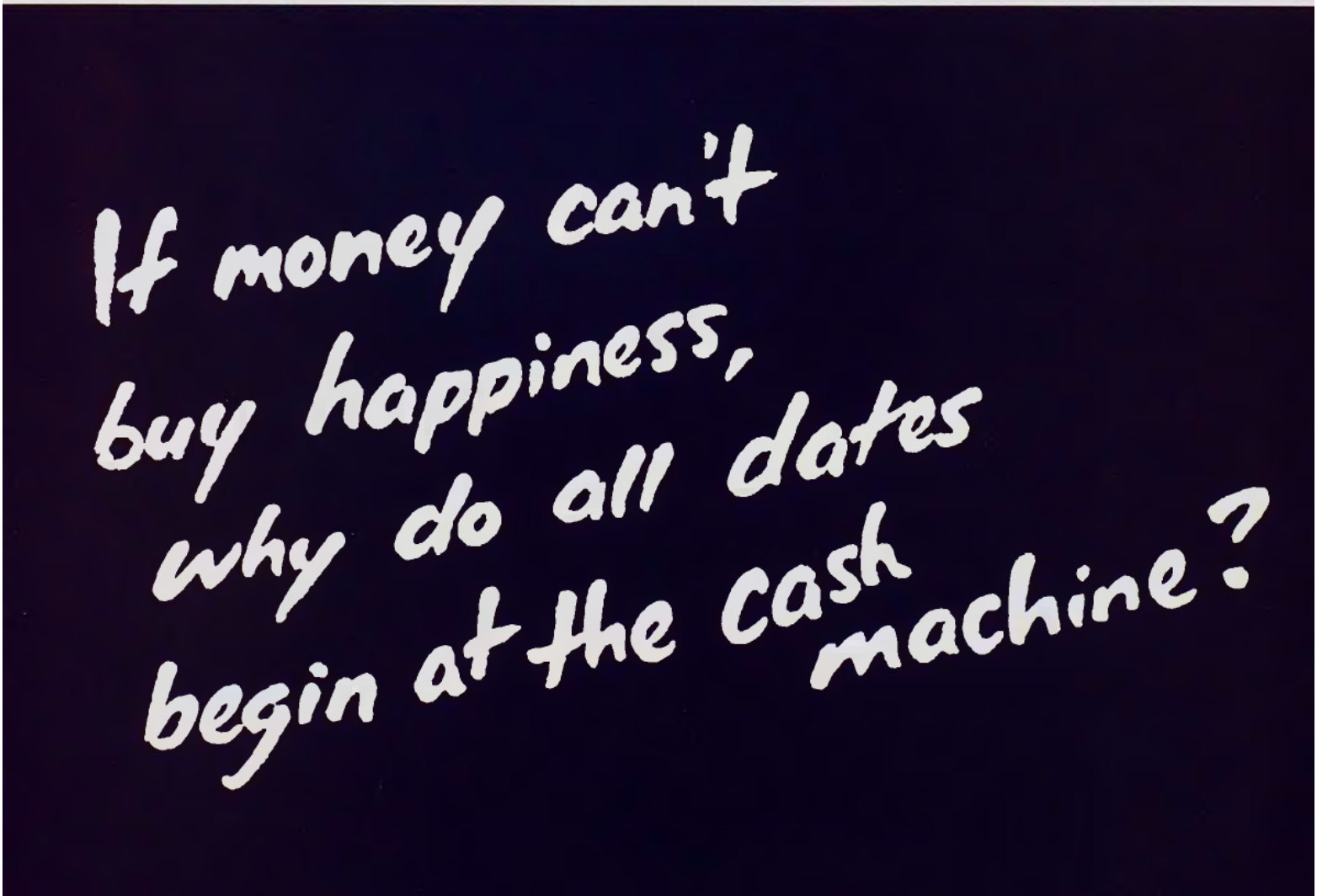
PECK: Yes, because it teaches people about community.

PLAYBOY: On a larger scale, what implications could it have?

PECK: My wife and I started The Foundation for Community Encouragement, with the idea of incorporating A.A.'s way of thinking. It's a nonprofit educational foundation with the goal of teaching individuals, groups and organizations to communicate, deal with difficult issues and overcome their differences to form communities. We have workshops in which we teach groups how to make decisions by consensus—instead of by fiat or by vote. People learn to trust that process.

PLAYBOY: Can you give a practical example of how that process works?

PECK: I guarantee you, if you can get, let's say, five Anglos, fifteen Afrikaners and thirty-five blacks together in South Africa in the same room for three or four days, willing to go through our process,



they will come out not only loving and respecting one another but able to work together with phenomenal efficiency. The problem is getting them into the room. The potential for conflict resolution is enormous. Do that with groups inside cities. Or with factions in government. When we conduct our workshops, people who thought they could never agree are amazed. It gets to the point that they want to know if they are hooked on the foundation to help them solve their problems.

PLAYBOY: Well?

PECK: The answer is no. It's the same answer I give to people who want to know when they should stop therapy.

PLAYBOY: Which is?

PECK: When you become your own therapist, therapy becomes a way of life. The same for groups—you don't need the foundation once you've learned to do it yourself and it becomes a way of life.

PLAYBOY: What about one of the latest trends in pop psychology, codependence? More and more people are convinced that *their* problem is that they put someone else's problems before their own. Al-Anon, the A.A. offshoot for families of alcoholics, is increasingly popular. Why is codependence such a popular problem all of a sudden?

PECK: The problem isn't new, only the word. Do you know how many Al-Anon members it takes to screw in a light bulb? None. They just let it screw itself in. Do you know the last thing a codependent sees before he dies? Somebody else's life flashing before his eyes.

Anyway, for longer than it has been trendy, I've given a lecture about the togetherness and the separateness in marriage and families. In order to live well, we have to negotiate a kind of tightrope between these two extremes, to have X amount of togetherness and X amount of separateness. When Lily and I were doing therapy with couples, we more often than not found couples who were too much married.

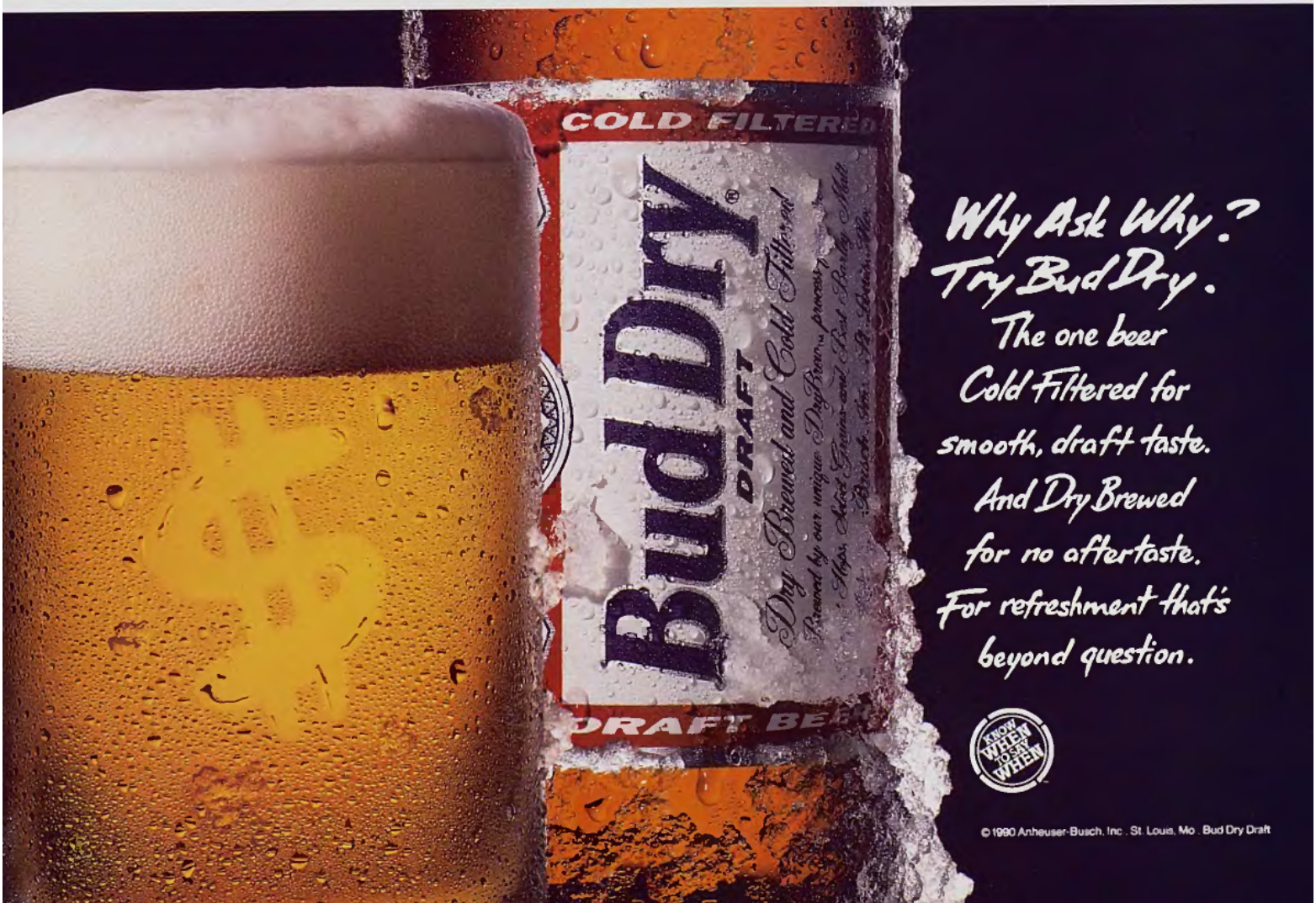
PLAYBOY: Does that mean they spent too much time together?

PECK: Beyond that—they had come to make up one person. In groups, we found we had to separate husbands and wives, put them in different parts of the group. Still, we'd ask John what he thought about something and Mary would answer, "John thinks this way." The same thing would happen when we'd ask Mary.

The same thing is true of children. Ultimately, the task of parents is not to keep the family together but to help your children separate from you. One of the things that confused me early in my psychiatric career was discerning a pattern for children leaving home: Those who grew up in warm, nurturing, loving homes usually had relatively little difficulty in leaving those homes, while children who grew up in homes filled with backbiting, hostility, coldness and viciousness often had a great deal of trouble leaving. It seemed to me that if you grew up in a warm and loving home, you'd want to stay there, and that if you grew up in a home full of hostility and hatred, you'd want to get the heck out as soon as you could. But I came to realize that we tend to project onto the world what our early childhood home is like. Children who grow up in nurturing homes tend to see the world as a warm and loving place and say, "Hey, let me at it." Children who grow up in a home filled with hostility and viciousness tend to see the world as a cold, hostile and dangerous place.

PLAYBOY: What kind of therapy helps those children?

PECK: It's all about reprograming the tapes—the internal and external tapes. This supposedly Christian culture emphasizes family values—the family that prays together stays together—as if Jesus had been some kind of a great family man. I don't necessarily want to knock family values, but the fact is that the Jesus of the Gospels was not a great family man. If anything, he was a breaker-up of families. He set siblings against siblings and children against parents. And he did that because he was fighting against the idolatry of family—where



family togetherness becomes sacred at all costs, where it becomes more important to do what will keep the family matriarch or patriarch happy than to do what God wants you to do.

PLAYBOY: Is that your objection to couples who are "too much married"?

PECK: No. When we look to a spouse or a lover to meet all of our needs, to fulfill us, to bring us a lasting heaven on earth, it never works, does it? It's very natural for us to want to do that, because it's natural to want to have a tangible God, one we can touch and hold and embrace and sleep with and maybe even possess. But it doesn't work.

PLAYBOY: How do you help couples avoid that trap?

PECK: I've said before that there are only two valid reasons to get married. Lots of invalid ones but only two valid ones. One is for the care and raising of children. The only other valid reason is for the friction marriage provides.

PLAYBOY: Friction? Well, then, most marriages are probably doing fine.

PECK: [*Laughs*] A marriage ought to consist of two people who are gathered together for some purpose higher than the mere pleasure of being together. Namely, to help each other on their own journeys of spiritual growth, through and with the friction.

PLAYBOY: That's hardly romantic.

PECK: People have the fantasy that once they get married, they will no longer be lonely. Then, when they find themselves still lonely, they think, Well, gee, the marriage must be bad, it must not be working. But the healthiest marriages can, at times, be lonely places. The answer is learning and growing, and your marriage can help you do that.

PLAYBOY: How?

PECK: First, examine it and yourself. A woman went to a therapist because of headaches that her regular doctor told her were not physical. She said, "I don't know why I should have psychosomatic headaches. Everything is wonderful in my life. I've been married for four years now and my marriage is absolutely glorious and my husband is a saint." Then therapy starts and, of course, in very short order, she acknowledges that her husband maybe annoys her a little bit, then that things he does really bug her and that, as a matter of fact, she really can't *stand* certain things about him. And the woman comes to the terribly painful realization that she and her husband have fallen out of love. Suddenly, the headaches go away.

PLAYBOY: So the headaches are cured, but the marriage is in serious trouble.

PECK: The marriage was obviously in serious trouble, anyway. Denial seldom works for long. What often happens is that couples fall into a pattern of dominance and submission. One partner is the dominant partner—in about two thirds of the cases it's the male—and the other is the submissive partner. You can obviously avoid friction if one person is accustomed to and comfortable with giving all the orders and the other person doesn't mind taking all the orders. But it's not particularly good for people's spiritual growth to live their lives in those roles.

Lily and I fell into it before our marriage, when we were engaged. I was the dominant one and she was the submissive one. But typically, after about five or six years of marriage, couples become sick of that pattern. The dominant member becomes sick and tired of the submissive member's being dependent all the time, and the submissive member becomes sick and tired of being bossed around. They start trying to renegotiate the power structure of the marriage. When it cannot be renegotiated, couples split up. That is one of the major causes of divorce between five and ten years.

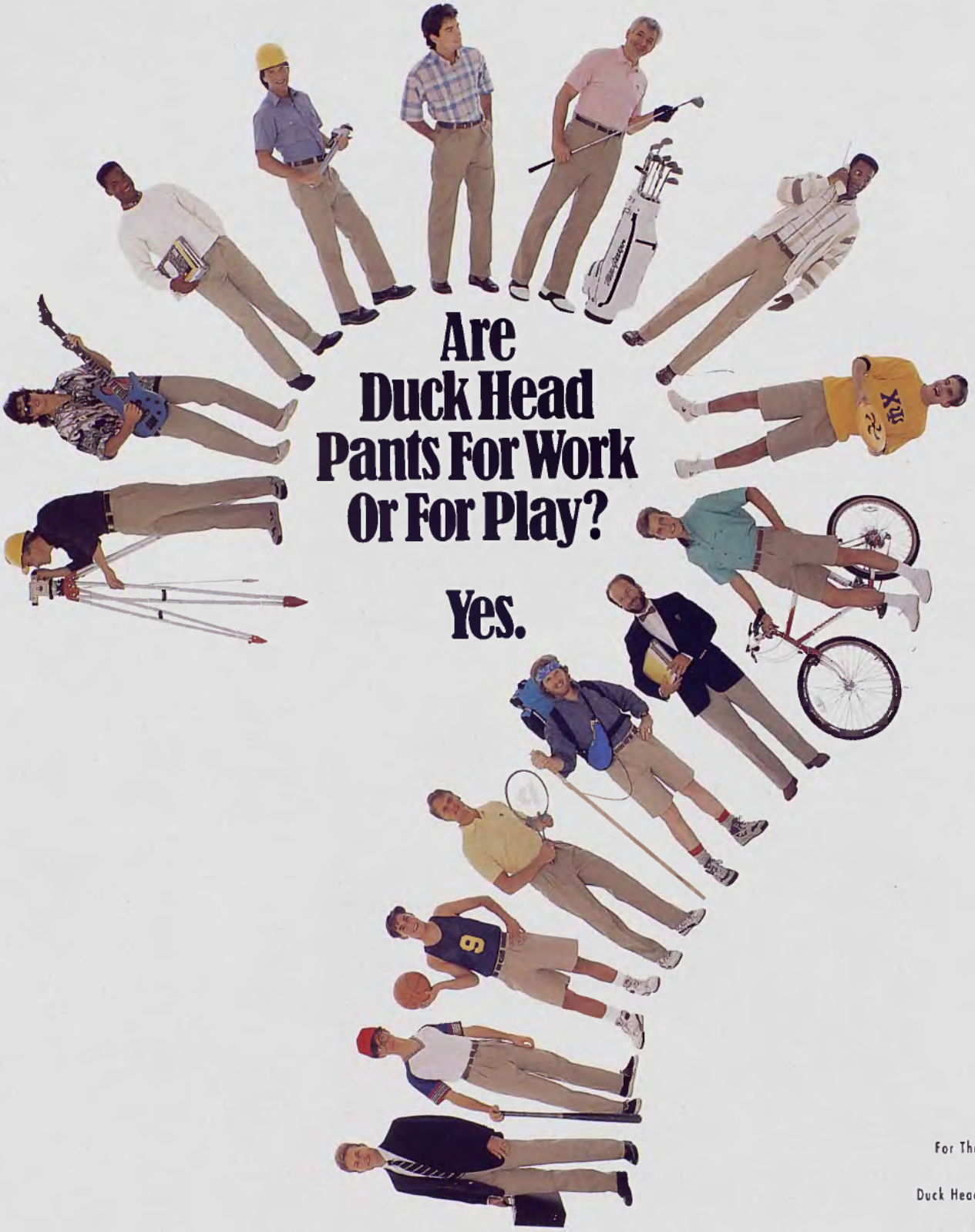
PLAYBOY: Is that what the seven-year itch is all about?

PECK: Yes. It is being discontented with the given order and accepting it as unchangeable. Often, there is an illusion, a *delusion*, that a new partner will solve the problem.

PLAYBOY: What is the alternative?

PECK: Healthy couples renegotiate the power structure. At about the five-year mark in our marriage, I grew sick and tired of Lily's dependency and she grew sick and tired of my being a male chauvinist pig, which I was, so we began to try to renegotiate. That involved, among other things, going into therapy. We worked hard and still work hard on it.

PLAYBOY: As an alternative to traditional talk therapy, more people seem to be



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relying on drugs—Lithium or antidepressive medications. Where do you stand on the drug- *vs.* talk-therapy debate?

PECK: When I practiced, my specialty was not biological psychiatry, but I would still use some phenothiazines for the few schizophrenic people I saw and, more commonly, I would prescribe antidepressants. Sometimes, people aren't even ready to participate in therapy, because they're so depressed they *can't* participate unless you give them some drugs. The problem is getting people to tolerate the side effects.

PLAYBOY: One study has suggested that a startling number of Americans—at least ten percent—suffer from undiagnosed depression. Do you agree with that figure?

PECK: One hundred percent of people suffer from depression, including me.

PLAYBOY: *Clinical* depression?

PECK: First of all, suffering from depression isn't a bad thing. There is a section in *The Road Less Traveled* on the *healthiness* of depression. One of the benefits of being a religious person is that other people just get ups and downs in their lives, and we get to have *spiritual crises*. It's much more dignified to have a spiritual crisis than a depression. And, I suggest to you, you'll probably get over your depression quicker if you look at it as a spiritual crisis, which it usually is.

PLAYBOY: Or, if you're right about drugs, a biological crisis.

PECK: For some people, it is primarily a biological crisis. In most, it's mixed. It depends on the severity and duration of the depression. But depression is a problem for everybody.

PLAYBOY: When you talk strictly about psychology, you are aligned with many others in your profession. But when you bring in religion and spirituality, you alienate many of them. What do you find lacking in secular psychology?

PECK: To me, religion and psychology are not separate.

PLAYBOY: Yet, as you admitted, psychoanalysis' roots are antireligious. Is that antagonism toward religion based on the fact that religion offers answers outside oneself; psychology, inside?

PECK: I think the reason psychiatrists are against religion is different. Freud, the granddaddy of American psychiatry, was an atheist. Also, he wrote in the heyday of the scientific movement, at the turn of the century, when the world was considered a materialistic place that could be understood in materialistic terms. That attitude has altered dramatically with the new discoveries in physics. And psychiatry was largely a Jewish profession. I would estimate that probably sixty percent of psychiatrists in the country are Jewish. That's certainly a reason psychiatry would be anti-Christian.

PLAYBOY: But not antireligious.

PECK: Well, psychiatrists also tend to see the casualties of religion, which gives them a biased outlook. We see people who have been hurt by those rigid, frigid nuns and we tend not to see the people who have been saved by those rigid, frigid nuns.

PLAYBOY: Saved? By nuns?

PECK: I don't mean religiously saved. I mean people who grow up in chaotic homes but, in that rigid parochial school, learned some principles that allowed them to escape their background.

PLAYBOY: Psychiatry teaches people to live consciously. Religion implies a degree of simple faith. Psychiatry holds that we'll get further relying on critical thinking than on faith, doesn't it?

PECK: But if you're going to be a real good doubter, after a while, you have to start doubting your own doubts.

PLAYBOY: But doubting doesn't necessarily lead to religion.

PECK: Part of my own religious development actually came about through my psychiatric work. My interest was in long-term psychoanalysis devoted to substantial personality change, not in superficial answers to problems. One of the things I found after a few years was that many of my patients would go into what I call a therapeutic depression. This would usually occur between the first and second years of therapy, and they would become far more depressed than they had been when they came in to therapy.

"You'll probably get over your depression quicker if you look at it as a spiritual crisis, which it usually is."

I realized that what happens is that the patient's old way of being is no longer tenable for him. Such patients become conscious enough to see clearly how stupid and maladapted and sick that old way is. But rewriting the tape seems so difficult, so risky, that they feel they can't go either backward or forward, so they say, "Why don't I just go sideways? Why don't I just kill myself? *Grow?* Grow toward what? Why not just give up?"

These are questions that are not even raised, let alone answered, in textbooks on medicine or psychiatry. These are spiritual questions.

PLAYBOY: They *are* raised in traditional psychotherapy. That's the time the patient makes choices and rewrites the tape consciously.

PECK: Well, in my case, people asked me seriously, "Why should I grow?" or "Why shouldn't I kill myself?" I had two ways to respond. One was to shrug my shoulders and say, "Golly, gee, I don't know why you shouldn't kill yourself." The other was to get down with them and wrestle with the spiritual issues.

PLAYBOY: Another therapist would help them figure out why they shouldn't kill themselves. Isn't the point of psychoanalysis to reach that pain?

PECK: In *People of the Lie*, I wrote, "Faith is the choice of the nobler alternative."

PLAYBOY: Do you believe faith is a choice?

PECK: Half choice, half gift.

PLAYBOY: It doesn't feel like a choice to someone who sees a fallacy behind it.

PECK: He has the choice of doubting his own doubts.

PLAYBOY: That's what therapy is about.

PECK: And if you do that well enough, you may come to something. To me, there are three approaches to human meaning. One is called nihilism, which assumes that there is no meaning and, consequently, it doesn't matter what the fuck you do. Then there is what I would loosely call existentialism, which holds that there's no reason to conclude that there is any meaning to life, but to live as if life were meaningless is too horrible and too destructive to consider.

PLAYBOY: Existentialism can lead to a choice that life has the meaning we give it, which is different.

PECK: Only because it's intolerable for it not to have meaning.

PLAYBOY: No, but because that *is* life's meaning—the choices we make, our roles as children, friends, parents. . . .

PECK: Well, the third position is what I adhere to—that life actually does have meaning, and part of the reason we're here is to try to figure out what the meaning is.

PLAYBOY: There's no real contradiction between that and existentialism—it's semantics. Life inherently has meaning and we choose to define what that is.

PECK: That is the problem with secular humanism, basically that position. It maintains that we could be our own creators. I don't think we're that smart.

PLAYBOY: Just because we're not that smart, why presume someone else is?

PECK: My experience is that I am being manipulated by a power beyond me. I think many people have that experience. What some people do is to ignore it. I choose to cooperate with it, because as far as I can ascertain, this manipulative power is infinitely more intelligent than I am and seems to have my best interests at heart. That doesn't mean I'm powerless, but I see us as being cocreators. For me, that makes more sense than secular humanism, which says that *we* create everything, or some kind of Calvinism, which says that God predetermines everything.

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at all costs. If you're willing to be dedicated to reality at all costs, you're going to have experiences that will lead you to question the rational, purely physical stuff. My primary identity is as a scientist, even before that as a religious person. We scientists are empiricists, meaning that we think that knowledge comes primarily through experience. I'm reminded of Carl Jung. Just before he died, he was captured on film. In the interview, he was asked if he believed in God. Old eighty-three-year-old Jung puffed away on his pipe. "Believe in God?" he said. "Believe is a word that we use when we think something is true but for which we do not have any substantial body of evidence. No, I don't believe in God. I *know* there is a God!"

PLAYBOY: Do you believe in reincarnation?

PECK: For the most part, I am very leery of any doctrine that can be used to explain away the mystery of life. Some people who buy reincarnation say that children choose their parents. I am sorry, but I've seen children born into homes where their souls have been systematically diminished. While it may be necessary for us to go to the cross in adulthood, I know of no law that would cause a child to be born into a home where his soul would be systematically diminished. Karma or your moon being in Aquarius can be used to explain everything. My variety of Christianity is not used to explain everything. It accepts and appreciates mystery.

PLAYBOY: Yet even within the Christian community, you are controversial.

PECK: I think the people who object to me are on the fringes. I get some opposition from what might be called far-right-wing Catholics and some opposition from the far-left-wing or New Age religious people and a lot of opposition from the fundamentalists.

PLAYBOY: But you've described yourself as a fundamentalist.

PECK: I dislike the term fundamentalist. Fundamentalism began simply as a movement to get back to some of the basics of Christianity, but the term got taken over by fanatic Christians. I've been picketed twice. People have handed out leaflets saying that I'm the Antichrist. That's real power—I mean, not *one* of the antichrists, but *the* Antichrist. The patterns of opposition are sometimes quite fascinating. At our foundation workshops, we have as much of a problem with the New Age fundamentalists—who insist not only that there be herbal tea present but that everyone drink it—as we do with Christian fundamentalists.

PLAYBOY: Why do you object to the New Agers?

PECK: A very popular New Age book is *Love Is Letting Go of Fear*, by a psychiatrist, Jerry Jampolsky. It's about forgiveness, which is a terribly important topic. But the problem with the book is that it's very simplistic. It makes forgiveness sound easy, which it isn't. The New Agers seem to think you should just beam the affirmations out there. *That*'s the kind of New Age Christianity I have a hard time with. It's not about reality. One New Age joke that was given to me, appropriately, by a New Age woman goes like this: Three ministers are down in hell—a Catholic priest, a Jewish rabbi and a New Age minister. The topic of the conversation turns to why they've ended up in hell. The Catholic priest says, "Back on earth, I just loved booze too much. That's why I'm here." The rabbi says, "I had this thing about ham sandwiches. I just couldn't leave them alone." They turn to the New Age minister and ask, "How about you? What are you doing down here in hell?" The New Age minister replies,"This isn't hell and I'm not the least bit warm."

Another thing about the New Age movement I object to is its reaction against technology. Science is very holy. The scientific method consists of a bunch of conventions and procedures that we've developed over the centuries in order to combat a profound tendency we humans have to deceive ourselves. It's the search for the truth.

"People have handed out leaflets saying that I'm the Antichrist. That's real power."

PLAYBOY: And a contradiction, ultimately, to religion.

PECK: A *complement* to religion. God is love, God is light, God is truth. And so science is very godly. But it doesn't answer all questions. And that is one of the things that characterize the New Age movement—a lack of skepticism or discernment. Before I'm going to shower with crystals, I want to investigate whether or not crystals improve health.

PLAYBOY: Why is the New Age movement so popular? Is it simply a reaction against traditional religions?

PECK: That's exactly the right word—reaction. It is a reaction against the sins of Western religion and the sins of science, or at least as they've been translated into technology. It is looking for new ways.

PLAYBOY: Why do you oppose that?

PECK: Well, as such, it is potentially very holy. I think the sins of the Christian church have been enormous and they should be reacted against. But the problem with the movement is what we call reaction formation, in which you go to the other extreme and throw out the baby with the bath water. I've done that in my own life. My father, who was a longtime judge and a famous litigation lawyer, had a fair amount of anger. He would sometimes go off in an inappropriate tirade, directed either at us children or at somebody else—some hapless desk clerk or bus boy. Once, when I was twelve or thirteen and we were traveling, I remember squirming in the middle of one of those public outbursts and thinking, When I grow up, I'm *never* going to make an ass out of myself like that. So when I grew up, I never got angry in public. Only I had high blood pressure, and people started calling me aloof and cold and distant. I gradually realized, at the age of thirty or so, that I had thrown the baby out with the bath water, that I should have gotten rid of *inappropriate* anger in public, not of anger in public.

PLAYBOY: What babies are the New Agers throwing out with their bath water?

PECK: Christian theology, which is probably the best theology we've got. They react against how Christians have behaved, not what they've believed. As G. K. Chesterton put it, "The Christian ideal has not been tried and found wanting, it has been found difficult and left untried."

PLAYBOY: Since mankind has such a difficult time not perverting dogmas that may, indeed, be pure, perhaps it's not so bad to throw them out.

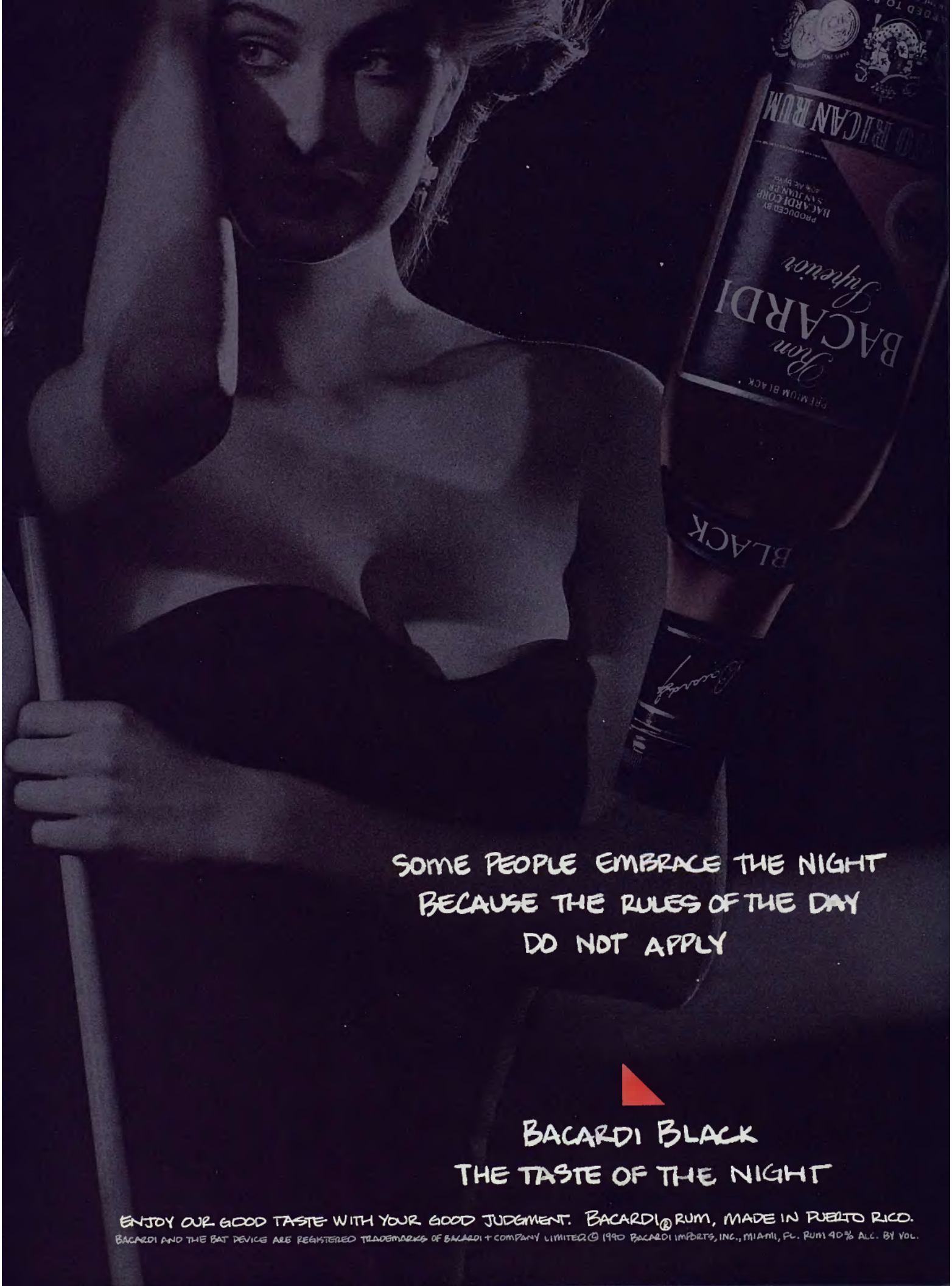
PECK: Well, it happens, that's for sure. Religions are usually started by very holy people—say, Buddha and Jesus and Lao-tzu. One of the greatest mystical writings in the world is the *Tao Tê Ching*. My fantasy was, "Boy, these Taoists really have it together." Well, if you go to Taiwan and see Taoism being practiced, you see that it has degenerated to a bunch of magical hodgepodge. Same with Buddhism. And Christianity.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe in faith healing, or at least that there are psychological factors in sickness and healing?

PECK: I believe there's an enormous amount to it. A great many diseases are psycho-socio-spirituo-somatic. I've known of some cases of cancer in which it has been indelibly clear that the victim has reached a dead end in his or her life. I'm not saying that all cases of cancer are like that, but there is no question in my mind that virtually all diseases have some psycho-socio-spirituo-somatic components.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe that patients can help heal themselves through visualization techniques and other kinds of meditation?

PECK: I know that the mind has a role in illness. In one study, a group of cancer patients was given group therapy along with their treatment and another group was not. The doctor's idea was not so



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much to affect their health as to give them comfort and support. What he found, though, was that the cancer patients in group therapy lived significantly longer than the others.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe there is an emotional component to AIDS?

PECK: I get the impression that the fact that somebody is exposed to AIDS doesn't necessarily mean he will get it. There is a new field on the cutting edge of medicine called psychoneuroimmunology. It studies the way our psychology can affect our immune systems. About six years ago, I almost died from pneumonia. I was working this insane schedule, so I was physically fatigued. I hadn't come to terms yet with my limitations. My book had just hit the best-seller list a few months before. I was dealing with the problems of fame. There were some people who wanted me to run for President. I was taking that notion seriously at the time. I picked up a bug from my son, who had pneumonia. There was psychological and physical stuff going on. It was probably both of those.

PLAYBOY: If you hadn't been ill, perhaps we'd have had a different President.

PECK: I doubt that. I decided that I was constitutionally unqualified, and not by the U.S. Constitution but by my physical constitution.

PLAYBOY: How serious were you about it?

PECK: Well, after about two years of people's telling me that I should, I began to take it pretty seriously. But when I realized I could never emotionally or physically handle the job, I began to wonder how *any* sane person could be qualified.

PLAYBOY: Could someone with your religious convictions be elected?

PECK: I think people would like to see genuine spirituality reflected in their leaders. That includes genuine morality.

PLAYBOY: Did your religious sense come from your family?

PECK: Our home was secular, but I was curious about religion. In school, I took a course in world religions and fell in love with Hinduism and Buddhism. They made sense to me. When I was eighteen, I was a Zen Buddhist—way before it was fashionable. I became a Christian as I wrestled with the ideas of sin and guilt, remorse and contrition. Christianity dealt with those in ways I felt made sense.

PLAYBOY: How did you end up in psychiatry?

PECK: The only time my father advised me correctly was when he suggested I go to medical school.

PLAYBOY: He was a lawyer. Why did he suggest medical school?

PECK: Because I'd majored in psychology, and he knew that I was so antipathetic toward him at that time that I would never be a lawyer.

PLAYBOY: Did you go into therapy?

PECK: In the military, where I took my residency, I worked in a hospital and a clinic. I went into therapy for the last year of my residency, not because it would be a learning experience but because I needed it.

PLAYBOY: Is it possible to sum up what you got out of therapy?

PECK: I think the biggest single thing that I learned was that among other problems that I had at the time was a profound one in dealing with authority. Wherever I studied or worked, there was always some son of a bitch in charge whose guts I absolutely hated. It was always a man, always an older man, a different man each place, but wherever I went, that man was there—which I assumed was *his* fault and had nothing to do with me. At the time I went into therapy, if you'd asked me whether I was a dependent sort of person, I would have said, "Scott Peck doesn't have a dependent bone in his body." I discovered that my problem came from my father. He was an extremely attractive figure, very bright and very loving in his own way but also the most overcontrolling character who ever came down the pike. If he could have, he would have controlled not only what college I went to but what I majored in and what graduate school I went to and whom I married.

When I was a child, he was somebody

I'd have liked to depend upon, but to depend upon my father would have been to be steam-rolled by him. To preserve my identity, I had to keep my distance from him. The way I did that was by saying, Who needs him? Who the hell needs *anybody*? I think my therapy was helpful in a whole bunch of ways, but one was in putting me in touch with my dependency needs.

PLAYBOY: So all those bad generals were bad fathers?

PECK: Yeah. I was looking for the ideal father figure. But since I didn't know I was dependent, I wasn't even aware that I was looking for a father figure. When these men would fail to be ideal father figures, I'd get furious with them. After analysis, I felt, This guy is not my ideal father, so I'll take what I can from him.

PLAYBOY: Where did you meet your wife?

PECK: I sat behind Lily in a class one summer. Every morning, I looked at the back of her neck. Perhaps I'm a nape man and don't know it. Also, perhaps I was attracted to her because she was Chinese and had sort of an exoticness. We married thirty years ago, practically over our parents' dead bodies.

PLAYBOY: Because of the difference in your races?

PECK: My parents raised me to be the ultimate WASP. I was marrying a *chink*. They told me I was ruining my life, that I'd have no friends. They disinherited me. Her parents were equally bad. They were furious because they had lost control of her.

PLAYBOY: Was it difficult for your kids?

PECK: It was harder on them than on us. They encountered prejudice in school. But it turned out well, I think. They are very strong people.

PLAYBOY: You have admitted that you were not as good a father as you should have been because of your calling.

PECK: Well, I had no trouble changing my children's diapers or any of that. But I was very impatient with them from about the age of two until they started becoming interesting to me at about thirteen. I didn't spend time with them. If you asked them, "What kind of father was your father?" they'd say, "Well, he was pretty good in a crisis, but you had to have a crisis to get his attention."

PLAYBOY: Do you regret that?

PECK: I wish I'd had been a better father, yes. I wish I'd had more time for them. I'm grateful that we have good relationships now.

PLAYBOY: Why did you become a military psychiatrist?

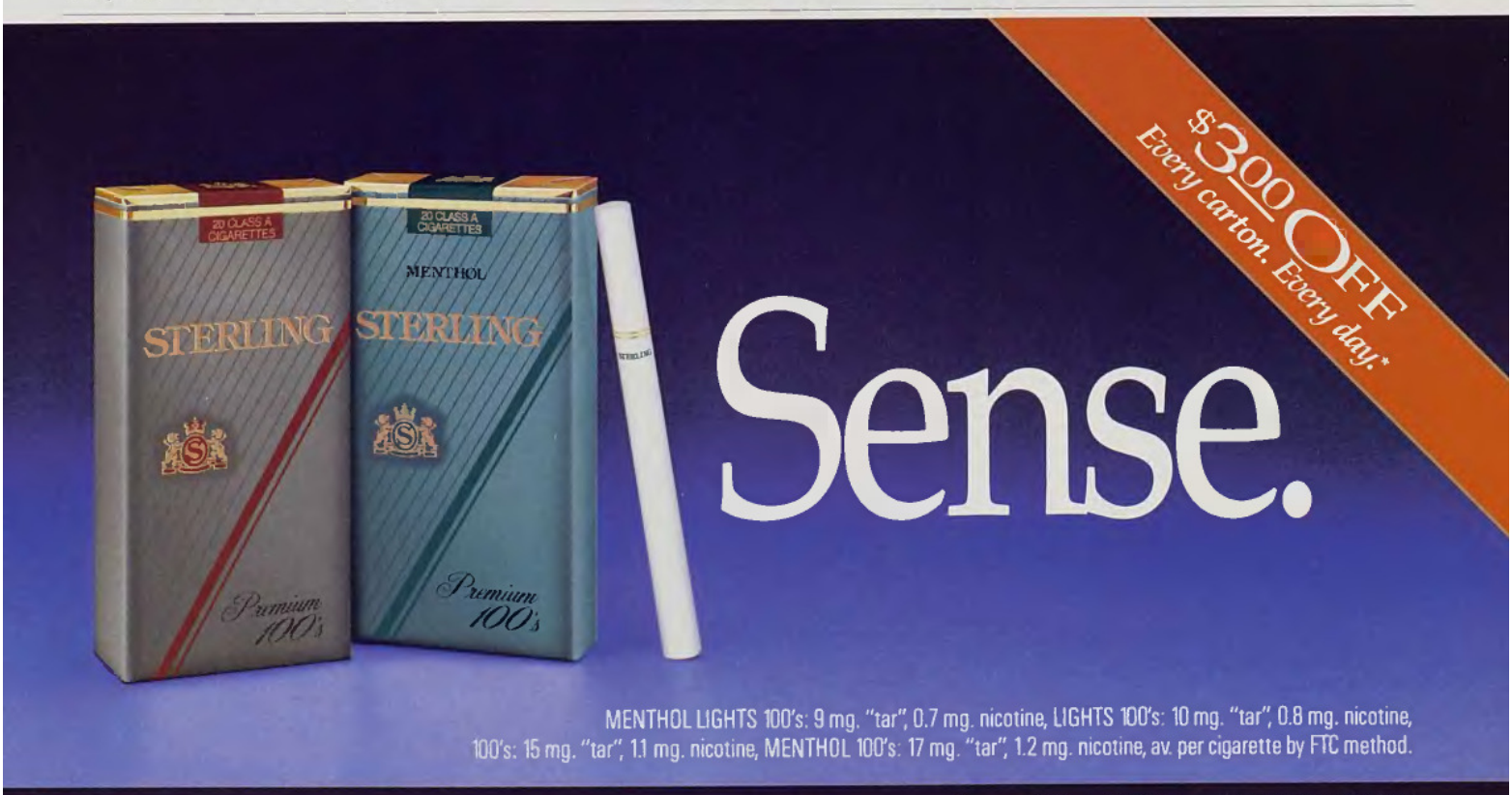
PECK: Well, it *was* an odd choice. Years before, I'd actually been one of the first R.O.T.C. protesters *against* the military. I got kicked out of Middlebury College for it. That was back when McCarthy had not been long dead, which tells you about the era. Well, although it wasn't announced in the school catalog, Middlebury had a compulsory R.O.T.C. course. I objected, so in the middle of my second year, I stopped going. They docked all my academic credits. Fortunately, because my father was on the alumni council, Harvard admitted me and restored my credits.

PLAYBOY: Then how did you end up in the military?

PECK: After I graduated from medical school with two young children, the military was the only place I could get decent training and a livable wage. I looked back at my experience with the R.O.T.C. and said it was just my adolescent rebellion. About two and a half years later, partly through a couple of my patients, I began to wonder about the Vietnam war, and then I looked further into it. Finally, I realized, My country is lying so badly there is no way to rationalize it. I realized that our involvement there was evil.

PLAYBOY: Yet you stayed in the military for several more years.

PECK: I used my position in the military to study what was really going on. The more I saw, the more I was faced with a question. I wondered whether or not I should go to jail. I looked into the people who had abrogated their military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commitments and been sent to jail. Well, their voice was lost. It didn't seem to me a terribly responsible thing to do, with a wife and two children.

PLAYBOY: The voice of those who went to jail was *not* lost; it made a strong statement.

PECK: Maybe it was a cop-out, but I decided to be one of those people who worked from within. That was how I started really becoming interested in the relationship between psychiatry and politics and government. That was why I stayed in the military longer than I had to and gave up a very lucrative Harvard fellowship to stay in the Army and go to Washington. I learned a lot.

PLAYBOY: And did what with it?

PECK: I was in the Surgeon General's office. From that position, I leaked information to [columnist] Jack Anderson's people.

PLAYBOY: Specifically, what?

PECK: There were many things I considered to be scandals that I kept Anderson's office apprised of. But eventually, I got disillusioned and tired and quit. That's when I went to Connecticut, with no greater ambition than just being an ordinary country psychiatrist and getting to play golf on weekends and Wednesday afternoons.

PLAYBOY: You say you came to believe our involvement in Vietnam was evil. What's the background of your research in evil?

PECK: The book and movie *The Exorcist* first piqued my curiosity about possession, though I thought they did the subject a disservice by being simplistic. The girl became possessed for no reason, as if possession were some kind of accident. That could lead people to think that you could be walking down the street and a demon might leap out from behind a bush and dive into you.

PLAYBOY: It wouldn't?

PECK: In fact, there are profound reasons why people become possessed.

PLAYBOY: You're serious?

PECK: Quite serious.

PLAYBOY: And you actually believe in the Devil, not a metaphorical Devil but a real Devil?

PECK: I didn't always. After reading *The Exorcist*, the next thing I read on the subject was Malachi Martin's *Hostage to the Devil*. While I think it is overdramatic in some ways, it has a sufficient smack of reality to say to me, "Hey, maybe I have to take this thing seriously." One of the things that Martin makes clear is that possession is not an accident. There is, in every case, what he calls cooperation.

PLAYBOY: And do you maintain that making a pact with the Devil is a psychological disorder like schizophrenia or mania?

PECK: Yes, though possession is a rare disorder.

PLAYBOY: Isn't someone who acts possessed simply psychotic?

PECK: The two patients I worked with were not in the least psychotic, though one was able to fake psychosis.

PLAYBOY: What's the difference, as far as symptoms are concerned?

PECK: Someone who is truly insane cannot pull himself together. But just as in some ways people who are possessed have chosen to cooperate with the demonic, exorcisms succeed because they can reverse the choice. That's the essence of exorcism.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe that a physical spirit actually enters someone's body?

PECK: This gets very hairy. Satan is a spirit—it doesn't have horns, hooves and a forked tail. But Satan has no power except in a human body.

PLAYBOY: Can you give an example of possession?

PECK: I had two patients who were possessed. I once attended an exorcism.

PLAYBOY: A real exorcism?

PECK: Yes, during which the patient had to be restrained because she was violent much of the time. She would often lie face down on the bed to try to escape. You could lay books on her and she would just lie there quietly. But when you put the Bible or *The Book of Common Prayer* on her, she would start to writhe.

"Satan is a spirit—it doesn't have horns and a forked tail. But Satan has no power except in a human body."

PLAYBOY: You actually put prayer books and Bibles on her back?

PECK: Yes.

PLAYBOY: And you consider that proof that she was possessed, not simply nuts? It sounds like proof that *you* were nuts.

PECK: [*Smiles*] Well, there were other things that were much more compelling. The most compelling thing for me was her facial expressions. I mean, they blew my mind.

PLAYBOY: You couldn't compare them with those of someone who was having another kind of breakdown?

PECK: They were nothing like I had ever seen before, or have seen since.

PLAYBOY: Do you admit that possession sounds farfetched?

PECK: I don't think I'm going to convert you. I was converted through personal experience. *I* approached it as a skeptic, too. I did not believe that possession existed. But it seemed to me that if I could see one good, old-fashioned case of possession, it might change my mind. I didn't think that I *would* see one. For twelve years, I had a busy psychiatric practice and I hadn't seen one, though for the first ten of those years, I could have walked right on top of one and not known what it was.

PLAYBOY: But once you accept the Devil, you can explain away anything?

PECK: All I can tell you is that for a couple of years, I had been vaguely open to the idea but hadn't seen anything to convince me. I went out looking for it. The first couple of cases of reported possession I saw were, as far as I was concerned, standard psychiatric disorders. I was very happy, believe you me. I put notches on my scientific pistol and said, "See there?" For the third case, I went to another state to interview a woman who had some features suggestive of schizophrenia, some of what we'd call flight of ideas. She also had some features of what we'd call hysteria and other traumatic disorders, but she didn't feel quite like a hysteric. After about four hours, I was already mentally packing my bags and making my third notch on my scientific pistol when she began talking about her demons.

PLAYBOY: Couldn't you have explained that as more hysteria?

PECK: Well, she said that she felt sorry for them. When I asked, "Why?" she said, "Because they're really weak, pathetic beings." That caused me to prick up my ears. It seemed to me that if somebody had a psychiatric need to invent demons, he would invent big, strong, scary demons. Later I learned that this is a quite common demonic strategy, to portray itself as weak and frail—"No need to be afraid of me." At the time, all I knew was that it didn't fit. It caused me to start looking a little deeper. Then, the more time we spent, the more things came up that didn't fit. It wasn't so much supernatural stuff as it was stuff that just didn't fit with who this person was.

PLAYBOY: Yet if you had been a psychiatrist who didn't accept the Devil, couldn't you have explained away everything you saw?

PECK: If I'd been an ordinary psychiatrist, I would never have gotten involved with the case to begin with.

PLAYBOY: Unless you were seriously trying to treat a person who happened to have those symptoms.

PECK: All I can tell you is that I think that genuine possession is very rare. There are certain people who see demons lurking in all corners. I think that's irresponsible. Nonetheless, I think it is an underdiagnosed condition.

PLAYBOY: Modern psychology tells us that we have to be responsible for our actions. If someone has made a pact with

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the Devil, he's no longer responsible for his actions.

PECK: No! There is *cooperation*. Once I was called by a lawyer who wanted me to examine a client, a murderer, and testify on his behalf—to get him off by virtue of insanity, because he was possessed. I said, "As far as I'm concerned, whether or not your client is possessed has a great deal to do with how he would be treated in therapy, but I could not support a not-guilty verdict on the basis of insanity—because there is a choice."

PLAYBOY: Isn't it likely that if possession were real, other psychiatrists throughout history would have believed in it? Even Jung, who dealt with spirituality, never considered possession.

PECK: It's true that I am the only well-known, scientifically trained psychiatrist who has dealt with it. I know three other responsible psychiatrists around the country who have dealt with it, but they're not the biggies.

PLAYBOY: So you're left in pretty shaky company, since the other people who talk about the Devil are those fundamentalist preachers who depend on ignorance and blind religious belief. They scream about possession every Sunday on TV.

PECK: It drives me bananas. On the one hand, you have people seeing possession when it doesn't exist, and on the other hand, you have people refusing to see it when it does.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe that there might, indeed, be satanic messages in some rock albums?

PECK: There's a lot of satanic stuff, cults and rituals, going on, and people would rather overlook it. But it's dangerous. Are there evil, satanic rock lyrics? Yes, there are.

PLAYBOY: Placed there intentionally by heavy-metal Devil worshipers?

PECK: I've not made enough of a study of this to tell you. But when I first saw MTV, I was flabbergasted by the very clear satanic images.

PLAYBOY: Isn't a lot of that just posturing and attempts to shock on the part of bands? *Attitude?*

PECK: Whether the musicians are doing it consciously or unconsciously, I don't know. If it's only because it's cool, it's a sick way of being cool.

PLAYBOY: Would you censor them?

PECK: We get into a terrible problem. Where do you draw the line? It's always a question of drawing the line. For instance, I believe pornography *can* be healthy. Pornography can be used for good or for ill.

PLAYBOY: Do you lump all nudity into the category of pornography?

PECK: No, I separate only the really demeaning, violent stuff. Otherwise, I think it's natural to look at pornography. *I* enjoy it. But I also think that there is a tendency to demean women and to diminish and strip sexuality of its potential holiness.

PLAYBOY: Holiness?

PECK: In *The Road Less Traveled*, I wrote, "When my beloved first stands before me naked, all open to my sight, there is a feeling throughout the whole of me: awe." And I asked, "Why awe?" If sex is no more than an instinct, why don't I simply feel horny or hungry? Such simple hunger would be sufficient to ensure the propagation of the species. Why do I feel it *throughout the whole of me*? Why should sex be complicated by reverence?

PLAYBOY: Well?

PECK: To me, sex and God are inherently connected, which is why the American ideal of romantic love is so troublesome. It holds that it ought to be possible for Cinderella to ride off with her prince into an endless sunset of endless orgasms. Well, anyone who buys that is doomed to disappointment. Such people are looking to their spouse or their lover to fulfill them, to be their God, their heaven on earth. It violates the First Commandment. Idolatry of human romantic love is no less a form of idolatry.

"To me, sex and God are inherently connected, which is why the ideal of romantic love is so troublesome."

The older I've gotten, the more impressed I have become by sexuality, by what the mysterious essence of the difference between men and women is, which we don't understand. Science doesn't even begin to understand what the nonanatomical differences between men and women are—to what extent they're genetic, to what extent they're cultural, and what not. But I'm profoundly impressed by the differences.

Anyway, sexuality is one of the few things that keep me humble, because it's bigger than I am.

PLAYBOY: You have taken some controversial stands regarding sex, such as your suggestion that fidelity is not necessarily good.

PECK: First of all, there is no such thing as a marriage that does not have to deal with the problem of fidelity or infidelity. I cannot tell you what the right way to deal with it is. The only thing I can do is tell you what the wrong way is. At one extreme is the couple who say, "What's the problem? My wife and I have been married for thirty-five years and I've never even looked at another woman and she has never even looked at another man." But that doesn't work.

PLAYBOY: You think that's impossible?

PECK: The price that people have to pay for that kind of repression simply isn't worth it. They don't know how to deal with those feelings—it might be the Holy Spirit that's leading you on, or it might be Satan, or it might be your glands. But it's impossible ever to know that what you are doing is right. However, if your will is steadfastly to the good, and if you are willing to suffer fully when the good seems ambiguous, then your unconscious will always be moving in the right direction, one step ahead of your conscious mind. In other words, you will do the right thing. But you will not have the luxury of knowing it at the time that you're doing it.

Listen, one of our myths is that we should be completely happy with and fulfilled by one woman or one man and that the issue of fidelity should never be a problem, and that we should have no need to do such things as look at pornography. That's nonsense. As I say in a lecture I give, sex is a problem for everyone—children, adolescents, young adults, middle-aged adults, elderly adults, celibates, married people, single people, straight people, gay people—everyone. If this is celestial boot camp, it is replete with obstacle courses, almost fiendishly designed for our learning. The one most fiendishly designed is sex. God built into us this feeling that we can max sex.

PLAYBOY: *Max* sex?

PECK: Yes, that we can conquer it or solve it. Maybe we find someone for a day or two or even a year or two, but then she changes or he changes or we change and we realize that we haven't maxed it at all. We either try again with someone else or go forward and learn about love and intimacy and how to whittle away at our narcissism, and some of us graduate from boot camp.

PLAYBOY: Are you a graduate?

PECK: [*Shrugs*] With almost everything, I'm very much like the professor of philosophy who was asked, "So you believe that the core of all truth is paradox. Is that correct?" His answer was, "Well, yes and no." There are only two great truths I know that are not paradoxes. One is that the only way to stop a game is to stop it. Eric Berne, in *Games People Play*, essentially defines a psychological game as repetitive interaction in which there is an unspoken payoff. Whether it's Monopoly or the arms race or games in your marriage or the self-destructive tendencies you live with, the only way to stop a game is to stop it. The other truth? It's a simple one: Love makes the world go round.

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SHOWDOWN IN CINCINNATI

the obscenity trial of a museum director for exhibiting robert mapplethorpe photographs had a happy ending. what came up during the trial is much more terrifying

article by
JAMES R. PETERSEN

ILLUSTRATION BY RAFAL OLBINSKI

IF YOU WANT to find the truth about a trial or a war, find the nearest bar.

In the case of *The State of Ohio vs. the Contemporary Art Center and Dennis Barrie*, the lobby bar in the Omni Netherland Plaza serves the out-of-town press.

In a way, the two-story lobby symbolizes Cincinnati's preposterous vision of itself. The first level looks like King Tut's tomb, with bas-relief sculptures and mock fountains out of which emerge horses with aquatic hooves. Light fixtures sprout from their heads. The second level has Depression-era oil paintings, the 13 stations of Cincinnati culture, depicting Colonial maidens in hoop skirts and corsets serenaded by earnest troubadours, courted by Colonial gentlemen. Somewhere near the ceiling, there is a chariot being pulled by a horse even Pete Rose wouldn't bet on. Some establishments rely on bar snacks to whet the appetite. In Cincinnati, purity motifs drive us to drink.

We journalists bristle with anecdotes that don't fit into four-paragraph stories or usual requirements of objectivity.

"What got into [Prosecutor Frank] Prouty today? All of a sudden, he's talking about lines, how the legs of the child come together to call attention to the genitals. Is he taking art lessons from somebody on his lunch hour?"

"God, don't you hate the word genitals? It's a distancing word like mutual funds,

for people who don't have the nerve to own the real thing."

"What a waste of taxpayers' money. Prouty spent the entire day asking art experts how long it takes to insert a bullwhip into your rectum."

"My editors seem to do it every day in an astonishingly short time."

"All I know is that whenever the C-SPAN camera turns my way, I want to blink out T-O-R-T-U-R-E."

•

Some things you have to see with your own eyes.

For the past few years, I have written about the First Amendment, about art and obscenity, about sexual freedom. I have reduced principles to paragraphs. I have written paper about paper, ideas about ideas. By the time a case reaches public consciousness, entire lives have been reduced to italics: *Roe vs. Wade. Brown vs. Board of Education*. One forgets that the *vs.* may reflect years of struggle, years of isolation.

Last September, I read a news account that jury selection had begun in the trial of Dennis Barrie. A museum director, Barrie had brought an exhibition of 175 photographs by the late Robert Mapplethorpe to Cincinnati's Contemporary Art Center (C.A.C.). The exhibition was on a seven-city tour—it had played in Chicago, Berkeley and Hartford without incident. On the floor of Congress, Senator Jesse Helms had turned obscenity into the new communism. When he ranted about Mapplethorpe's photos of white men embracing black men, it was hard to tell whether racism ran deeper than homophobia. But it was clear that he'd discovered a political hot button. He stood in Washington, D.C., waving the Mapplethorpe photos the way McCarthy brandished lists of Reds.

It worked in Washington, a city that created the public-relations ethic called Low Profiles in Courage. Dr. Christina Orr-Cahall, the director of the Corcoran Gallery of Art, canceled the exhibition.

Barrie could not. It was a small act: He would bring the exhibition to Cincinnati because he believed in it, and because he believed the people of Cincinnati had the right to educate themselves about a gifted artist. He intended nothing extraordinary—he simply wanted to do his job.

In Washington, Helms had a hard-on, and it cast a long shadow. Around the country, Jesse wanna-bes unwrapped their Turkish towels to see if something was stirring. In Cincinnati, it is thought that a handful of political cronies—some members of the Cincinnati Athletic Club—gathered around Hamilton county sheriff Simon Leis. The good old boys wondered if they had the making of a case or, if not, the making of a show trial.

On opening day of the exhibition, April 7, 1990, the Cincinnati police and county-sheriff deputies barricaded the C.A.C., served warrants, gathered evidence and indicted Barrie. Cited as obscene were seven of the 175 photographs of nudes, flowers, portraits and graphic sexual poses that made up the Mapplethorpe retrospective. But the trial was no more about photographs than the Scopes trial had been about science. It was about people, about a museum director facing a year in jail or a $2000 fine, about lawyers working around the clock, about families caught in the cogs of justice.

Unlike the defendants in the other great obscenity trial of 1990—that of 2 Live Crew—Barrie and the C.A.C. did not profit from the controversy; there was no CD, no sound track. This act of conscience had a three-hundred-fifty-thousand-dollar price tag.

A week into the trial, I decided to go to Cincinnati. I wanted to see freedom struggle to survive in a courtroom. I wanted to see a principle made human. I wanted to bear witness to a verdict—not on Barrie but on America, on a conventional man who had had the courage to defend unconventional thought. I took along Burt Joseph, friend, lawyer, First Amendment coach, special counsel for *Playboy*. This is what I saw.

OCTOBER 5, 1990—THE VERDICT

For two hours, the press has been wandering the immense halls of the Hamilton County courthouse, a 76-year-old stone building that resonates with respectability. Inside the courthouse, we step over cables, edge around a squad of tripod-mounted Minicams. In one corner, on banquet tables, the networks have set up monitors, recorders, fax machines. Every monitor shows the same image—the one camera allowed in the courtroom feeds a picture of an empty chamber and the closed door through which the jury will return. Some reporters cluster around Lou Sirkin and Marc Mezibov, the defense lawyers, looking for one more quote, looking for reassurance, looking for odds.

It is hard to tell how the word spreads. On the video monitor, a bailiff emerges from the jury room and whispers something, and the press room and halls empty like a firehouse. The jury has a verdict. We scramble for the 20 chairs in the spectators' gallery. The TV crews start heating up lights in the hall outside, holding white handkerchiefs in front of camera lenses to check color balance. The on-camera personalities, who have never been inside the courtroom, clear their throats, check light and sound levels, mentally rehearse questions: "What will you do now, Mr. Barrie? What does a hung jury mean? Can you go through this twice? How does it feel to be free?"

This is a moment that the world will never see. At the outset of the trial, the judge instructed the press that the jury could not be photographed, videotaped or named. The in-court camera never pans the jury box. The in-court press photographers, with lenses the size of sewer pipe, never catch the jury. The courtroom artist, a little old lady who sits with a pair of binoculars around her neck (to check eye color), never sketches the jury.

Unable to name them, the press has turned the members of the jury into characters from Central Casting: the secretary, the salesclerk, the warehouse manager, the telephone repairman, the data processor, the X-ray technician, the engineer, the shipping worker. We are familiar with the ironies: Only one has a college degree, only one has ever seen a Mapplethorpe photograph. Most have never been to a museum.

What do any of us know about these eight people? Now I find it hard to look at Barrie. At this moment, everyone in the courtroom faces a sentence, a judgment on what America means.

The judge walks in, we rise.

The jurors file into the box. The secretary holds the verdicts. She smiles briefly at Sirkin and hands them to the bailiff. I start to relax. Everything I know about jurors—i.e., from television—says that if they smile, your client is not guilty. The expression on the two women jurors who follow the secretary destroys the cliché. They are pale, quaking, on the verge of sickness. They look as though they're being helped from a crash on the highway in which not everyone has survived.

The judge reads aloud the four verdicts. With the first "not guilty," I see Sirkin start to breathe. Barrie relaxes, sinks ever so slightly into his chair, like a man released from an Iron Maiden or a full-body cast. Whatever strength supported him for seven months relaxes its grip. I look at Amy Bannister, the spokeswoman chosen to represent the C.A.C., at the defense table. The only part of her body that moves are the tears flowing down her cheeks.

By the fourth "not guilty," there are shouts, hugs, high fives. Roger Ach and Robert Allen, two supporters who have shown up in court every day, leap up, trying to turn the courtroom into a locker room. "Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!" they scream.

The judge roars, "Bailiff, eject those

(continued on page 76)

"If you'd let me join the damned country club, I'd probably be out there playin' golf now. . . ."

CUBA LIBRE

AFTER HIS TRIUMPH IN MOSCOW, OUR MAN VENTURES OFF LIMITS IN THE CARIBBEAN

text by **JEFF COHEN**

LAST YEAR, I wrote about my journey to the Soviet Union and the adventures my team and I had there, finding and photographing Russia's most beautiful women (*Mission: Implausible*, *Playboy*, February 1990). The food, the grim-faced customs officials, the surly people convinced me that Moscow was not the fun capital of the world. But my most recent adventure was quite different. It took me just 90 miles from our own shores to a satellite Communist country that travels in its own sunny orbit. To an island resplendent with history, architectural treasures and a culture blessed with artists, writers, musicians and great sportsmen: a people with energy, warmth and a love for life who take their warm ocean beaches, potent rum drinks and aromatic cigars as birthrights. To a land of dark, sensuous

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PATRICK MAGAUD

women who at one moment can be proudly aloof, the next as giddy as schoolgirls. It is a retirement nirvana for thousands of lovingly cared-for, hand-painted automobiles from Detroit's iron age, the uneasy host to a U.S. naval base outfitted with the most sophisticated war technology and the home of a burgeoning tourist economy that trades only in Uncle Sam's greenbacks. Where it gets those greenbacks is a good question, since Americans are forbidden to spend them there. This sunny spot is the republic of Cuba, and our Government has declared it off limits. It's not exactly illegal for U.S. citizens to travel to Cuba, but under the provisions of the Trading with the Enemy Act, the Treasury Department prohibits U.S. citizens from spending dollars there. The penalties are stiff: as much as $250,000 and 12 years in jail. Ironically, it's OK to blow your Yankee cash in Iran or almost any other country, not excluding the erstwhile "Evil Empire." Uncle Sam knows how to hold a grudge. As a curious *Playboy* editor, I was able to take advantage of the loophole in those restrictions that excepts journalists, Government officials, researchers and family members who wish to reunite with their relatives in Cuba. The idea for the trip had come about in discussions I was having with Patrick Magaud, a French photographer and frequent contributor to this magazine, who specializes in photographing nude women in the midst of daring and spectacular stunts (see *Living Dangerously*, *Playboy*, May 1990). Patrick and I share a Franco-American love of adventure and on several occasions had discussed wild photographic projects that would test our resolve and, we hoped, lead to fascinating photographs.

Splashing at Cayo Paraisa (preceding spread) are Idolka de Erbiti (left) and Lianette Taylee. Lianette reappears below left; Adrianis Hernandez is bottom right. Lacking U.S. exports, cubanos lavingly restore such cars as the 1948 Buick Super Eight below right. That's Raisa Sabaritt opposite, right; at top left, opposite, Lisette Raz and Rachel Lopez chat up a guard outside Guantánamo U.S. Naval Base.

During one such conversation, shortly after my return from the Soviet Union, we simultaneously whispered the word Cuba. It was near yet far; hot yet cool. And if Gorby had let *Playboy* in to see his women, Fidel would certainly have to answer the challenge by extending us the same courtesy. The hunt was on, and Patrick was to lead the way. Through contacts in Paris, he was able to meet the Cuban ambassador to France and persuade him to propose a pictorial to the appropriate officials in Havana. Several months later, when Patrick got the green light from the tourism ministry, I flew to Paris to close the deal with the ambassador. It was at his home that I experienced my first taste of Cuba—Cohiba cigars and Havana Club seven-year-old rum. Ten days later, I was in Havana.

Not that it was easy to get there. Havana is one of the few destinations in the world that aren't served by a flight from Chicago's O'Hare International Airport. Nor do major airlines fly there from J.F.K., Miami or even Key West. But Toronto, Montreal, Vancouver and the major European capitals have daily flights. Mine was through Mexico City.

The Cubans do a very smart thing when American citizens pass through passport control. They don't stamp their passports. Mine shows that I left Chicago and arrived in Mexico City, and eight days

later headed home, stopping in Dallas to clear Customs. Until a U.S. official reads this story, our own Government has known only that I was in Mexico.

As for the Cubans, they are happy to see you—and, more important, eager to have your money. The island had 300,000 visitors last year—50,000 Canadians and a like number of Germans, with the balance coming from other European countries, notably Spain and Italy. A mere 6000 gringos took the circuitous journey to play in the Caribbean sunshine. But if the U.S. travel restrictions were to be lifted, that number would likely soar into the millions. The social and political turmoil in the Communist Eastern Bloc has left Cuba's pipeline to financial aid all but cut off, making tourism the best hope for the island's economic future. Three major organizations—Gaviota, Cubanacan and Intur—have been given power to develop tourism and foreign partnerships. All three are building hotels, marinas and sports facilities at Varadero Beach, a finger of sand and palm trees pointing straight at the Florida Keys that is a three-hour drive from Havana. Varadero is Cuba's attempt to leap from the Fifties—when the despised dictator Fulgencio Batista was ousted by Fidel Castro and his band of guerrillas—into the Nineties. For nearly four decades, the island's old luxury hotels have decayed, along with those American-made automobiles. The Varadero development is supposed to redress that lack of tourist accommodations.

Varadero was the first stop for Patrick and me on our tour around the island. During a helicopter flight over the clean, white sandy beaches that rim the peninsula, I counted no fewer than six construction sites. Cranes, earth movers and thousands of laborers were working on elaborate, architecturally sophisticated hotels that, we were told, would feature swimming pools, four-star restaurants, crystal chandeliers, Italian-marble-and-gold bathroom fixtures, all to attract first-class travelers with first-class wallets. One Gaviota official told me that by 1995, the area would have 40 to 50 hotels with 30,000 rooms; today, there are one tenth that many. Our escort at Varadero and,

Twenty-three-year-old Isabel Cabrera (opposite) poses provocatively at the Colonial Museum of Art in Havana. Idalka de Erbiti (above), at 22 Cuba's top model, and Patrick Magaud, the French photographer of this pictorial, fell in love during this assignment and she recently moved to Paris to be with him. Immediately sought after by magazines and modeling agencies in France, Idalka has been stunned by the glamour of the City of Light and the superabundance of material goods in Parisian shops. It's a far cry from life under the government of Fidel Castro (inset, top, giving one of his legendary marathon speeches in the Plaza de la Revolución, Havana).

indeed, throughout the island was León Pérez, a representative of the Cubanacan group. He was our guide and, at times, our warden. We could roam, but we were loosely tethered—instead of by a chain, with a bungee cord. If we strayed too far from our hotel or our vehicle, León would snap the cord and draw us back. He was actually a pleasant fellow, with many friends and colleagues around the island, but he had one habit that made him less than endearing to us: He kept picking his teeth and ears with a ballpoint pen. Even now, I sometimes awake from a sound sleep with a vision of Pérez picking away, and I have to get up, floss and fondle a cotton swab.

Our band of three traveled the island by minivan, army helicopter, boat and sleek corporate jet. Everywhere, our fame preceded us: We were the group from *la revista Playboy*. We saw Bahía de los Cochinos, the Bay of Pigs, and the museum that celebrates the expulsion of the invading imperialists from the north. We visited the mountainous spine of the island, with its Tyrolean landscape and clear, crisp air, and stayed at a medical spa catering to the government elite. On the far southeast end of the island, we visited Santiago de Cuba, *(continued on page 157)*

Back at Cayo Paraiso, four *señaritas* stage a wet-T-shirt contest. From left above are Isabel Cabrero, Grisell Valdez, Lianette Taylee and Idolka de Erbiti. Below, a likeness of 19th Century Cuban revolutionary hero José Marti dominates a parade on the 26th of July, anniversary of Castro's first attack on the forces of dictator Fulgencio Batista; at right, Dalila Marin with one ingredient of a piña colada.

CINCINNATI

(continued from page 66)

"I begin to wonder if written on the judge's palm is the one thing he learned in law school."

two men."

Ach and Allen file out with a schoolboy-contrite "Sorry, Your Honor." On the other side of the glass door, they resume their dance, opening their arms to include Barrie's wife. Having arrived late, she has been forced to stand outside, out of hearing, out of touch, while her husband's fate is decided. In one glance, I have the sense that for her, this has been a silent movie that she has been powerless to stop. I look around. Reporters from *The Washington Post*, *The Village Voice*, the Baltimore *Sun* and *Newsday* are on the edge of tears. We exchange low fives behind the rail.

The judge addresses the jury. The very people the state has claimed to protect, whose values were allegedly offended, have rejected that protection. The short speech is a model of damage control. He tells the jurors they have a right to privacy, they can talk to the press but that they should be advised that the press will use what it deems controversial. And, oh, yes, "You can keep your jury buttons."

The jury files out of the room, expressionless.

I walk out of the courthouse into the sun. I have felt this way once before, on the night my daughter was born. The combination of joy, exhaustion and dread—the awareness that it could just as easily have gone the other way. A block from the courthouse, I see the jury forewoman—the secretary—and the blonde salesclerk, still distressed, shaking off the last of the reporters. I am jolted by their resemblance to a photo of Vietnam soldiers carrying the wounded across a swollen creek toward a landing zone. The only difference is that in Cincinnati, there will be no helicopter to take them back to America.

"Thank you," I yell as they rush past.

Startled, one replies, "You're welcome," and continues running.

I wonder what it is they saw in the courtroom that so terrified them.

THE FACE OF THE ENEMY

On our first night in Cincinnati, we pose a question to Sirkin: Who are the bad guys?

"Dennis Barrie and the C.A.C. had received a few letters of complaint in March—before anyone had seen the photos," Sirkin replies. "They knew the exhibition would be controversial. In April, we requested a state judge to impanel a jury on the exhibition before it opened. The police said they didn't know what they were going to do. The judge dismissed the case without prejudice. Twenty-four hours after the ruling, the vice squad moved in. One of the policemen, when he took the stand, had notes indicating that the police had planned the raid as early as March. There was a plan A, a plan B. There were instructions that the sheriff should not be named or involved."

Who pulled the puppet strings? Sirkin mentions Monty Lobb, president of Citizens for Community Values (C.C.V.), a local decency group that has ties to the Reverend Donald Wildmon's National Federation of Decency and a quarter-million-dollar yearly budget. He talks about Carl Lindner, an heir to Charles Keating's antiporn legacy. None of these people show up in court—they've won their victory. They have the power to launch prosecutions. The jury never saw the puppetmasters, but they saw one of the puppets.

"In the jury selection," Sirkin says,"we got a woman who works for the Reverend Jerry Kirk, the leader of the National Coalition Against Pornography. We asked her, 'Did you go to the national convention?' 'Yes.' 'Did you visit the exhibit of sexually explicit photos?' 'Yes.' 'Did you learn anything?' 'Yes.' 'Have you seen any of the pictures involved in this case?' She says she has seen a Xerox copy of the man urinating into another man's mouth. One of her co-workers with the council showed it to her. She is on the mailing list of the C.C.V. but insists she can be fair. She believes that the pictures are morally indecent but insists that she can be fair. And every time she says she can be fair, her skin blotches." I imagine what the other prospective jurors must have thought when they saw this attack matron for the New Right. She represented the pressure groups that had righteously made the decision about what Cincinnati could and could not see while viewing it themselves. She maintained an air of propriety while blood vessels danced like neon on her skin.

THE COURTROOM

A courtroom is an abstract stage. The players try to create a reality before the jury, to submit evidence, to determine the facts. Long before they assemble, decisions are made as to what will be admitted on the stage.

The man making those decisions is Judge F. David J. Albanese.

Judge Albanese plays for the home bleachers, or what he perceives them to be. A lawyer not involved with the case speculated on the link between Sheriff Leis, prosecutor Arthur Ney and Albanese, telling *The New York Times*, "It's impossible to tell whether it's like minds thinking the same or whether anyone is pulling anyone's strings."

Albanese has the power to stop the trial but never exercises it. Sirkin and Mezibov argue that Ohio law allows museums to display art that some might consider obscene—Albanese rules that the C.A.C. is an art gallery, not a museum.

Sirkin and Mezibov argue that all 175 pictures in the exhibition should be admitted as evidence, to create a context. The Supreme Court standard for judging obscenity requires that the work be taken as a whole.

Albanese listens to pretrial testimony of Judith Reisman, Ph.D., self-described visual-communications expert, and rules that each photo is a whole.

It is clear that the judge is deeply offended by the photographs, turning them face down on his desk. He demands that the five sexual photographs be kept separate from the rest of the XYZ portfolio—a group of photos arranged to force the viewer to compare the sex organs of flowers with those of gay men. When the defense argues that the decision won't be fair to the XYZ photos, the judge says that putting them back "wouldn't be fair to the flowers."

Albanese has one characteristic gesture. Whenever the defense makes a motion or files an objection, he covers his brow with one hand, appears to think deeply, then does whatever the prosecution wants. I begin to wonder if written on his palm is the one thing he learned in law school, or maybe the one thing he learned as he climbed the power ladder on Leis's coattails: "Do whatever Simon says."

Most of his favoritism toward the prosecution is hidden from the jurors. For them, he puts on an avuncular robe. He seems protective, telling them at the end of each session to "be considerate, be cautious, but, above all, be conscious." When anticensorship groups demonstrate outside, he explains that there might be "interference" and offers them bodyguards. When the defense moves for acquittal after the prosecution presents only three witnesses, he denies the motion: "The court will not substitute its judgment for that of the jury." When the matter is finally delivered to the jury,

(continued on page 150)

"I don't know about the rest of the environment, but the greenhouse effect has been good to you, Celia."

A QUIZ YOU CAN'T REFUSE

test your knowledge of gunmen and godfathers with playboy's gangster s.a.t.s

compiled by WILLIAM J. HELMER

LET'S SEE. There've been *GoodFellas, State of Grace* and *Miller's Crossing,* not to mention *Godfather III* and a raft of TV movies celebrating gangsters. Bad guys are hot again, and you're going to feel pretty silly when your friends discover that you don't know "Machine Gun" Kelly from "Machine Gun" Jack McGurn or Ma Barker from Bonnie Parker. Well, sharpen up your number twos. Score high and we guarantee you'll make a, um, hit.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MIKE BENNY

1. This New York street gang was the Harvard of tough and graduated such Mobsters as Al Capone and "Lucky" Luciano:

A. The Bowery Boys
B. The Five Pointers
C. The Plug Uglies
D. The Dead Rabbits
E. The Pansies

☛ *Yes, there actually were street gangs called the Bowery Boys and the Pansies, but the correct answer is the Five Points Gang (B), so named for an intersection of streets in Lower Manhattan.*

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2. Match the monikers with the names their mommas gave them:

A. "Dutch" Schultz
B. "Baby Face" Nelson
C. "Legs" Diamond
D. "Machine Gun" Kelly
E. "Two Gun" Louis Alterie

a. John T. Nolan
b. George Barnes
c. Lester Gillis
d. Arthur Flegenheimer
e. Leland Verain

☛ *A(d), B(c), C(a), D(b), E(e).*

3. Getting machine-gunned in a telephone booth became a gangster-movie staple after 1932, when gangland rivals emptied a Thompson into:

A. "Mad Dog" Coll
B. "Legs" Diamond
C. "Lucky" Luciano
D. "Dutch" Schultz

☛ *(A) Coll, on orders from Schultz.*

---

4. New York Mobster Albert Anastasia's novel demise started people worrying about:

A. Shower stalls
B. Barber chairs
C. Theater seats
D. Public rest rooms

☛ *(B) Albert bought it in 1957 while sitting, eyes closed, in a barber chair at New York's Park Sheraton Hotel.*

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5. Who else got it where else?

A. Joey Gallo
B. John Dillinger
C. "Mad Dog" Coll
D. "Dutch" Schultz
E. The "Bugs" Moran gang

a. Palace Chop House
b. Umberto's Clam House
c. Biograph Theater
d. S.M.C. Cartage Co.
e. London Chemist's

☛ *A(b), in New York, 1972; B(c), in Chicago; C(e), a drugstore at 300 West 23rd Street, New York, 1932; D(a), in Newark, 1935; E(d), a garage at 2122 North Clark Street, Chicago—the St. Valentine's Day Massacre, 1929.*

6. The only woman outlaw named Public Enemy Number One was:

A. Bonnie Parker
B. Ma Barker
C. Helen Nelson
D. Anna Sage

☛ *(C) Mrs. "Baby Face" Nelson replaced her husband at the top of the list after he killed two Federal agents in a machine-gun battle near Barrington, Illinois, in 1934 and escaped with her in the agents' car before expiring a few hours later from 17 bullet wounds. She surrendered and spent a year in prison for "harboring" her spouse.*

---

7. The "Woman in Red," who betrayed John Dillinger, was:

A. Polly Hamilton
B. Mary Longnaker
C. Anna Sage
D. Billie Frechette

☛ *(C) Anna Sage, a madam whose lover was a cop who was also part of the FBI ambush outside the Biograph Theater.* *(continued overleaf)*

8. Which place keeps insisting it does not have Dillinger's prodigious pecker pickled in formaldehyde?

A. The National Museum of Health and Medicine in Washington, D.C.
B. The Smithsonian Institution
C. The Mutter Museum in Philadelphia
D. The Cook County, Illinois, coroner's office

☛ *All of them, but legend most often places it at the Smithsonian. You should write to the Smithsonian at Washington, D.C. 20560, just to get its form letter denying there's any truth to the rumor.*

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9. The Thompson submachine gun was first marketed in:

A. 1917
B. 1918
C. 1921
D. 1925

☛ *(C) It was conceived in 1917 as a trench weapon for World War One, completed too late in 1918 for military use and marketed commercially in 1921.*

10. During Prohibition, the Thompson became known as a:

A. Chopper
B. Tommy gun
C. Chicago typewriter
D. Antibandit gun

☛ *All of the above.*

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11. Which of the seven St. Valentine's Day Massacre victims was an optometrist who'd just stopped by the garage for coffee?

A. Adam Heyer
B. Albert Weinshank
C. John May
D. Reinhart Schwimmer
E. James Clark
F. Frank Gusenberg
G. Peter Gusenberg

☛ *(D) Reinhort Schwimmer, whose aged mother had warned him that selling eyeglasses to bootleggers could only get him in trouble.*

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12. Which Capone gunman was saved by his girlfriend, "The Blonde Alibi," from prosecution for the St. Valentine's Day Massacre, only to be convicted of transporting her across state lines for "immoral purposes"?

A. John Scalise
B. Albert Anselmi
C. "Machine Gun" Jack McGurn
D. Frankie Yale

☛ *(C) McGurn and girlfriend Louise Rolfe were found guilty of violating the Mann Act, but their convictions were overturned by the U.S. Supreme Court.*

13. Al Capone died in 1947 of:

A. Lead poisoning
B. Electrocution
C. Old age
D. Failure to practice safe sex

☛ *(D) Complications due to untreated syphilis.*

---

14. Which massacre led to G men's being allowed to carry guns?

A. The Baby Massacre
B. The Kansas City Massacre
C. The St. Valentine's Day Massacre
D. The Fox Lake Massacre

☛ *(B) The Kansas City Massacre of 1933, in which machine gunners, led by "Pretty Boy" Floyd, killed four lawmen as well as the man they were supposed to rescue.*

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15. Match these famous last, nearly last or at least memorable words with the guys who uttered them:

A. "I hate to bust a cap on a lady, especially when she's sitting down."
B. "Never trust a woman or an automatic pistol."
C. "The bastards never forget."
D. "Mother is the best bet, and don't let Satan draw you too fast."
E. "Nobody shot me."
F. "Tell the boys I'm coming home."
G. "We only kill each other."
H. "The only thing we have to sell is fear."
I. "Only Capone kills like that."
J. "They don't call him Bugs for nothing."

a. John Dillinger
b. Roger Touhy
c. "Dutch" Schultz
d. Wilbur Underhill
e. Frank Gusenberg
f. Frank Hamer
g. Billy Dauber
h. "Bugsy" Siegel
i. "Bugs" Moran
j. Al Capone

☛ *A(f) ex–Texas Ranger Hamer, after shooting Bonnie Parker; B(a) to a fellow gang member; C(b) Chicago bootlegger Touhy, gunned down in 1959 after serving 25 years in prison on a bogus kidnaping charge; D(c) Schultz, in a deathbed delirium; E(e) Gusenberg, who lived for a few hours after the St. Valentine's Day Massacre; F(d) Underhill, the "Tri-State Terror," mortally wounded in a shoot-out with Federal agents; G(h); H(g) Dauber, a Chicago hit man, shortly before he was murdered; I(i); J(j).*

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16. Who's the only famous American gangster ever convicted of murder and executed?

A. Joey Gallo
B. "Lucky" Luciano
C. Vito Genovese
D. Louis Buchalter
E. "Bugsy" Siegel
F. Dion O'Banion

☛ *(D) Buchalter, in 1944, for one of many killings he committed as a principal hit man for New York's Murder, Inc.*

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17. AS THE FLOWERS ARE ALL MADE SWEETER BY THE SUNSHINE AND THE DEW, SO THIS OLD WORLD IS MADE BRIGHTER BY THE LIVES OF FOLKS LIKE YOU is the touching epitaph on the gravestone of:

A. Ma Barker
B. Anna Sage
C. Bonnie Parker
D. Helen Nelson

☛ *(C) Bonnie Parker.*

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18. GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN is the somewhat less sentimental epitaph on the gravestone of:

A. "Baby Face" Nelson
B. John Dillinger
C. Clyde Barrow
D. "Pretty Boy" Floyd

☛ *(C) Clyde Barrow.*

19. Capone gunmen, firing from two apartment windows, managed to put a record 59 slugs into:

A. Hymie Weiss
B. Dion O'Banion
C. Joey Aiello
D. "Bugs" Moran

☛ *(C) Aiello, in 1930, who sought shelter from one machine-gun nest by hiding under the window that held another one.*

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20. Chicago's beer wars were set off by the "handshake murder" of the first North Side gang leader, who was:

A. "Bugs" Moran
B. Dion O'Banion
C. Vincent Drucci
D. Frank Nitti

☛ *(B) Three Capone gunmen entered O'Banion's flower shop on November 10, 1924, ostensibly to pick up a funeral wreath, shook hands with the gangster florist and held on so tight he couldn't reach for any of the three pistols he carried.*

(continued on page 140)

PLAYBOY PROFILE

WELCOME TO THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SLUT FEMINISM, WHERE

MADONNA'S SOFT-CORE AND A SHREWD SELL ADD UP TO HARD CASH

PLAYGIRL *of* THE WESTERN WORLD

By MICHAEL KELLY

PLEASE, take Madonna. Seriously.

Madonna Louise Ciccone has made more than $100,000,000 over the past four years selling the extraordinary product of herself. She will undoubtedly make even more over the next four. Her business is singing, dancing and acting; the singing is not great and is sometimes lip-synched, the dancing is energetic but not inspired, the acting is appealing but amateurish. She is a creature of blatant artifice who repackages herself to calculated effect every two years, as if she were a Congressman running scared for re-election. She is nakedly ambitious, manipulative, exploitive. Her facial expressions run the gamut from "Fuck you" to "Fuck me." She has a reputation for having clawed her way up over the bodies of softer and weaker humans, most of them men. (In New York, when she was still rising to fame in the early Eighties, some spoke of her as "McDonna—over one billion served.") She is shallow, obvious and as vulgar as a belch.

It is, therefore, entirely appropriate that on this July afternoon, as she stands on a giant stage flanked by four-story-tall figures of naked bald men, grabbing her crotch and singing about the pleasures of being spanked, she should be greeted by the heartfelt cheers of 75,000 people who seem to feel hers is the wisdom of the ages, or at least of the moment. Entirely

ILLUSTRATION BY OLIVIA DEBERARDINIS

appropriate. Quite right. As perfectly fitting as her own exposed brassiere. The last *fin de siècle* was scored by Debussy. The cusp of the third millennium belongs, God help us, to Madonna. She is the defining figure of our pop culture, a perfect reflection, only slightly magnified, of all that is around her.

Wembley Stadium, a big concrete squat of a building plopped down in the middle of a London suburb, is as ugly as the 20th Century gets, which is damned ugly, indeed. Inside, the young women and girls who make up two thirds of the crowd are very excited. The arena's infield, covered with a dirty black-plastic tarp, is a grand costumed mass of Madonnacolytes, all paying homage to one or another of the versions of their icon through their choice of clothes. Some are Boy Toys—that was the Madonna of the early Eighties—in cutoff jeans and skimpy halters and make-up that is an exaggerated mask of sluttish intent; others are playing the more sophisticated parody, the push–pull Madonna, at once sexually enticing and repellent in black *bustiers* and exposed bras matched with unflattering Lycra pants, cheap rayon blouses and clunky, ugly shoes. Some are festooned in chains and crucifixes in imitation of Madonna's imitation of blasphemy.

Up on the giant stage, Madonna is nearing the close of the elaborate, mirror-polished 105-minute act that is the heart of Blond Ambition, her 1990 world tour. The act has displayed her every face—tramp, vamp, bad girl, lost girl, torch carrier. But the great theme running through it is down-and-dirty sex. In the act's highlights, Madonna has pretended to slap, kick and caress her female backup singers; grabbed her pantied crotch half a dozen times; straddled and mock-screwed a black man dressed as a slave, heaving down on him with split-wide legs and moaning loudly with each thrust; mock-sodomized another half-naked man; humped a bordello-red velvet bed, legs splayed and pumping triple time under strobe lights in a parody of nymphomaniacal masturbation; straddled a fake altar rail while dressed as a priest and clutching a crucifix; and stuck her spangle-covered bottom high in the air for a pretend spanking.

The tightly choreographed show allows for a few brief speeches. The important one is a celebration of the word fuck, brayed in the accent of a New Jersey bad girl telling Daddy where to get off. The word comes out from her lovely pouting lips rhyming with hawk: Fawk! Fawk! Fawk! "Fawk is not a bad word! Fawk is a good word! Fawk is the reason I am here! Fawk is the reason you are here! If your mother and father did not fawk, you would not be here tonight. . . . So fawk you!"

Am I the only one in the stadium who watches all of this with astonishment? With a feeling that we have taken yet another baby step in the strange evolution of the century? Apparently, yes. Everyone else is happily boogieing to the beat. In the row behind me, a little boy who looks like Christopher Robin in Levi's and a Lacoste shirt is dancing exuberantly with his mother, she hugging him close from behind, the two of them swaying and hopping in happy unison. Next to them, the boy's teeny-bopper sister dances with their aunt. It is a pretty scene of togetherness.

Some say Madonna does it all for shock value, but that can't be right; there is no value to shock when no one is shocked anymore. And clearly, no one at Wembley is. People here are experiencing pleasure, not outrage. They are caught up in a *frisson* of desire, a bit of a naughty thrill, a quickening of pulse and slight warmth in the loins. That is all. Twenty-five years ago, when Madonna was a little girl in Michigan, English and American teenagers burned and stomped Beatles records after John Lennon innocently pointed out that for many young fans, the Beatles were more popular than Jesus Christ. Now Madonna takes the stage in church vestments to sing the joys of fawking, masturbating, spanking, beating and buggering, and no one is tut-tutting except the increasingly unheard Vatican and a few of the British tabloids whose business it is to be appalled by all vulgarity except their own. Everyone else is dancing. In the last years of the second millennium, this is merely entertainment.

More important than what Madonna is doing on stage—it's pretty tame stuff, after all, in a culture that offers masturbatory telephone lines—is that she is doing it with the full participation and enjoyment of the shuffling multitude arrayed before her. In this regard, Madonna is doing something no one has done before. Within the context of music, she is presenting herself as a soft-porn fantasy figure, and she is not doing it in a private, adults-only setting, which is the traditional venue for such stuff. She is doing it in a very public arena for the masses. And—most important—she is not doing it for the benefit of men. She is doing it as a conscious act of defiance of males and for the interest and benefit of females.

In Madonna's early days, feminists decried her obvious sex games as a return to premovement sexual exploitation of women. But that was wrong. Madonna did, indeed, reject the blue-stocking prudery of the paleofeminists, but she did not do so in order to offer herself as a symbol of sexual submission to men. As she has pointed out, she is not really anybody's Boy Toy. What she exemplifies and advocates—for hers is a very political art—is not men's sexual control over women but women's over men. Her act, her songs and her videos all carry a clear and compelling message: Men want only one thing and women should ruthlessly exploit that wanting. Make 'em beg and make 'em suffer.

It is not subtle. The men in the Blond Ambition act are Girl Toys. Dressed in costumes that symbolize female sexual fantasies (slaves, prisoners, muscle men, priests, Warren Beatty), they submit to her explicitly sexual and violent will in song and dance, to be slapped or shoved aside at the conclusion. Madonna's outfits are an elaborate sneer at male notions of how women should dress to attract men. Her blandishment of underwear is not a celebration of the Frederick's of Hollywood mentality but a parody of it, an amplification and distortion of the trappings of feminine sensuality to the point of Felliniesque grotesquerie: garter straps flapping in the air over pants, brassieres with tips that end in rocket points, a bicycle jacket worn atop a corset. Similarly, Madonna's gestures are designed to simultaneously attract and repulse male desire, to exploit her own sexual appeal while mocking it. She follows a sweeping, Astairelike turn with a spread-leg squat, a bit of sinuous stretching with a crude pelvic thrust.

In an act where care is paid to the most minute details, all of this is calculated. The signature moment of the Blond Ambition tour, for example, is Madonna's crotch grabbing, an eloquent visual put-down of male phallic pride. You might think that this is one of those gestures that a seasoned performer could just practice a few times in front of a mirror and pretty much get down pat. Madonna hired a consultant to achieve it. She was coached by Vince Paterson, the 40-year-old choreographer who worked with pacesetting groin grabber Michael Jackson. Paterson recalls a conversation with Madonna that belongs peculiarly to our times.

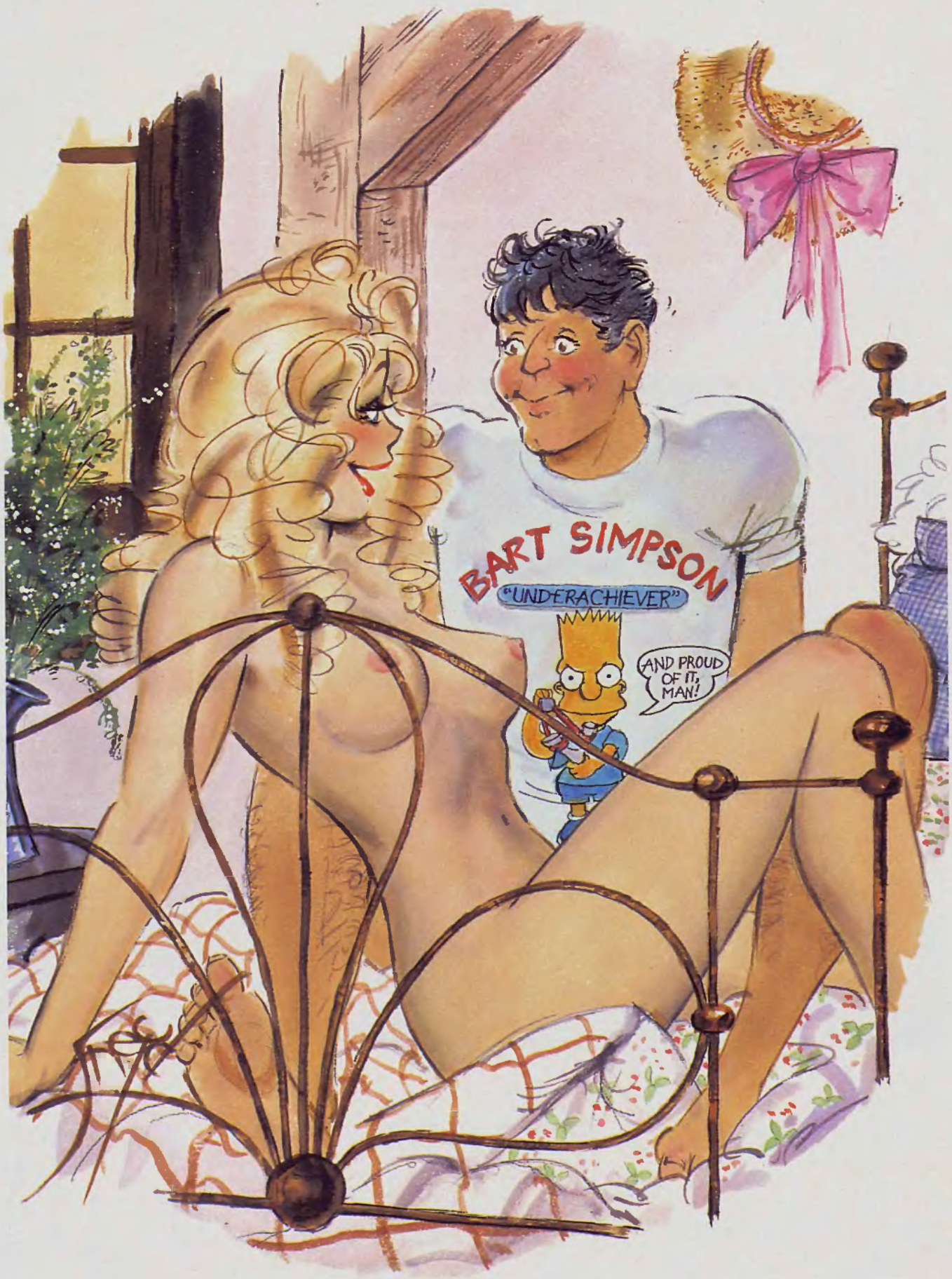
"Are you the one who had Michael Jackson grab his balls [in the *Bad* video]?" she asked.

"No," said Paterson, "he was grabbing his balls before I got on the *Bad* video."

"Well, maybe I should do it," said Madonna.

"Well, you should," said Paterson,

(continued on page 163)



"Whoever gave you that T-shirt never spent the night with you!"

MY HEAD'S still spinning," says Julie Clarke, best known for turning men's heads on the beaches of her beloved Naples, Florida. Seven months ago, she was working the phones at a local health club. Now that job's on hold. Julie—"Jules" to her friends—is living a life "that's like a fantasy vacation." Her dizzying ascent from Florida fitness buff to Playmate began when the tanned, tawny daughter of a globe-trotting G man (her dad, an FBI language specialist, sends her bikinis from Brazil) appeared at a swimwear pageant in Clearwater, looking untouchably fine. A local female-beauty inspector offered to send her picture to *Playboy*. "I said, 'Yes!' I'd always thought that if I ever had a chance to be a Playmate, you wouldn't have to ask me twice." We would have asked twice, of course, but it's lucky that we didn't have to—otherwise, you might not have met Julie yet. Relaxing beside

PRICELESS JULES

miss march dazzles her way from coast to coast

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
ARNY FREYTAG

the grotto at Playboy Mansion West, Julie works on her already-perfect tan. "I'm having the time of my life," she says, plotting an assault on Los Angeles night spots with her new pal, Playmate of the Year 1990 Reneé Tenison. Famously fit—she has been known to exhaust her dance partners at Skipper's in Tampa, where the dance floor is sand—Miss March hones her figure by sweating every last fat cell into submission. Her daily "Jules and Gym" workout: half an hour climbing stairs, half an hour with free weights and "hundreds and hundreds of sit-ups." Not one to sit still, Julie is just now getting warmed up for her new full-time job, "having *fun*. Maybe I'll settle down when I'm thirty, but not now. Plans? Well, I think I might go skinny-dipping in the ocean—I've always wanted to do that."

Posing nude for the first time "was fun. It was even funny. I loved being in the old-time-diner scene," says Julie, laughing, "but the hot lights melted my ice-cream sundae! Do you think that picture will turn out to be too suggestive?" Nooh. No way.

After a session in the gym or a midnight workout on the dance floor, Miss March looks forward to a long, luxurious massage. "When I meet a guy, I look at his hands. Big, strong hands are best," she says. "A great massage can hurt a little at first, but when all the kinks are out—that's when I feel like snuggling." Masseurs, take note: Julie's most snugglable when it's cold. "Of course, I'm a Floridian, sa it doesn't have to be tao cold. Maybe sixty."

MISS MARCH
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Julie Anne Clarke

BUST: 34 WAIST: 22 HIPS: 32

HEIGHT: 5'5" WEIGHT: 110

BIRTH DATE: 8/11/71 BIRTHPLACE: Tucson, Arizona

AMBITIONS: Graduate from college; make enough money to visit Australia.

TURN-ONS: Fresh air, sunshine, animals, men with cute buns and a sense of humor!

TURN-OFFS: Wake-up calls, cocky attitudes, small crowded places, pollution, bad breath!

PEOPLE I ADMIRE: Tawny Kitaen and President Bush — because I want her hair and he has the guts to run the country!

MY MAN: He's strong but sensitive, charming and gives a great massage!

TYPICAL A.M.: Stumbling out of bed, pouring O.J. on my cereal — I'm not a morning person!

PLAYBOY MEANS: Freedom to express my own sensuality!

Limerick Time in Georgia

13 yrs. old with my buddy René

my sexiest dress — Venus Swimwear Pageant

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The nervous young attorney shuffled papers and tried to look busy on his first morning at the prestigious law firm. As his secretary was leading his first client into the office, the lawyer snatched up the telephone receiver and barked, "I'm sorry, but I have a tremendous caseload and won't be able to look into this for at least two months. Call me back then and I'll see what I can do."

Returning the receiver to its cradle, he turned his attention to the newcomer. "And just what can I do for you?" he asked curtly.

"Nothing," the man replied. "I'm just here to hook up your phone."

Why were men given larger brains than dogs'? So they wouldn't hump women's legs at cocktail parties.

Three friends from New York decided to drive up to Canada to do some fishing. Having found a lake to their liking, the men launched their boat and headed out. After several hours, one of the men stood to reach for a beer, lost his balance and slid into the water. Twenty minutes later, his two friends noticed he was missing.

"Shit, Charley must have fallen in!" one exclaimed as he set his rod down and jumped in to search for his lost friend.

After a few dives, he dragged a soggy body up into the boat and began performing mouth-to-mouth resuscitation.

"Jeez, I never knew Charley had such bad breath!" the rescuer said, coming up for air.

"Yeah," said the other, "and I don't remember Charley wearing a snowmobile suit, either!"

What's the difference between cheating on your wife and cheating on your taxes? If you tell the truth about your taxes, the IRS will still want to screw you.

During the long walk home from the subway, Bruno boasted to his wife, "You know, Bertha, dogs can sense things about people. Ever notice how every time we go someplace, dogs—big dogs, small dogs, even the meanest dogs—all come up and lick my hand?"

"Maybe they wouldn't be so friendly," Bertha retorted sharply, "if you ate with a knife and fork."

A man's speech therapist suggested he take up parachuting as a way to build his self-confidence, hoping that would help cure the man's stutter.

"The moment you leave the plane," the instructor reminded his class, "start counting. When you get to three, pull the cord."

At the instructor's signal, the students began jumping from the plane. One by one, the parachutes opened. Suddenly, the stutterer went racing by everyone else at enormous speed. He was last heard saying, "T-t-t-t-t-t-t-t-t-two. . . ."

A victim of a shipwreck was washed ashore on a remote Pacific island and was immediately captured by a band of cannibals. After being tied to a stake, the hapless captive was slashed in the arms and forced to watch as the savages drank his blood.

After several days of this, the poor fellow called for the cannibal king. "You can kill me if you want to, but this torture has got to stop," he protested. "I'm tired of being stuck for the drinks!"

Parents at Beverly Hills High School were delighted to hear that the administration had added a shop class to the curriculum—until they found out that it was a field trip to Rodeo Drive.

As she lay in bed with her lover, the woman heard her husband come into the house. The lover jumped up, grabbed his pistol and hid under the bed.

"I know there's a man here!" the husband yelled. He looked on the terrace. "Not here." He looked in the bathroom. "Not here." He looked in a closet. "He's not in here." Finally, he went into the bedroom, looked under the bed, saw the man with the gun and said, "He's not under *here*, either."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, Playboy, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"Howdy, stranger. Or is it pardner?"

PGA
NATIONAL GOLF CLUB
Club Car
187

F O R E P L A Y

great golf garb and gear that come in way under par *fashion* By HOLLIS WAYNE

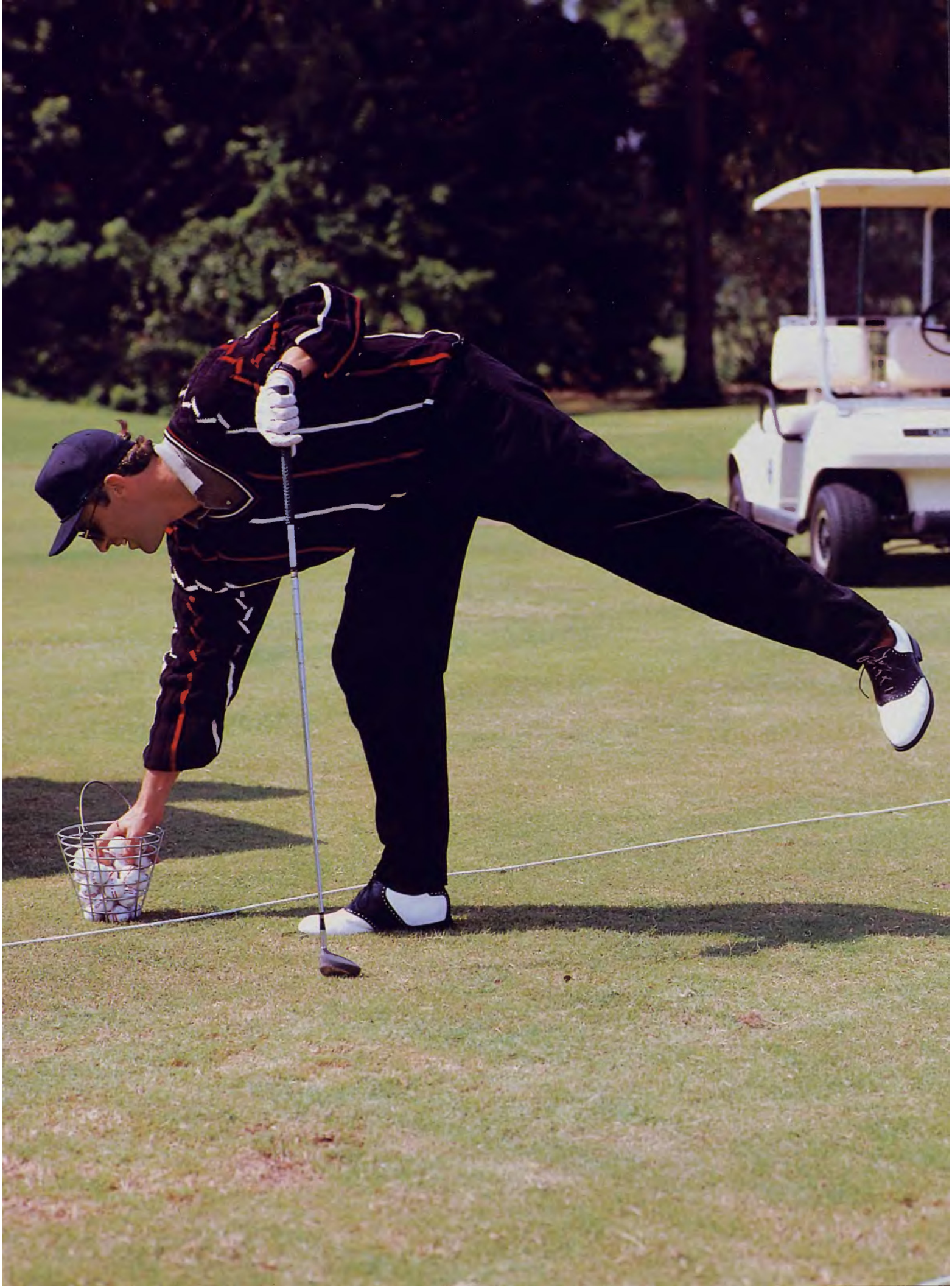
DRESSING for a round of golf has come full circle. In the Twenties, when the game first hit its stride in the U.S., players wore street clothes. Today, golf is the fastest-growing participant sport, and whether you're playing a public course or a more posh one such as the P.G.A. National Resort in Palm Beach Gardens, Florida, where we photographed this feature, what you wear on the links can be worn for almost any casual occasion. Instead of the loud, look-at-me pleatless pants and Orlon sweaters of the past decade, men are now opting for more classic selections and choosing comfortable, elegant fabrics made of luxurious natural fibers such as cotton, linen, silk and cashmere. Old-school

P.G.A. National Resort's four tournament courses cover a lot of ground—2340 acres. So does golf, in its fashion. At left, cotton checked jacket, $200, and cotton V-neck pullover, $100, both from British Open by Joseph & Feiss; worn with cotton Supima lisle piqué polo shirt, by Cross Creek, $50; cotton pants, by Bobby Jones, $190; wing-tip golf shoes, by Fratelli Rossetti, $360; and socks, by Stanley Blacker, about $10; plus sunglasses, by Oliver Peoples, $125; and leather golf glove, by Daiwa, $18. Right: On in two wearing a nylon jacket, $295, cotton oxford shirt, about $55, silk/linen vest, $165, cotton poplin pants, $125, silk sportsman tie, about $60, and cap, $35, all from Polo by Ralph Lauren; leather saddle golf shoes, by Ralph Lauren Footwear, about $445; washable suede golf glove, by Valley Forge, about $9.

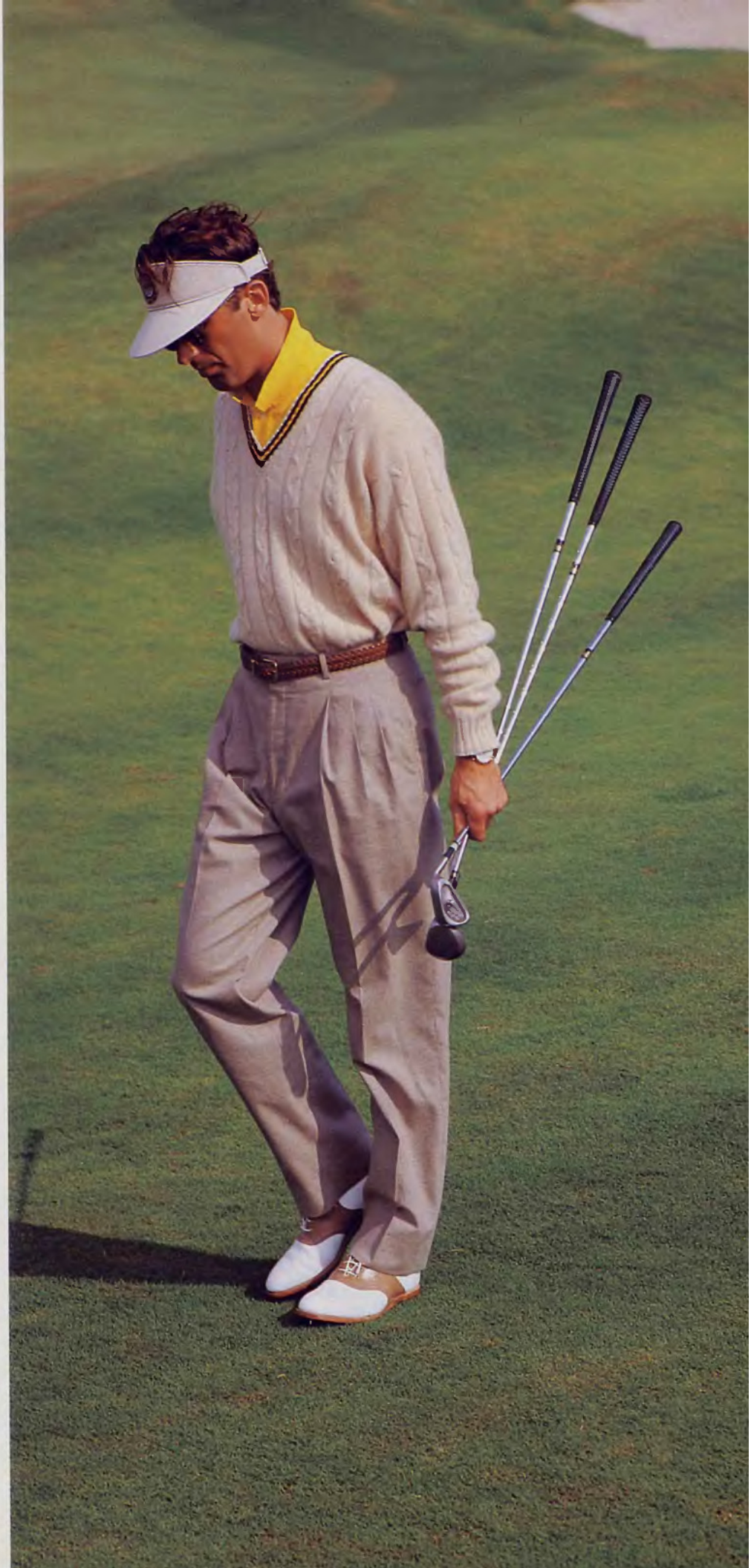
PHOTOGRAPHY BY ULI ROSE

ties and straight-collared knitted pullovers, formerly required 19th-hole attire, have been replaced by more relaxed offerings such as V-neck or cardigan sweaters, round-collared polo shirts and pleated trousers. Walk shorts also are becoming popular, particularly among young players. Hartmarx, manufacturer of the Bobby Jones Collection of golf clothes, states that the correct inseam length for walk shorts worn in most private clubs is 19 inches. Anything shorter and your foursome may become a threesome as you attempt to get through the door. And baseball caps and visors are spiffy alternatives to the snap-top newsboy look—especially when you want to keep the sun from botching that eagle putt.

Save the jogging shorts for the track. The big swing is to walk shorts when things heat up on the course. The cotton pleated ones at left, by Izod Lacoste, $45, have been teamed with a waterproof golf jacket, $200, and cap, about $15, both by MacGregor; Peruvian cotton polo shirt, by Sansabelt Golf, $35; and washable leather golf shoes, by Signature, about $80; plus sunglasses, by Carerra, $90; sports watch, by Bulova, $185; and leather golf glove, by Doiwa, $18. If you're not into shorts, don't sweat it. Breathable fabrics, such as cotton and linen, will keep you cool when the weather's not. The golfer at right wears a cotton cable-stitched sweater, by Burberrys, $145; stone-washed cotton polo shirt, by Duckhead, $32; brushed-cotton twill pleated trousers, by Ashworth, about $60; sports watch, by Bulova, $195; leather golf shoes, by Dexter, about $110; plus wire-frame glasses, by Oliver Peoples, about $210; and The Classic golf glove, by Volley Forge, about $14.



Where & How to Buy on page 163.



Our wish list of 18-hole goodies includes, clockwise from top right: Cotton cop, from Polo by Rolph Louren, $35. Cotton cordigan vest, by Joseph Abboud, $250. Cotton twill wotch-ploid umbrello with wooden handle, by Rolph Louren, $85. Leother golf brogues, by Stylo, obout $200. Block Wotch golf-boll coddie, by Rolph Louren, $30. Self-winding, water-resistont, stainless-steel golf wotch thot can keep score for two people, by Oris, $1100. Digitol Forties golf wotch of 10-kt.-rolled-gold plote with steel back and leather strop, by Elgin Monufocturers, $1100. Pole-yellow cotton piqué polo shirt, by Bogner, $48. Willow-green cotton polo shirt, by Izod Lacoste, obout $40. Intorsio/cotton Argyle button-front cardigan, by Whitfield & Bridges, $94. Cowhide golf bog with motching club covers from the Corocciola Collection, by Gold Pfeil, $4000. In the pocket of the bag are hand-crofted SofFlex cabretta leother golf gloves, by Grandoe, $18. Atop it is a Stewart torton golf towel, by Ralph Lauren Home Collection, $12. Right: For ironclad good looks and o fit thot leoves plenty of room for your swing, choose loose cosuals such os this coshmere V-neck double-cable-knit sweoter, by Gentry Portofino, $595; ond cotton shirt, by Izod Locoste, about $40; worn with silk/cotton checked trousers, by Cordovon & Grey, $125; nubuck-suede belt, by Cole Haon, obout $60; ond leother golf shoes with oxford contrast stitching, by Johnston & Murphy, $165.

JAMES IMBROGNO

THE CLONE ZONE

we have made vast strides in the biological sciences— we will want you to visit our laboratories

fiction **By ROBERT SILVERBERG**

THE AIRPORT was very new. It had a bright, shiny, major-world-capital feel, and for a moment, Mondschein thought the plane had landed in Rio or Buenos Aires by mistake. But then he noticed the subtle signs of deception, the tackiness around the edges, the spongy junk behind the gleaming façades, and knew that he must, indeed, be in Tierra Alvarado.

"*Señor* Mondschein?" a deep male voice said while he was still marching down the corridors that led to the immigration lounge. He turned and saw a short, wide-shouldered man in a beribboned green-and-red comic-opera uniform that, he remembered after a moment, was that of the Guardia de la Patria, the Maximum Leader's elite security corps. "I am Colonel Aristegui," he said. "You may come with me, please. It was a good journey? You are not overly fatigued?"

Aristegui didn't bother with passport formalities. He led Mondschein through a steel doorway marked SEGURIDAD, INGRESO PROHIBIDO that admitted them to a series of bewildering passageways and catwalks and spiral staircases. There was no veneer back here: Everything was severely functional—gun-metal-gray walls, exposed rivets and struts, harsh unshielded light fixtures that looked a century old. Here it comes, Mondschein thought: This man will take me to some deserted corner of the airstrip and touch his laser pistol to my temple and they will bury me in an unmarked grave, and that will be that, five minutes back in the country and I am out of the way forever.

The final visa approval had come through only the day before, the fifth of June, and just hours later, Mondschein had boarded the Aero Alvarado flight

PAINTING BY CARLOS NINE

that would take him in a single soaring supersonic arc nonstop from Zurich to his long-lost homeland on the west coast of South America. Mondschein hadn't set foot there in 25 years, not since the Maximum Leader had expelled him for life as a sort of upside-down reward for his extraordinary technological achievements: For it was Mondschein, at the turn of the century, who had turned his impoverished little country into the world leader in human cloning.

In those days, it was called the Republic of the Central Andes. The Maximum Leader had put it together out of parts of the shattered nations that in an earlier time had been known as Peru, Chile and Bolivia. But now the name of the country was Tierra Alvarado and its airline was Aero Alvarado and its capital was Ciudad Alvarado. That was a fine old South American tradition. You expected a Maximum Leader to clap his name on everything, to hang his portrait everywhere, to glorify himself in every imaginable way.

Alvarado had carried things a little further than most, though, by having two dozen living replicas of himself created, the better to serve his people. That had been Mondschein's final task as a citizen of the republic, the supreme accomplishment of his art: to produce two dozen AAA Class clones of the Maximum Leader, which could function as doubles for Alvarado at the dreary meetings of the Popular Assembly, stand in for him at the interminable National Day of Liberation parades and keep would-be assassins in a constant state of befuddlement. They were masterpieces, those two dozen Alvarados—all but indistinguishable from the original, the only AAA Class clones ever made. With their aid the Maximum Leader was able to maintain unblinking vigilance over the citizens of Tierra Alvarado 24 hours a day.

But Mondschein didn't care how many Alvarados he might be coming home to. Twenty, 50, 100, what did that matter? Alvarado still held the entire country in his pocket, as he had for the past generation. That was the essential situation. To Mondschein, the clones made no real difference at all.

In fact, there was very little that did make a difference to Mondschein. He was getting old and slept badly most of the time. He wanted to speak his native language again—Spanish as it had been spoken in Peru and not the furry Spanish of Spain—and he wanted to breathe the sharp air of the high mountains and eat *papas a la huancaina* and *anticuchos* and a proper *ceviche* and maybe see the ancient walls of Cuzco once more and the clear dark water of Lake Titicaca. It didn't seem likely to him that Alvarado had granted him a pardon after all this time simply for the sake of luring him back to face a firing squad. The safe conduct, which Mondschein hadn't in any way solicited but had been overjoyed to receive, was probably sincere: a sign that the old tyrant had mellowed at last. And if not, well, at least he would die on his native soil, which somehow seemed better than dying in Bern, Toulon, Madrid, Stockholm, Prague, wherever—any of the innumerable cities in which he had lived during his long years of exile.

•

They emerged from the building into a bleak, deserted rear yard, where empty baggage carts were strewn around like the fossil carcasses of ancient beasts, a perfect place for a quiet execution. The dry cool wind of early winter was sweeping a dark line of dust across the bare pavement. But to Mondschein's astonishment, an immense sleek black limousine materialized from somewhere almost at once and two Guardia men hopped out, saluting madly. Aristegui beckoned him into the rear of the vast car. "Your villa has been prepared for you, Dr. Mondschein. You are the guest of the nation. When you are refreshed, the Minister of Scientific Development requests your attendance at the Palace of Government, perhaps this afternoon." He flicked a finger and a mahogany panel swung open, revealing a well-stocked bar. "You will have a cognac? It is the rare old. Or champagne, perhaps? A whiskey? Everything imported, the best quality."

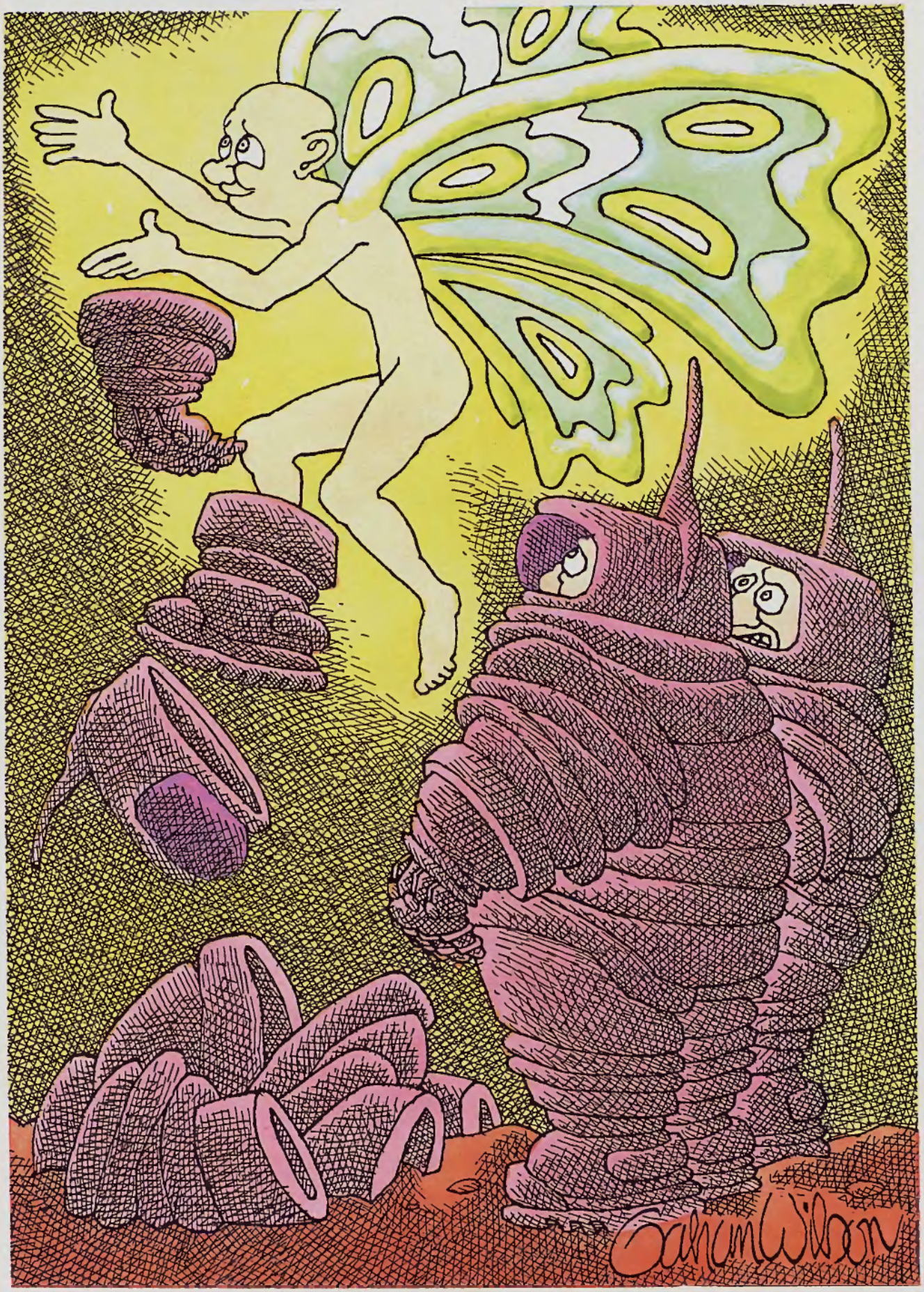
"I don't drink," said Mondschein.

"Ah," said Aristegui uncertainly, as though that were a fact that should have been on his prep sheet and unaccountably hadn't been. Or perhaps he had simply been looking forward to nipping into the rare old himself, which now would be inappropriate. "Well, then. You are comfortable? Not too warm, not too cool?" Mondschein nodded and peered out the window. They were on an imposing-looking highway now, with a city of pastel-hued high-rise buildings visible off to the side. He didn't recognize a thing. Alvarado had built this city from scratch in the empty highland plains midway between the coast and the lake, and it had been only a few years old when Mondschein had last seen it, a place of raw gouged hillsides and open culverts and half-paved avenues with stacks of girders and sewer pipes and cable reels piled up everywhere. From a distance, at least, it looked quite splendid now. But as they left the beautifully landscaped road that had carried them from the airport to the city and turned off into the urban residential district, he saw that the splendor was, unsurprisingly, a fraud: The avenues had been paved, all right, but they were reverting to nature, cracking and upheaving as the swelling roots of the bombacho trees and the candelero palms that had been planted down the central dividers ripped them apart. The grand houses of pink and green and azure stucco were weather-stained and crumbling, and Mondschein observed ugly random outcroppings of tin-roofed squatter shacks sprouting like mushrooms in the open fields behind them, where elegant gardens briefly had been. He thought of his comfortable little apartment in Bern and felt a pang.

But then the car swung off onto a different road, into the hills to the east, which even in the city's earliest days had been the magnificently appointed enclave of the privileged and powerful. Here was no sign of decay. The gardens were impeccable, the villas spacious and well kept. Mondschein remembered this district well. He had lived in it himself before Alvarado had found it expedient to give him a one-way ticket abroad. Names he hadn't thought of in decades came to the surface of his mind: This was the Avenida de las Flores, this was Calle del Sol, this was Camino de los Toros, this was Calle de los Indios, and this—this——

He gasped. The handsome two-story building with the white façade and the red-tile roof in front of which the limousine had halted was, in fact, *his* villa, the actual and much-beloved villa he had lived in long ago, until the night when the swarthy little frog-faced officer of the Guardia had come to him to tell him that he was expelled from the country. He had had to leave everything behind then—his books, his collection of ancient scientific instruments, his pre-Columbian ceramics, his rack of Italian-made suits and fine vicuña coats, his pipes, his cello, his family albums, his greenhouse full of orchids, even his dogs. One small suitcase was all they had let him take with him on the morning flight to Madrid, and from that day on, he had never permitted himself to acquire possessions but had lived in a simple way, staying easily within the very modest allowance that the Maximum Leader in his great kindness sent him each month wherever he might be. And now they had given him back his villa. Mondschein wondered who had been evicted, on how much notice and for what trumped-up cause, to make this building available after all this time. For the first time, he wondered whether his impulsive decision to accept Alvarado's astonishing invitation

(continued on page 142)

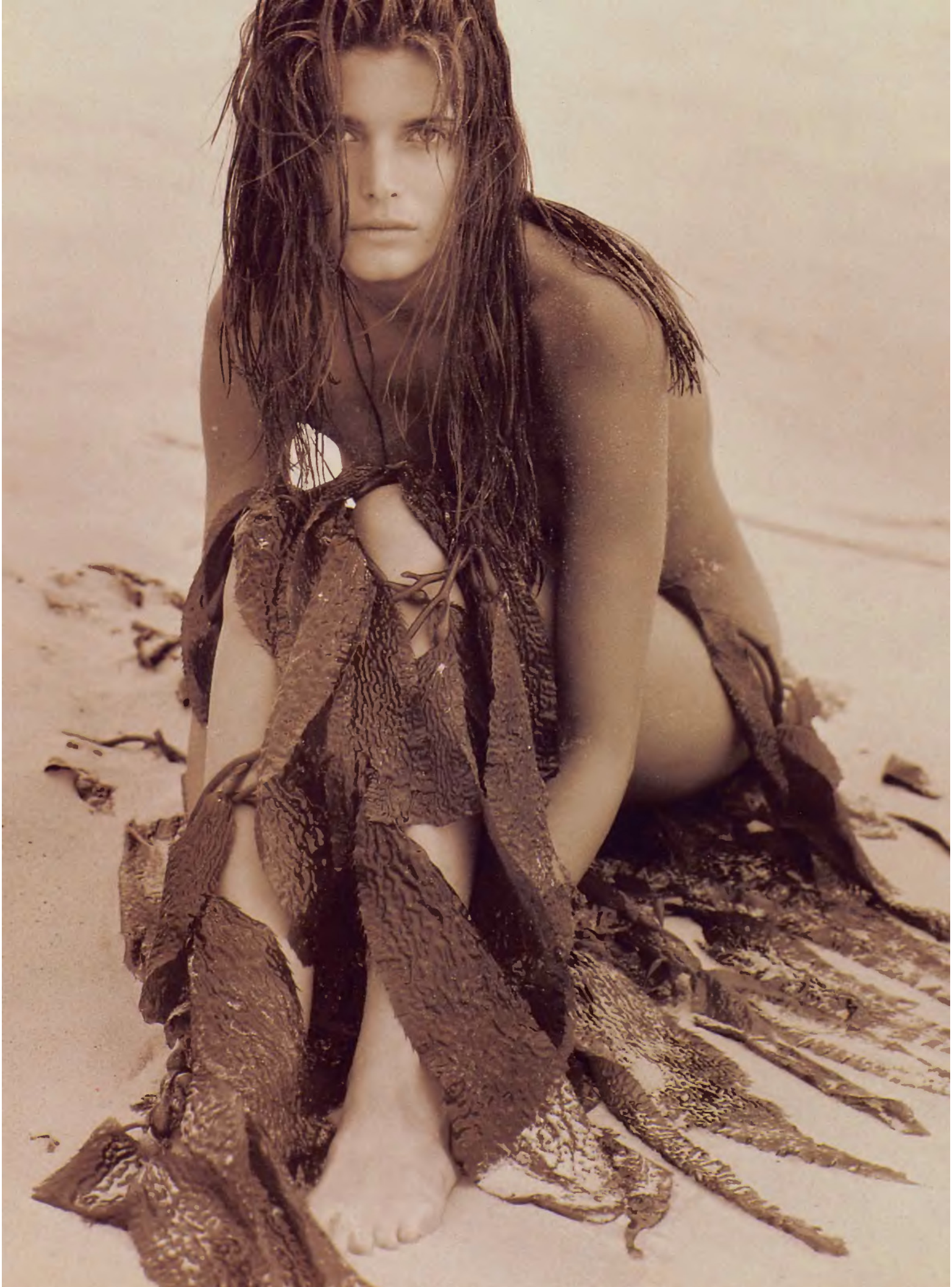


"I must say this planet is having an odd effect on our astronauts."

STEPHANIE

A HERB RITTS PORTFOLIO

START WITH a secluded beach, miles of white sand on Hawaii's Kona coast. Paint the sky turquoise to match the smooth Pacific. Add one of the world's most beautiful women, equal parts beauty and energy, and one of the reigning photographers of celebrity and glamour. It's the intersection of magic and technique—photographer Herb Ritts's latest exhibition, starring supermodel Stephanie Seymour. "A sea fantasy," Ritts calls it. "It's always summer on that beach. I wanted these images to suggest a timeless summer, and Stephanie was perfect. She combines a very childlike, innocent quality—like the Little Mermaid—with a mature kind of beauty. In the modeling world, she's known for her great body, but it's what she does with that body that counts. Stephanie's sensuously creative, and she trusts me," he says. "It can be harder to make beautiful images when your model doesn't have clothes to work with. That wasn't the case in Hawaii." His mermaid agrees. "I do trust Herb," says Stephanie, who at 22 is a veteran of countless fashion shoots and three famous appearances in *Sports Illustrated*'s swimsuit issue. "All alone, with no need to cover myself—this was more interesting than a fashion shoot. I could be uninhibited and free."



The Ritts-and-Seymour mutual-admiration society expands: "Because this was for *Playboy*, there was no commercial pressure. It wasn't about the clothes, because there were no clothes. I liked that. This was about the photographer's vision, and about *me*," says Stephanie, who earned her fame—not to mention the lust of *S.I.* readers—by looking great inside the creations of the globe's top fashion designers. "I'm delighted," Ritts says, "by the fact that *Playboy* wanted these images—new, atypical images that would look equally good in *Playboy* or *Vogue*." As longtime fans of the women in that magazine, we must say that we can't quite imagine these photos in *Vogue*, but we think we know what he means. Beauty is, as Ritts suggests, independent of context.

Still, we're delighted to have given Stephanie Seymour, with her famous friend's help, a chance to shed the inhibitions of commerce and show our readers a supermodel in the very private, vitally personal act of modeling nothing but herself. This exhibition, like the *Cherish* video Ritts directed for his pal Madonna, is a rare commingling of talents. We think it's one of the best recent examples of the photographer's art. It is also—let's be honest—a rare chance to trump *Sports Illustrated*'s near-perfect swimsuit issue (Stephanie makes her third *S.I.* splash in early February). Asked whether she has a favorite *S.I.* bikini, Stephanie says, "No. I don't think about them, I just wear them." To her, clothes are clothes. The real Stephanie Seymour, says Stephanie Seymour, is the one you see here.

Shooting this pictorial wasn't easy. Ritts, Seymour and company had to hire a fleet of jeeps and go off road, bouncing over scrub and ancient lava, to reach their empty beach. Soon another obstacle intervened. The local kelp was all wrong. It was too stringy and thick—too ordinary—to suit Ritts's vision of "a sea goddess." As his goddess waited, he ordered a shipment of seaweed from Marina del Rey, California. "Stephanie's a trouper," he says. "She was patient." When the California kelp arrived, it was slimy and cold. The thoroughly modern mermaid endured "two ridiculous hours," says Stephanie, smiling at the memory, while stylists festooned her with the accouterments of Venus rising from the deep. From morning until last light, she played Venus for Ritts's lens. "Some jobs are hard work, but when you're with someone you like, there's nothing to be afraid of," she says. "That's the kind of intimacy I have with Herb. When we started this shoot, I knew it would be fun—and it was." Models are often their own toughest critics; Stephanie admits that years of seeing hyperglamourous images of herself on hundreds of glossy pages can make a woman "picky." But when she saw these photos, "I fell in love with them. They were . . . beautiful." Looking back on his idyl with Stephanie, Ritts cites a singular detail: "Her eyes. In different lights, they change color, from blue to green." Asked what makes a supermodel super, Ritts says, "I can answer that in two words—Stephanie Seymour."

GEORGE JETSON, EAT YOUR HEART OUT!

HOME, SMART HOME

EXCITING ADVANCEMENTS in home electronics in recent years have led to a host of new products designed to transform even the humblest home into a technological wonderland. High-I.Q. television sets, VCRs and stereo equipment—even tiny black boxes that virtually run the house—these indentured electronic servants provide preprogrammed, mixed-media, multiroom audio and video entertainment, and they perform such mundane tasks as opening the door, lighting the fire and drawing the bath. Sorry, you'll still have to peel your own grapes.

If you'd like to give your home added brain power, read on for some great ideas. We've covered some of the best and brightest products on the market, as well as explored efforts being made in this country and abroad to create homes so smart they seem more the stuff of science fiction than of real-world ingenuity.

HOME IS WHERE THE SMART IS

A dream house is growing in the Pacific Northwest, near Seattle. It's a multimillion-dollar palace (with a 28-car underground garage!) for one of the heaviest hitters in computer software, Microsoft's William Gates III. True to his stature and vision, Gates is investing a bundle on computerized systems to automate his sophisticated dwelling. Reportedly, electronic wands will be issued to each visitor as a means of unlocking doors and systems—and as a way of keeping in touch with guests. An electronic library of thousands of CD-ROM disks will be accessible at audio/video stations integrated into every room. Project designers have been told to avoid whimsical, world's-fair-style, home-of-the-future gimmickry such as robots that serve tea.

Meanwhile, on the opposite shore, the National Association of Home Builders and The Smart House Limited Partnership, a for-profit organization based in Maryland, are

modern living • By JONATHAN TAKIFF

ILLUSTRATION BY STEVE BOSWICK

working with a consortium of utility companies and household-product manufacturers to build a prototype home of the future with modern electronic conveniences specified on the blueprint. Key features in the works include energy-saving heating systems, burglar alarms, lawn sprinklers and kitchen appliances operated via a centralized computer. Eventually, they'd like to develop a complete line of home appliances that carry their own Smart House brand endorsement. To date, investments in the project have totaled $60,000,000, with no firm completion date in sight.

Atlanta home buyers will soon have the chance to bid on the nation's first Electric Smart House, a 3000-square-foot single-family dwelling that's expected to sell for about $300,000. One of the home's key selling points is its high-tech heating-and-cooling system, which in conjunction with other energy-saving devices is estimated to cut utility costs by as much as 50 percent annually. Computer touch screens built into the walls of the home enable the owners to control energy consumption as well as monitor security and home-entertainment systems, plus an abundance of standard household appliances. Special living moods also have been programmed into the touch screens—choose "Romantic Evening," for example, and the lights dim, the shades draw and sexy music filters through the audio system. This home of the future is the result of a $2,000,000 investment by the electric-utility industry and is the first of many Smart Houses planned for major markets throughout the country.

Comparatively speaking, Mastervoice's five-pound Butler-in-a-Box Home Environmental Control System seems a steal at $3000 to $5000, installed. Recognizing four voices in any language and responding with gentlemanly grace ("As you wish, sir"), this computerized Godfrey can be programmed to take charge of dozens of appliances. Besides accepting voice (and touch) commands, the Butler takes cues from preset internal timers. For example, you can say "Good morning" and Butler-in-a-Box will turn up the heat, click on the TV, illuminate the bathroom and start brewing your coffee. Return home from a long, hard day at the office, say "Help!" and the Butler will draw the curtains, put on soothing music and bubble up the whirlpool. Murmur "Good night" and it will gently play out a complex bedtime scenario, from checking that the front door is double-locked to heating your electric blanket or adjusting the air conditioning.

The plucky Butler also works overtime as a hands-free telephone and security guard. If an interloper's voice print doesn't satisfy the Butler, it will go into action—blinking the house lights, triggering an alarm and calling the police. If the Butler's robotic English accent seems too wimpy, you can reprogram its voice box to question an intruder the way Bart Simpson might: "I'm [your name]. Who the hell are you?"

MULTIROOM SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

Not all of us can afford to elevate our homes to genius status, but that doesn't mean we can't invest in a few smart items to make our place seem sexier and more magical.

Take your entertainment system, for example. Why buy individual VCRs and stereo equipment for different rooms when you can install a single system that will carry sight and sound to television sets and speakers throughout most of your home? From Bose to Carver and Sharp to Soundstream, a growing number of audio/video manufacturers are developing affordable multiroom audio/video entertainment systems that can be customized to your listening and viewing whims.

The Danish manufacturer Bang & Olufsen has been creating whole-house, one-brand audio installations for more than a decade. Its Beosystem 6500 component system or Beocenter 9500 integrated audio system, combined with a new remote-control system with master links, offers state-of-the-art multiroom entertainment that's simple to operate and great to look at.

Aside from accepting basic commands such as signaling the VCR to record while you're away from home, the remote control enables you to program a CD player to awaken you in the morning, switch from one source to another automatically and even score an entire party's musical environment. You can program an easy-listening radio station to play in the living room when the gang arrives, a classical CD to season dinner, something jazzy and low to go with the after-dinner drinks and a rock tape to accompany late-night dancing in the den or on the patio. Best of all, not only is the remote control easy to operate but remote commands can be issued from satellite listening/viewing stations elsewhere in the house. You just point an infrared controller at a Beo-linked TV or a wall-mounted sensor. A four-room hookup starts from $4000, excluding link wiring and labor.

Nakamichi, another leader in home-audio design, recently unveiled a new line of products especially suited to multiroom entertainment. Its cornerstone is the Nakamichi Receiver1 that sells for about $900. Aside from boasting 80-watts-per-channel power, this high-end component comes with a hand-held remote that operates as many as six inputs and ten AM/FM memory presets. When hooked up to optional sensors, Receiver1 can send control signals to as many as three rooms.

If you're considering Nakamichi's multiroom audio system, check out its new top-of-the-line CDPlayer2 ($649), featuring the ingenious MusicBank System. Its internal mechanism stores as many as seven discs, and loads, inserts and unloads them via a single-disc tray. This unique engineering marries the perfect sound of a single-disc player with the smooth performance of a traditional multidisc unit.

If all you desire is to switch a stereo's program source or lower the volume from another room, Pioneer is now manufacturing a full line of rack systems and audio receivers with remote commands for as little as $300. The gear can be activated from more than one room when you wire the receiver to a signal-relay system. Onkyo and Sony also market close variations of receivers that can be controlled from a distance.

But Pioneer's top-end VSX-D1S audio/video receiver with Dolby Pro-logic Surround Sound ($1350) is a breed apart. Whereas other systems send a single signal from room to room, the VSX-D1S has enough power and versatility to enable you to pump two sound sources to different locations simultaneously. That means Aerosmith can be playing in the living room while Lyle Lovett makes sonic moves in the bedroom.

All of the previous installations call for hard wiring that must be threaded through the walls. But now a whole slew of FCC-approved wireless home-video broadcasting systems are surfacing from Gemini Rabbit, Vidicraft, Fox Electronics, Universal Security and Remex, among others. These clever signal-distributing devices transmit good color pictures and decent monaural sound to TV sets and stereo speakers 100 to 150 feet from the program source—be it a VCR, a camcorder, a video disc or a TV monitor—using either airwaves or the A.C. wiring as the signal conduit. Prices range from $100 to $150.

INTELLIGENT VIDEO

Tired of setting your VCR to record *M*A*S*H* reruns at 2:30 A.M. and

(continued on page 160)

A picture worth more than a thousand words.....

METAMORPHIC FLOWERS

Milton Glaser, world-renowned designer and artist whose works are held in the permanent collections of museums and galleries throughout the world, including the Smithsonian Institution and the Museum of Modern Art, has created Metamorphic Flowers. This new Glaser work is an inspired serigraph that transcends the beauty between realism and the abstract. It evokes cheerful thoughts and a peaceful, gentle mood of harmony between today and tomorrow. Worldwide edition strictly limited to 375. Printed in 25 colors. Hand numbered and signed. $500.

Serigrafia, the fine art publisher of the world's leading graphic artists, is offering Playboy readers the opportunity to acquire this important work by Milton Glaser.

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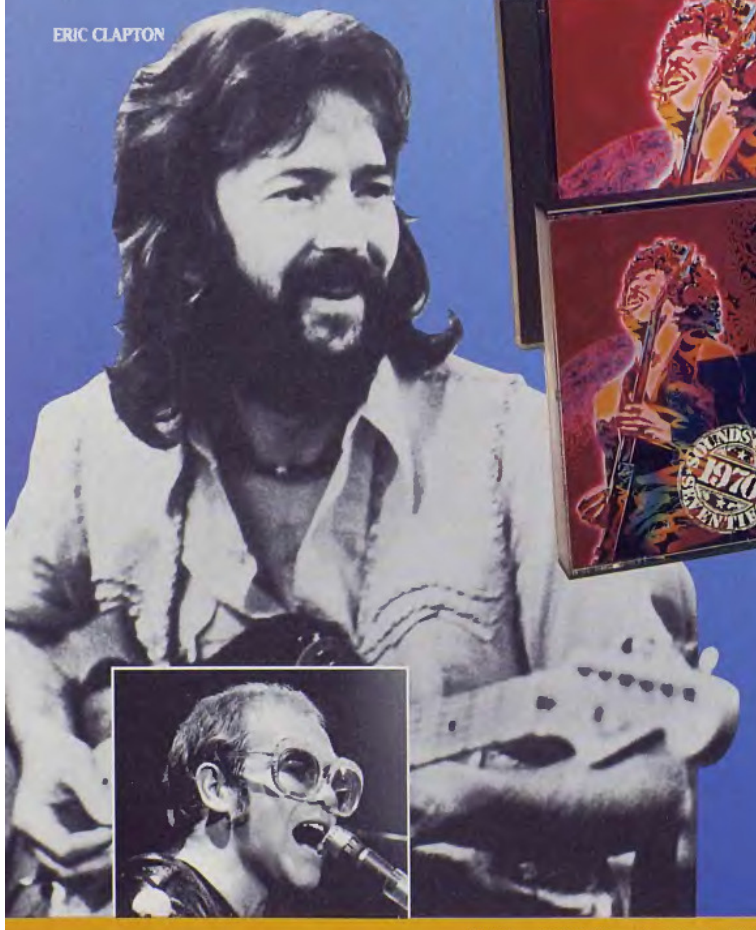
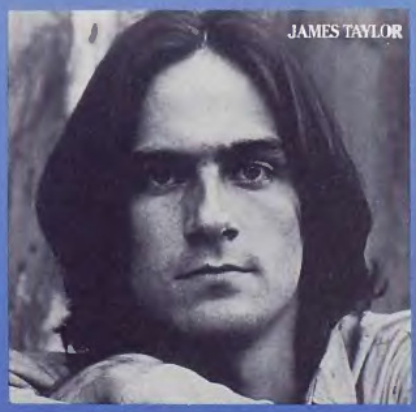
- **Lonely Days** Bee Gees
- **Domino** Van Morrison
- **Black Magic Woman** Santana
- **Up around the Bend** Creedence Clearwater Revival
- **After Midnight** Eric Clapton
- **He Ain't Heavy** The Hollies
- **Ride Captain Ride** Blues Image
- **Thank You (Falettinme Be Mice Elf Agin)** Sly and the Family Stone
- **Green-Eyed Lady** Sugarloaf
- **The Letter** Joe Cocker
- **ABC** The Jackson Five
- **War** Edwin Starr
- **Love on a Two-Way Street** The Moments
- **Uncle John's Band** The Grateful Dead
- **Spirit in the Sky** Norman Greenbaum
- **The Rapper** The Jaggerz





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NEW FROM TIME LIFE MUSIC

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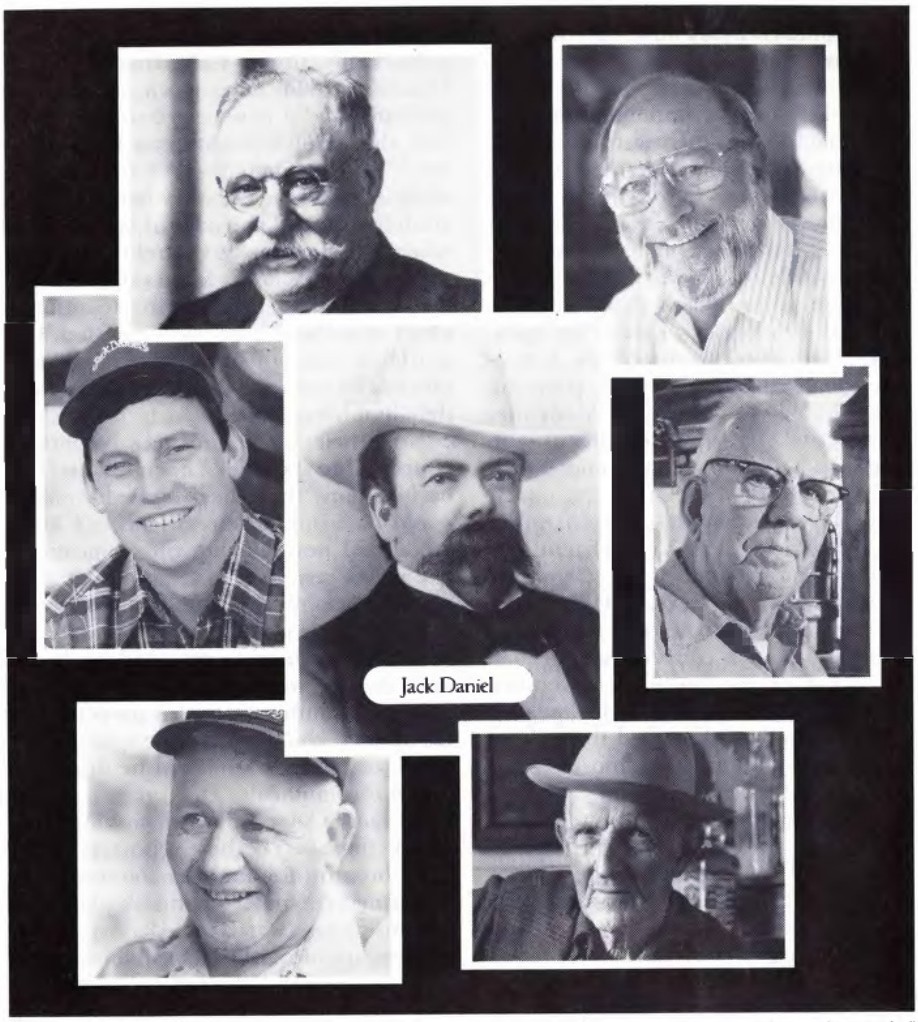

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"Don't kid me, Carol, I know when you're fantasizing."

QUIZ YOU CAN'T REFUSE

(continued from page 81)

21. Chicago's second North Side gang leader, Hymie Weiss, is remembered for:

A. Inventing the "one-way ride"
B. Sending a ten-car motorcade of gunmen down the main street of Cicero to shoot up Al Capone's headquarters
C. Getting machine-gunned in front of the Holy Name Cathedral
D. Elevating Capone to prominence by shooting John Torrio

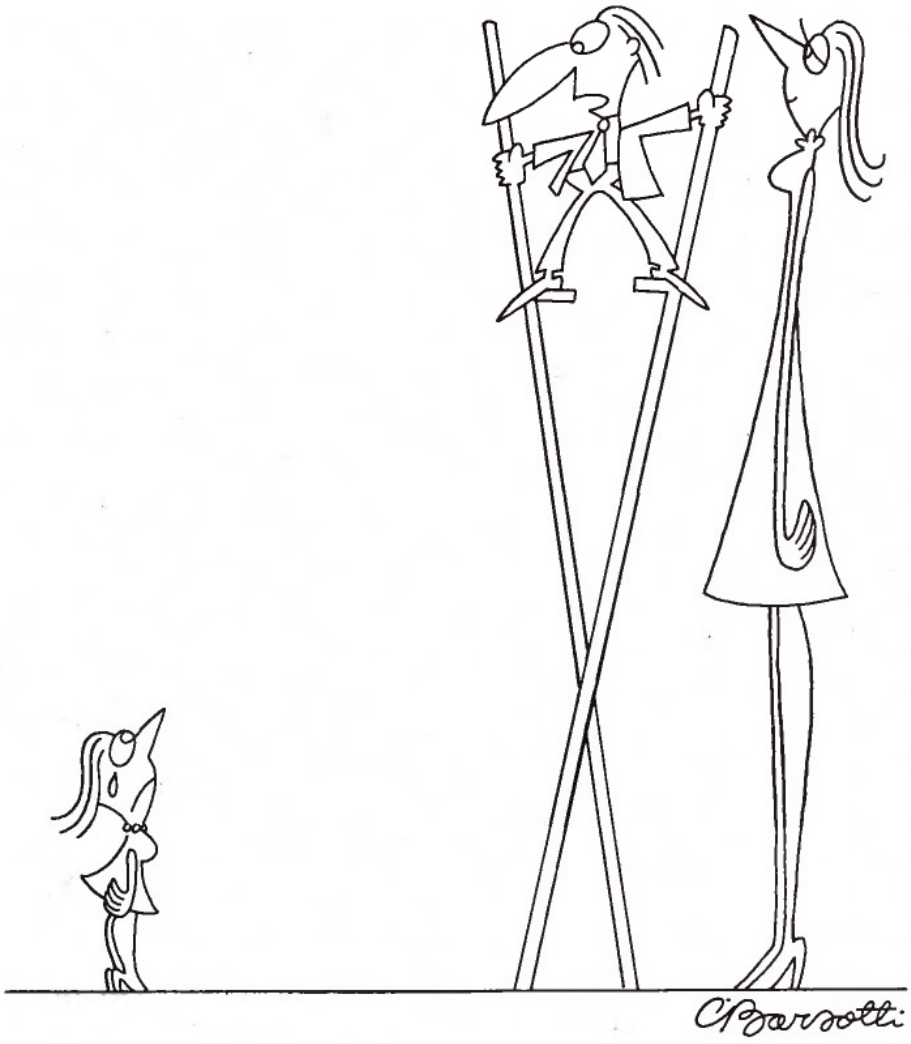
☛ *All of the above.*

22. True or false? September 10, 1931, became known as the Night of the Sicilian Vespers after a new generation of Mobsters led by "Lucky" Luciano "Americanized" the Mafia in a nationwide blood bath that eliminated nearly 40 old-time "Mustache Petes."

☛ *False. Don Salvatore Maranzano was killed on that date, but otherwise, this most enduring of Mafia legends seems to have no basis in fact.*

23. Which firearm inventor said, shortly before he died, "I have given my valedictory to arms, as I want to pay more attention now to saving human life than destroying it. May the deadly ——— always speak for God and country. It has worried me that the gun has been so stolen by evil men and used for purposes outside our motto, 'On the side of law and order'"?

A. Browning
B. Thompson
C. Maxim
D. Nobel
E. Vickers
F. Colt
G. Garand



"I'm sorry, Priscilla, but I've met someone else."

☛ *(B) Thompson, in 1939, regretting that the T.S.M.G. had become synonymous with gangsters.*

---

24. In the early Seventies, the silenced .22 automatic acquired popularity with hit persons because it caused so little commotion in parking lots and didn't wake up neighbors. While the modest .22 could be deadly, it did have a deflection problem, as demonstrated by the attempted hit on:

A. Allen Dorfman
B. Ken Eto
C. Sam Giancana
D. Jimmy Hoffa

☛ *(B) In a Chicago parking lot on February 10, 1983, several .22 bullets fired at close range bounced off the thick skull of gangster Ken Eto (no offense, Mr. Eto). Convinced that he was out of favor with the Mob, Eto became a Government witness.*

---

25. In the ordnance community, the proper name for a silencer is a:

A. Muffler
B. Compensator
C. Suppressor
D. Attenuator

☛ *(C).*

---

26. Contrary to the usual movie cliché, silencers work poorly on revolvers because:

A. Barrels are too short for gases to become trapped.
B. Calibers larger than .22 are difficult to silence.
C. Gas escapes through the gap between the cylinder and the barrel.
D. Silencers work fine on revolvers.

☛ *All of the above. (C) is most often the case, but silencers—er, suppressors—will work on revolvers if they are large enough for the caliber (maybe a foot long and three inches in diameter for a .357) and the cylinder is gunsmithed to eliminate the gap.*

---

27. How much does a silencer cost?

A. $50 to $150
B. $150 to $500
C. $500 to $1000
D. $10,000 and ten years in prison

☛ *(D) The nosy Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms wants to hear everything that's going on.*

---

28. Match the Mobster with his moniker:

A. Tony Accardo
B. Joey Aiuppa
C. Albert Anastasia
D. Paul Ricca
E. Felix Alderisio
F. Frank Costello
G. Al Capone
H. James Fratianno
I. Tony Spilotro
J. Abe Reles
K. Frank Nitti
L. Charles Luciano
M. Louis Buchalter
N. Joseph Masseria
O. Abner Zwillman
P. Vincent Alo
Q. Sam Giancana
R. Joseph Bonanno
S. Vincent Drucci

a. Doves
b. The Waiter
c. The Enforcer
d. Big Tuna
e. Longy
f. Lucky
g. The Weasel
h. Lord High Executioner
i. Momo

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k. The Big Fellow
l. Lepke
m. Bananas
n. Kid Twist
o. Prime Minister
p. Milwaukee Phil
q. Jimmy Blue Eyes
r. The Boss
s. Schemer

☛ *A(d), B(a), C(h), D(b), E(p), F(o), G(k), H(g), I(j), J(n), K(c), L(f), M(l), N(t), O(e), P(q), Q(i), R(m), S(s).*

29. Which of the following are not associated with organized crime?

A. Rico Fermi
B. Johnnie Sirica
C. Joseph DiMaggio
D. Frankie Capra
E. Big Al Pacino
F. Lucky Pavarotti
G. Ma Cabrini

☛ *Come on!*

"Well, he didn't so much force me to commit an unnatural act as make me wonder how much fun it might be."

THE CLONE ZONE

(continued from page 110)

to return had been a mistake.

"You recognize this house?" Aristegui asked. "You are surprised, are you not? Are you amazed with joy?"

•

They had made no attempt to restore his lost possessions or to undo the changes that had come to the house since he had lived there. The villa now was furnished in standard upper-class Peruvian-style comfort of the early years of the century, everything very safe, very unexceptional, very familiar, very dull. He was provided with a staff of four—a housekeeper, a cook, a driver, a gardener. Wandering through the airy, rambling house, he felt less pain than he had anticipated. His spirit was long gone from it; it was just a house. There were caged parrots in the garden and a white-and-gray cat was slinking about outside as if it belonged there; perhaps it was the cat of the former resident and had found its way back in the night.

He bathed and rested and had a light lunch. In the afternoon, the driver came to him and said, "May I take you to the Palace of Government now, *Señor* Dr. Mondschein? The minister is eager." The driver must be a Guardia man also, Mondschein realized. But that was all right. All of it was all right, whatever they did now.

The Palace of Government hadn't been finished in Mondschein's time. It was a huge sprawling thing made of blocks of black stone, fitted together dry-wall fashion to give it a massive pseudo-Inca look, and it was big enough to have housed the entire bureaucracy of the Roman Empire at its peak. Relays of functionaries, some in Guardia uniform, some not, led him through gloomy high-vaulted corridors, across walled courtyards and up grand and ponderous stone staircases, until at last an officious florid-faced aide-de-camp conducted him into the wing that was the domain of the Ministry of Scientific Development. Here he passed through a procession of outer offices and finally was admitted to a brightly lit reception hall lined with somber portraits in oils. He recognized Einstein and Leonardo da Vinci and guessed that the others were Aristotle, Darwin, Galileo, perhaps Isaac Newton. And in the place of honor, of course, a grand representation of the Maximum Leader himself, looking down with brooding intensity.

"His Excellency, the minister," said the aide-de-camp, waving him into an office paneled with dark exotic woods at the far end of the reception hall. A tall man in an ornately brocaded costume worthy of a bullfighter rose from a glistening desk to greet him. And unexpectedly, Mondschein found himself staring yet again at the unforgettable face of Diego

Alvarado. One of the clones, Mondschein thought. It had to be.

All the same, it felt like being clubbed in the teeth. The Minister of Scientific Development had Alvarado's hard, icy blue eyes, his thin lips, his broad brow, his jutting cleft chin. His smile was Alvarado's cold smile, his teeth were Alvarado's perfect, glistening teeth. He had the coarse curling bangs—graying now—that gave the Maximum Leader the look of a youthful, indomitable Caesar. His lanky body was lean and gaunt, a dancer's body, and his movements were a dancer's movements, graceful and precise. Seeing him awoke long-forgotten terrors in Mondschein.

"President Alvarado asks me to convey his warmest greetings," the clone said. It was Alvarado's voice, cool and dry. "He will welcome you personally when his schedule permits, but he wishes you to know that he is honored by your decision to accept his hospitality."

The aging had worked very well, Mondschein thought. Alvarado would be about 70 now, still vigorous, still in his prime. There were lines on this man's face in the right places, changes in the lines of his cheekbones and jaw, exactly as should have happened in 25 years.

"It wasn't any decision at all," Mondschein said. He tried to sound casual. "I was ready and eager to come back. Your homeland, your native soil, the place where your ancestors lived and died for three hundred years—as you get older, you realize nothing can take its place."

"I quite understand," said the clone.

Do you? Mondschein wondered. Your only ancestor is a scrap of cellular material. You were born in a tissue-culture vat. And yet you quite understand.

He said, "Of course, the invitation to return came as an immense surprise."

"Yes. No doubt it did. But the Maximum Leader is a man of great compassion. He felt you had suffered in exile long enough. One day he said, 'We have done a great injustice to that man, and now it must be remedied. As long as Rafael Mondschein y Gonzalez dwells in foreign lands, our soul can never rest.'"

"Only a man of greatness could have done such a thing," said Mondschein.

"Indeed. Indeed."

Mondschein's crime had been one of overachievement. He had built Alvarado's cloning laboratories to such a level of technical skill that they were the envy of all the world; and when eventually the anticloning zealots in North America and Europe had grown so strident that there was talk of trade sanctions and the laboratories had to be shut down, Mondschein had become the scapegoat. In return for a waiver of trial, he accepted exile for life. Of course, the laboratories had reopened, this time secretly and illicitly, and before long, ten or 11 other countries had started to turn out A and even AA Class clones and the industry had become too important to the world economy to allow zealotry to interfere with it any longer; but Mondschein remained overseas, rotting in oblivion, purposelessly wandering like a wraith from Madrid to Prague, from Prague to Stockholm, from Stockholm to Marseilles. Now, at last, the Maximum Leader in his great compassion had relented.

The minister said, "You know we have made vast strides in the biological sciences since you last were here. Once you have had some time to settle in, we will want you to visit our laboratories, which, as you may be aware, are once again in legal operation."

Mondschein was aware of that, yes. Throughout the world, Tierra Alvarado was known informally as the Clone Zone, the place where anyone could go to have a reasonable facsimile manufactured at a reasonable price. But that was no longer any concern of his.

"I'm afraid I have very little interest in cloning technology these days," he said.

The minister's chilly Alvarado eyes blazed with sudden heat. "A visit to our laboratories may serve to reawaken that interest, Dr. Mondschein."

"I doubt that very much."

The minister looked unhappy. "We had hoped quite strongly that you would be willing to share the benefits of your scientific wisdom with us, Doctor. Your response greatly disappoints us."

Ah. It was very clear now, and very obvious. Strange that he hadn't foreseen it.

"I have no scientific wisdom, really," said Mondschein evenly. "None that would be of any use. I haven't kept up with the state of the art."

"There are those who would be pleased to refresh your——"

"I'd much prefer to remain in retirement. I'm too old to make any worthwhile contributions."

Now the thin lips were quirking. "The national interest is in jeopardy, Dr. Mondschein. For the first time, we are challenged by competition from other countries. Genetic technology, you understand, is our primary source of hard currency. We are not a prosperous land, Doctor. Our cloning industry is our one great asset, which you created for us virtually singlehandedly. Now that it faces these new threats, surely we may speak to your sense of patriotism, if not to your onetime passion for scientific achievement, in asking you——" The minister broke off abruptly, as though seeing his answer in Mondschein's expression. In a different tone, he said, "No doubt you are tired after your long journey, Doctor. I should have allowed you more time to rest. We'll continue these discussions at a later date, perhaps."

He turned away. The aide-de-camp appeared as though from the air and showed Mondschein out. His driver was waiting in the courtyard.

Mondschein spent most of the night

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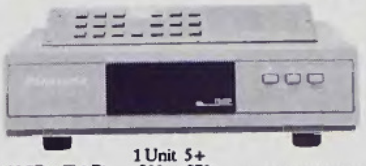

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trying to sleep. His mind was still on Swiss time, and what was the night in Tierra Alvarado was in Switzerland the beginning of a new day. His thoughts went on ticking, hour after hour. Sleep finally took him toward dawn, like a curtain falling, like the blade of a guillotine.

•

Colonel Aristegui of the Guardia de la Patria came to him, phoning first for an appointment, saying the matter was urgent. Mondschein assumed that this would be the next attempt to put pressure on him to take charge of the cloning labs, but that did not appear to be what was on Aristegui's mind. The wide-shouldered little man looked remarkably ill at ease; he paced, he fidgeted, he mopped his sweating forehead with a lace handkerchief. Then he said, as if forcing the words out, "This is extremely delicate."

"Is it?"

Aristegui studied him with care. "You control yourself extremely well, Doctor. In particular, I mark your restraint in regard to the president. You speak of your gratitude to him for allowing you to return. But inwardly, you must hate him very much."

"No," Mondschein said. "It's all ancient history. I'm an old man now. What does any of it matter any more?"

"He took away the scientific work that was your life. He forced you to leave the land of your birth."

"If you think you're going to get me to launch into an attack on him, you're totally mistaken. What's past is past and I'm happy to be home again and that's all there is to it."

Aristegui stared at his brilliantly gleaming patent-leather shoes. Then he sighed and raised his head like a diver coming up to the surface and said, "The country is dying, Doctor."

"Is it?"

"Of the Latin-American disease. The strong man comes, he sees the evils and injustices and remedies them, and then he stays and stays and stays until *he* is the evils and the injustices. President Alvarado has ruled here for thirty-five years. He drains the treasury for his palaces; he ignores what must be done to preserve and sustain. He is our great burden, our great curse. It is time for him to step aside. Or be thrust aside."

Mondschein's eyes widened. "You're trying to draw me into some sort of conspiracy? You must be out of your mind."

"I risk my life telling you this."

"Yes. You do. And I risk my life listening."

"You are essential to our success. *Essential*. You must help us."

"Look," said Mondschein, "if Alvarado simply wants to do away with me, he doesn't have to bother with anything as elaborate as this. Nobody in the world cares whether I live or die. It isn't necessary to inveigle me into a fantastic plot on his life. He can just have me shot. All right? All right?"

"This is not a trap. As God is my witness, I am not here as part of a scheme to ensnare you. I beg you for assistance. If you wish, report me to the authorities. I will be tortured and the truth will come out and I will be executed, and you will know I was honest with you."

Wearily, Mondschein said, "What is this all about?"

"You possess the ability to distinguish between the brothers of Alvarado and Alvarado himself."

"The brothers?"

"The clones. There is a secret method, known only to you, that allows you to tell the true Alvarado from the false."

"Don't be silly."

"It is so. You need not pretend. I have access to very high sources."

Mondschein shrugged. "For the sake of argument, say that it's so. What then?"

"When we aim our blow at Alvarado, we want to be certain we are assassinating the real one."

"Yes. Of course you do."

"You can guide our hand. He often appears in public, but no one knows whether it is really he or one of his brothers. And if we strike down one of the brothers, thinking we have killed the true Alvarado——"

"Yes," Mondschein said. "I see the problem. But assuming that I'm able to tell the difference, and I'm not conceding that I can, what makes you think I'd want to get mixed up in your plot? If you're not sure whether you're killing the right one, kill them all. Kill them one by one until there are none at all left."

"I could kill *you*," Aristegui said. "Right now. I should. After what I have told you, you own my life."

Again, Mondschein shrugged. "Then kill me. For whatever good it'll do you. I'm not going to inform on you."

"Nor cooperate with me."

"Neither one nor the other."

"All you want is to live in peace," said Aristegui savagely. "But how do you know you will? Alvarado has asked you to work for him again, and you have refused." He held up a hand. "Yes, yes, I know that. I will not kill you, though I should. But he might. Think about that, *Señor* Doctor."

He rose and glared at Mondschein a moment and left without another word.

Mondschein's body clock had caught up with Tierra Alvarado time by then. But that night, once again, he lay until dawn in lucid wakefulness before exhaustion at last brought him some rest. It was as though sleep were a concept he had never quite managed to understand.

•

The next summons came from Alvarado himself.

The Presidential Palace, which Mondschein remembered as a compact, somewhat austere building in vaguely Roman style, had expanded in the course of a quarter of a century into an incomprehensible mazelike edifice that seemed consciously intended to rival Versailles in ostentatious grandeur. The Hall of Audience was a good 60 meters long, with rich burgundy draperies along the walls and thick blood-red carpeting. There was a marble dais at the far end, where the Maximum Leader sat enthroned like an emperor. Dazzling sunlight flooded down on him through a dome of shimmering glass set in the ceiling. Mondschein wondered if he were supposed to offer a genuflection. There were no guards in the room, only the two of them. But security screens in the floor created an invisible air wall around the dais. Mondschein found himself forced to halt by subtle pressure when he was still 15 meters short of the throne. Alvarado came stiffly to his feet and they stood facing each other in silence for a long moment.

It seemed anticlimactic, this confrontation at last. Mondschein felt none of the teeth-on-edge uneasiness that the man had always been able to engender in him. Perhaps having seen the clone Alvarado earlier had taken the edge off the impact.

Alvarado said, "You have found all the arrangements satisfactory so far, I hope, Doctor?"

"In the old days, you called me Rafael."

"Rafael, yes. It was so long ago. How good it is to see you again, Rafael. You look well."

"As do you."

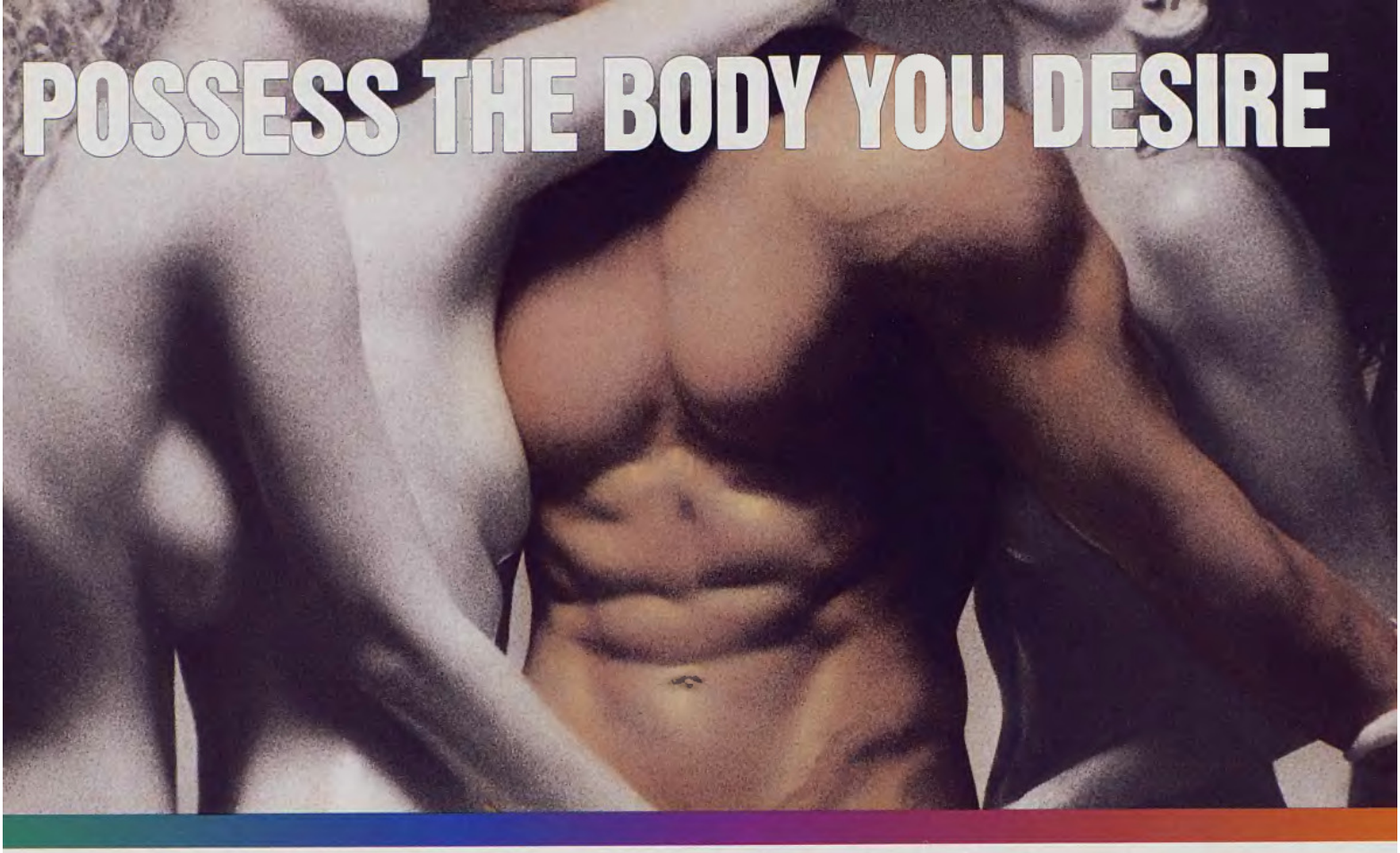
"Yes. Thank you. Your villa is satisfactory, Rafael?"

"Quite satisfactory," said Mondschein. "I look forward to a few last years of quiet retirement in my native country."

"So I am told," Alvarado said.

He seemed overly formal, weirdly remote, hardly even human. In the huge hall, his crisp, cool voice had a buzzing androidal undertone that Mondschein found unfamiliar. Possibly, that was an atmospheric diffraction effect caused by the security screens. But then it occurred to Mondschein that this, too, might be one of the clones. He stared hard, trying to tell, trying to call on the intuitive sense that once had made it possible for him to tell, even without running the alpha-wave test. The AAA Class clones had been intended to be indistinguishable from the original to nine decimal places, but nevertheless, when you collapsed the first 20 or 30 years of a man's life into the three-year accelerated-development period of the cloning process, you inevitably lost something, and Mondschein had always been able to detect the difference purely subjectively, at a single glance. Now, though, he wasn't sure.

He said, "The minister explained to



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me that the national genetic laboratories are facing new competition from abroad, that you want me to step in and pull things together. But I can't do it. My technical knowledge is hopelessly out of date. I'm not familiar with current work in the field. If I had known that the reason you had decided to let me come home was that you wanted me to go back into the labs, I never would have——"

"Forget about the labs," Alvarado said. "That isn't why I invited you to return."

"But the Minister of Scientific Development said——"

"Let the Minister of Scientific Development say anything he wishes. The minister has his agenda and I have mine, Doctor." He had dropped the first-name talk, Mondschein noticed. "Is it true that there is a method of determining whether a given individual is an authentic human or merely a highly accurate clone?"

Mondschein hesitated. Something was definitely wrong here.

"Yes," he said finally. "There is. You know that there is."

"You are too certain of what I know and what I do not know. Tell me about this method, Doctor."

He was more and more certain that he was talking to a clone. Alvarado must be staging one of his elaborate charades.

"It involves matching brain rhythms. When I created the AAA Class Alvarado clones, I built a recognition key into them that would enable me, using a simple E.E.G. hookup, to distinguish their brain-wave patterns from yours. I did this at your request, so that in the case of a possible *coup d'état* attempt by one of the clones, you'd be able to unmask the pretender. The method uses my own brain waves as the base line. If you jack my E.E.G. output into a comparator circuit and overlay it with yours, the two patterns will conflict, the way any two patterns from different human beings will. But if my E.E.G. gets matched against one of your clones, the pattern will drop immediately into alpha rhythms, as if we're both under deep hypnosis. It amazes me that you've forgotten this." He paused. "Unless, of course, you're not Alvarado at all but simply one of his—what's the word?—one of his brothers."

"Very good, Doctor."

"Am I right?"

"Come closer and see for yourself."

"I can't. The security screens——"

"I have switched them off."

Mondschein approached. There was no air resistance. When he was five meters away, he felt the unmistakable click of recognition.

"Yes, I am right. Even without an E.E.G. test. You're a clone, aren't you?"

"That is so."

"Is the real Alvarado too busy for me today, or is it that he doesn't have the courage to look me in the eye?"

"I will tell you something very strange, which is a great secret," said the clone. "The real Alvarado is no longer in command here. For the past several months, I have run the government of Tierra Alvarado. No one here is aware of this, no one at all. No one except you, now."

For a moment, Mondschein was unable to speak.

"You seriously expect me to believe that?" he said at last.

The clone managed a glacial smile. "During the years of your absence, there have been several internal upheavals in Tierra Alvarado. On three occasions, assassination plots resulted in the deaths of Alvarado clones who were playing the role of the Maximum Leader at public ceremonies. Each time, the death of the clone was successfully covered up. The conspirators were apprehended and things continued as if nothing had occurred. On the fourth such occasion, an implosion grenade was thrown toward the Maximum Leader's car while he was en route to Iquique for a ceremony of rededication. I happened to be accompanying him on that journey so that I could double for him in the riskier parts of the ceremony, when the general public would be present. The impact of the grenade was tremendous. In the confusion afterward, I was mistaken for the true Maximum Leader. I quickly understood the situation and began to act accordingly. And so it has been ever since."

Mondschein realized that he was trembling.

"So Alvarado's dead?"

The clone looked smug. "His reign is over. His time is finished."

What a strange concept that was. Alvarado dead! His old enemy was really dead! Mondschein felt a flash of satisfaction and surprise—and then a curious sense of loss.

"Why are you telling me all this?" he asked after a moment. "Assuming that it's true, and not just some game that your master is playing with me, why do you want to take chances this way? What if I tried to expose you and bring the whole crazy system down?"

"You would not do that," said the clone.

"Why not?"

"You have said it yourself: You want only to live out your remaining years in peaceful retirement. If you denounced me, who would believe you? And even if you were believed, would things be better in Tierra Alvarado in the wake of my overthrow? No, Doctor, the status quo is your only hope. I am the status quo."

Mondschein nodded. "Even so, why confide in me at all?"

"So that you may protect me."

"How could I do that?"

"You hold the key to identification, this alpha-rhythm thing. Your possession of it gives you great power here. If there were a challenge to my legitimacy, you would be the only arbiter of the truth, do you see?"

"Yes," said Mondschein. "Yes, I do."

"There are twenty-one other surviving clones. One of them might take it into his head to overthrow me, thinking that he could rule the country at least as well. It is quite a comfortable existence, being a clone of the Maximum Leader, but it is not always pleasant to serve as his double, exposed to all the risks of public appearances. It is a much better life, believe me, to be Maximum Leader and have others double for you than to be a double yourself, never knowing when the bullet will come. Besides which, there is the wielding of authority for its own sake. That is a highly desirable thing, if you are of the sort who desires such things, and we are. After all, we are all of us Alvarados to the core, as you know better than anyone else."

"So you think that if one of your vat brothers suddenly tried to say that *he* was the real Alvarado, not you, then I'd be willing to come forward and test him and expose him as a clone for you?"

"So I hope and trust."

"Why would I want to take the side of one clone against another? It's of no importance to me which one of you calls himself president here."

"But I am the one who calls himself president just now. I might kill you if you didn't cooperate."

"And if I don't care whether I live or die?"

"You probably care *how* you die," the Alvarado clone said. "You would not die in an easy or gentle way, that I could promise you. On the other hand, if you pledge that you will aid me, when and if the need arises, I will see to it that you live out the remaining years of your life in the most complete happiness that I can make available. It seems to me a very reasonable offer."

"It is," Mondschein said. "I see that."

"You protect me, and I will protect you. Do we have a deal?"

"If I say no, what are my chances of leaving this building alive today?"

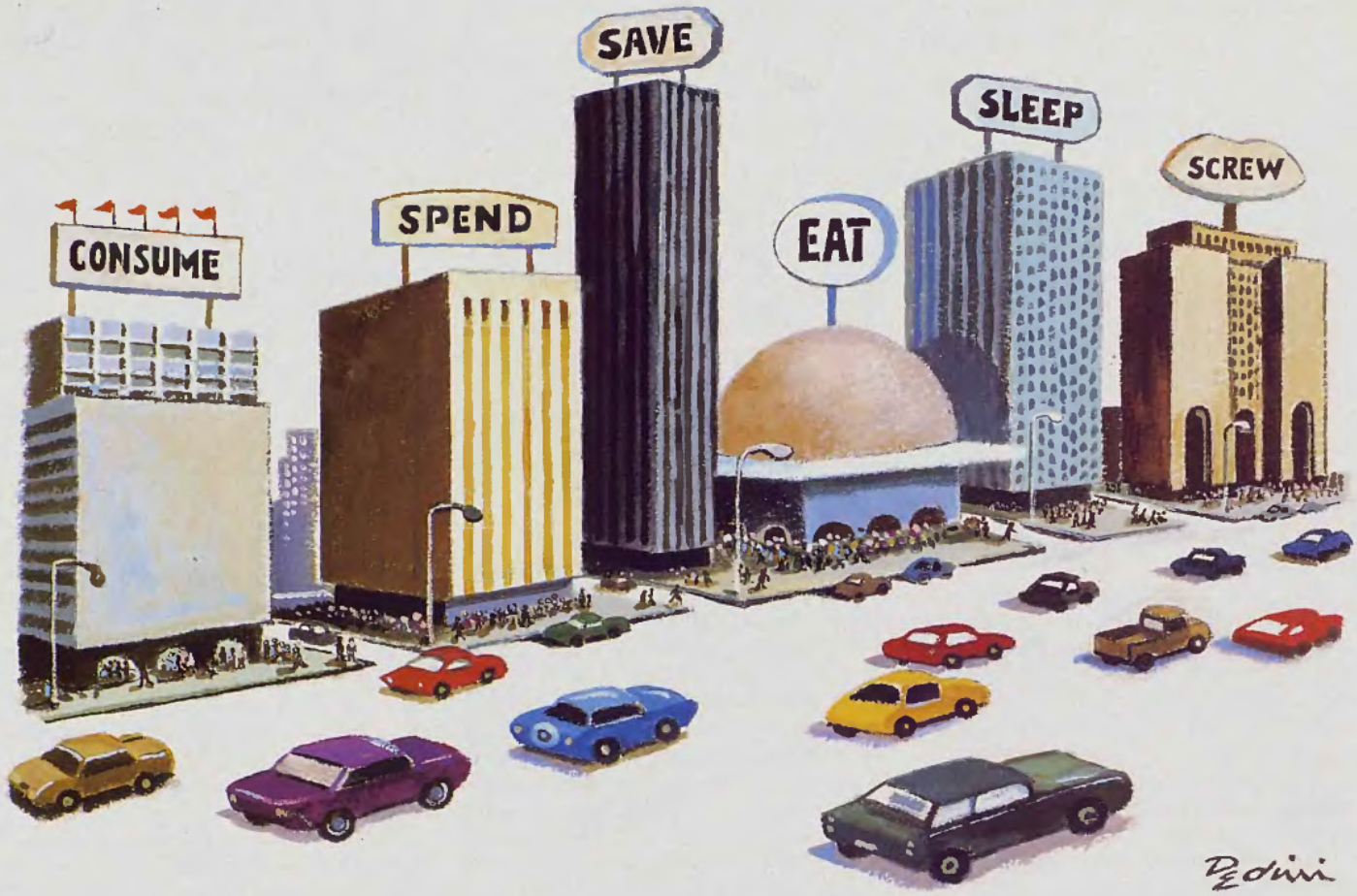
The clone smiled. It was the pure Alvarado smile. "They would be quite poor."

"Then we have a deal," Mondschein said.

•

The weeks went by. June gave way to July and the year descended toward its winter depths. Often there was fog; some nights there was frost; always the dry, harsh wind blew from the west. Mondschein slept poorly. He heard nothing from the Maximum Leader or any of his minions. Evidently, all was tranquil in the ruling circles.

He rarely left the villa. His meals were prepared for him according to his wishes, which were uncomplicated. He had a few books. No one came to see him. Sometimes, during the day, he went out



with his driver to explore the city. It was larger than he expected, spreading long, thin tentacles of slum toward the north and the south—as in any impoverished country, everyone from the villages was moving to the capital, God only knew what for—and shoddy everywhere except in its grand governmental district.

On two of these excursions, Mondschein was granted a glimpse of the supposed President Alvarado. The first time, his car was halted at a police roadblock and he waited for half an hour in an immense tie-up until at last the president passed by in a motorcade coming from the airport, with the Director-General of the Republic of the Orinoco, here on a state visit, riding beside him in the armored bubble-roof car, while the spectators who lined the boulevard offered sullen acclaim. On the second occasion, far in the outskirts, Mondschein stumbled upon the ceremonial dedication of what he was told was the Grand Sanitation Facility of the Northeast, and there was the familiar figure of the Maximum Leader on high in the reviewing stand, surrounded by fierce-eyed, heavily armed bodyguards and orating bravely into the biting wind.

At other times while traversing the city, Mondschein caught sight of various of the clones going about some business of their own. It was not unusual to encounter one. Doubtless, the populace was quite used to it. Wherever you looked, you could find one or two of the Maximum Leader's brothers. Five or six of them headed government ministries—a meeting of the cabinet must have been like a hall of mirrors—and the others, apparently, simply stood by to serve as presidential doubles when needed, living as private citizens the rest of the time. The real Alvarado, if there still was one, could probably have passed in the streets without causing a stir, with everyone assuming he was just a clone. It was a fine kind of shell game.

Colonel Aristegui came to the villa again, eventually.

"We are ready to make a move, Doctor."

"Move, then. I don't want to know anything about it."

Aristegui looked tense, grim, right at the breaking point. "We need very little from you. Station yourself in the crowd, and when our man asks you, 'Is this one the real one?' simply nod or shake your head. We want no more from you than that. Later, we'll ask you to examine the body to confirm that it is the body of the dictator and not one of the imitations. A small service, and you will live forever in the hearts of your countrymen."

"There's no way I can give you the kind of information you want just by looking at him from a distance."

"It can be done, and you are the one who can do it. This much I know."

"No," Mondschein said. "What you think you know is wrong. I can't help you. And, in any case, I don't want to. I told you that before, Colonel. I'm not interested in joining your conspiracy. It isn't any affair of mine."

"It is an affair of every loyal citizen of this country."

Mondschein looked at him sadly. He could at least warn Aristegui, he thought, that there was no real Alvarado there to shoot, that they were *all* clones. But would the colonel believe him? In any case, what Aristegui was trying to do was fundamentally futile. Kill one Alvarado, another would move into his place and announce that he was the authentic article. Aristegui couldn't get them all. This country was going to be ruled by Alvarados for a long time.

"They took my citizenship away twenty-five years ago," Mondschein said, after a pause. "I'm here purely as a guest of the nation, remember? Good guests don't conspire against their hosts. Please go away, Colonel. I haven't heard a thing you've said to me today. I'm beginning to forget even that you were here."

Aristegui glowered at him in a way that seemed to mingle anguish and fury. For a moment, Mondschein thought the man was going to strike him. But then, with a visible effort, the colonel brought himself under control.

"I thank you for your continued silence, at least," said Aristegui bitterly. "Good day, *Señor* Dr. Mondschein."

•

Late that afternoon, Mondschein heard voices from below, shouts and outcries

in the servants' quarters. He rang up on the housekeeper's intercom and said, "What's going on?"

"There has been an attack on the president, *Señor* Doctor. At the Palace of Government. We have just seen it on the television."

So Aristegui had been telling the truth, it seemed, when he said that they were ready to make their move. Or else they had decided it was too risky to wait any longer, now that Mondschein had been told that an assassination attempt was impending.

"And?" Mondschein said.

"By the mercy of the Virgin, he is safe, *señor*. Order has been restored and the criminals have been captured. One of the others was slain, one of the brothers, but the president was not harmed."

He thanked her and switched on his television set.

They were in the midst of showing a replay of it now. The president arriving at the Palace of Government for the regular midweek meeting of the ministers; the adoring populace obediently waiting behind the barricades to hail him as he emerged from his car; the sudden scuffle in the crowd, evidently a deliberate distraction, and then the shot, the screams, the slim, long-legged figure beginning to sag into the arms of his bodyguards, the policemen rushing forward.

And then a cut to the Hall of Audience, the grim-faced Maximum Leader addressing the nation from his throne in broken phrases, in a voice choked with emotion: "This despicable act . . . the bestial attempt to overrule the will of the people as expressed through their chosen president. . . . We must root out the forces of chaos that are loose among us. . . . We proclaim a week of national mourning for our fallen brother. . . ."

Followed by an explanation from an unruffled-looking official spokesman. The Guardia de la Patria, he said, had received word of a possible plot. One of the president's brothers had courageously agreed to bear the risk of entering the Palace of Government in the usual way; the Maximum Leader himself had gone into the building through a secret entrance. The identities of the main conspirators were known; arrests had already been made; others would follow. Return to your homes, remain calm, all is well.

All is well.

•

The executions took place a few weeks later. They were shown on huge television screens set up before great throngs of spectators in the main plazas of the city and relayed to home viewers everywhere. Mondschein, despite earlier resolutions to the contrary, watched along with everyone else in a kind of horrified fascination as Colonel Aristegui and five other officers of the elite guard, along with three other men and four women, all of them members of the Popular Assembly, were led to the wall one by one, faces expressionless, bodies rigid. They were not offered the opportunity to utter last words, even of carefully rehearsed contrition. Each name was spoken and the prisoner was blindfolded and shot, and the body taken away, and the next conspirator brought forth.

Mondschein felt an obscure sense of guilt, as though he had been the one who had informed on them. But, of course, he had said nothing to anyone. The country was full of governmental agents and spies and *provocateurs*; the Maximum Leader had not needed Mondschein's help in protecting himself against Colonel Aristegui.

The days went by. The season brightened toward spring. Mondschein's driver took him up the mountain roads to see Lake Titicaca, and north from there to Cuzco and its grand old Inca relics, and up beyond that to the splendors of Machu Picchu. On another journey, he went down to the fog-swept coast, to Nazca, where it never rains, where in a landscape as barren as the moon's he inspected the huge drawings of monkeys and birds and geometrical figures that prehistoric artists had inscribed in the bone-dry soil of the plateaus.

On a brilliant September day that felt like midsummer, a car bearing the insignia of the Guardia came to his villa and a brisk young officer with thick hair that was like spun gold told him that he was requested to go at once to the Palace of Justice.

"Have I done something wrong?" Mondschein asked mildly.

"It is by order of the president," said the blond young officer, and that was all the explanation he gave.

Mondschein had been in the Palace of Justice only once before, during the weeks just prior to his exile. Like most of the governmental buildings, it was a massive, brutal-looking stone structure, two long parallel wings with a smaller one set between them at their heads, so that it crouched on its plaza like a ponderous sphinx. There were courtrooms in the upper levels of the two large wings, prison cells below; the small central wing was the headquarters of the Supreme Court, whose chief justice, Mondschein had recently discovered, was another of the clones.

His Guardia escort led him into the building on the lower level, and they descended even below that, to the dreaded high-security area in the basement. Was he to be interrogated, then? For what?

The Maximum Leader, in full uniform and decorations, was waiting for him in a cold, clammy interrogation cell, under a bare incandescent bulb of a kind that Mondschein thought had been obsolete for 100 years. He offered Mondschein a smile as benign as that sharp-edged face was capable of showing.

"Our second meeting is in rather less grand surroundings than the first, eh, Doctor?"

Mondschein peered closely. This seemed to be the same clone who had spoken with him in the Hall of Audience. He felt quite sure of that. Only intuition, of course. But he trusted it.

"Would you mind taking your feet off my desk?"

"You remember the agreement we reached that day?" the clone added.

"Of course."

"Today I need to invoke it. Your special expertise is now essential to the stability of the nation."

The clone gestured to an aide-de-camp, who signaled to a figure in the shadows behind him that Mondschein had not noticed before. A door opened at the rear of the cell and a gurney bearing electronic equipment was wheeled in. Mondschein recognized the familiar intricacies of an electroencephalograph.

"This is the proper machinery for your brain-wave test, is it not?" the Alvarado clone asked.

Mondschein nodded.

"Good," the clone said. "Bring in the prisoner."

The door opened again and two guards dragged in the ragged, dishevelled-looking figure of an Alvarado. His hands were shackled behind his back. His face was bruised and sweaty and smeared with dirt. His clothes, rough peasant clothes, were torn. His eyes were blazing with fury of astonishing intensity. Mondschein felt a tremor of the old fear at the sight of him.

The prisoner shot a fiery look at the Alvarado clone and said, "You bastard, let me out of here right now. You know who I am. You know who you are, too. *What* you are."

Mondschein turned to the clone. "But you told me he was dead!" he said.

"Dead? Who? What do you mean?" the Alvarado clone said calmly. "This clone was gravely injured in an attempt on my life and has hovered close to death for many weeks, despite the finest care we could give him. Now that he has begun to recover, he is exhibiting delusional behavior. He insists that he is the true Maximum Leader and I am nothing but a genetic duplicate. I ask you to test the authenticity of his claim, *Señor* Doctor."

"*Mondschein!* Rafael Mondschein!" the ragged Alvarado cried. A convulsive quiver of amazement ran through his shoulders and chest. "You here? They've brought you back?"

Mondschein said nothing. He stared at the ragged man.

The prisoner's eyes gleamed. "All right, go on! Test me, Rafael. Do your mumbo jumbo and tell this fraud who I am! Then we'll see if he dares keep up the masquerade. Go on, Rafael! Plug in your machine! Stick the electrodes on me!"

"Go ahead, *Señor* Doctor," the Alvarado clone said.

Mondschein stepped forward and began the preparations for the test, wondering whether he would remember the procedure after so many years.

The prisoner looked toward the Alvarado clone and said, "He'll prove that

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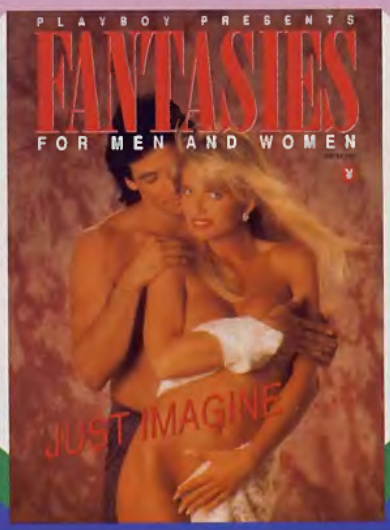

AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

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I am who I say I am. And you won't have the guts to carry the pretense any further, will you, you test-tube fraud? Because half the staff in the hospital knows the real story already, and the truth will get out. And it'll bring you down. Once the country finds out that you're a fake, that you simply seized power when the motorcade bomb went off. Once word gets around that I didn't die, that you've had me hidden away in the hospital all this time with people thinking I was you and you were me, what do you think will happen to your regime? Will anyone take orders from a clone?"

"You mustn't speak now," Mondschein told him. "It'll distort the test results."

"All right. Yes. Listen, Rafael, no matter what you tell him, he'll say that you identified me as a clone, but you know that it's a lie. When you get back outside, you tell people the true story. You hear me? And afterward, I'll see to it that you get whatever you want. Anything. Money, women, country estates, your own laboratory, whatever."

"Please," Mondschein said. "I ask you not to speak."

He attached the electrodes to himself. He touched the dials.

He remembered, now. The entire technique. He had written these personality-organization algorithms himself. He closed his eyes and felt the data come flooding in. The prisoner's brain waves met his own—collided, clashed, clashed violently——

To the Alvarado clone, Mondschein said, "The alpha match is perfect, *Señor* President. What we have here is a clone."

"No, Rafael!" the prisoner roared. "You filthy lying bastard, no! You know it isn't so!"

"Take him away," the Alvarado clone said.

"No. You won't do anything to me. I'm the only legitimate president of Tierra Alvarado."

"You are nothing," the clone told him. "You are a mere creature. We have scientific proof that you are simply one of the artificial brothers. Dr. Mondschein has just demonstrated that."

"Balls," the prisoner said. "Listen, Mondschein, I know he has you intimidated. But when you get out of here, spread the word. Tell everyone what your real reading was. That there's a usurper in the Presidential Palace, that he must be overthrown. You'll be a national hero, you'll be rewarded beyond your wildest dreams——"

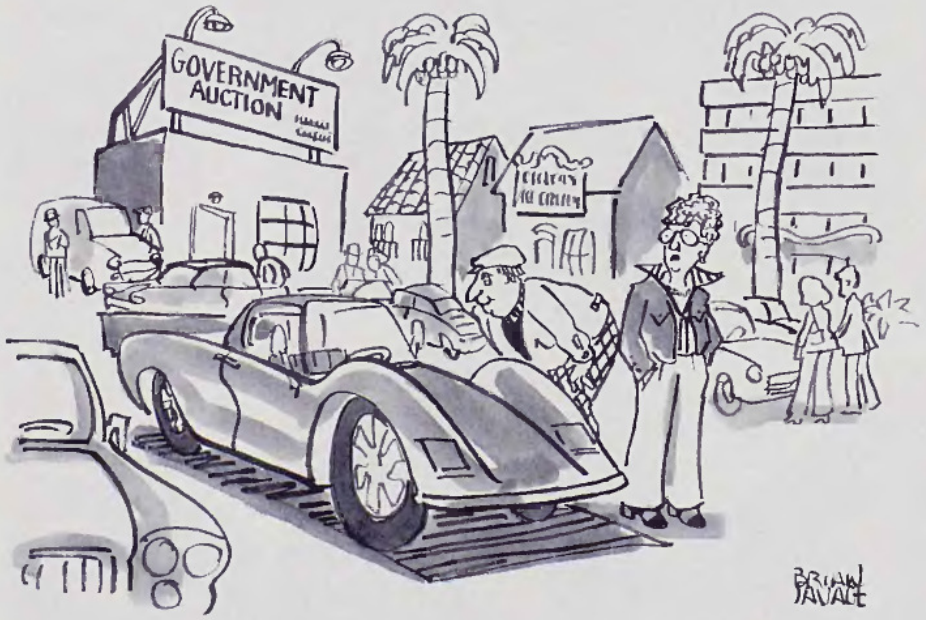
Mondschein smiled. "Ah, but I already have everything that I want," he said.

He looked toward the Alvarado clone. "I'll prepare a formal report and sign it, *Señor* President. And I will be willing to attest to it at the public trial."

"This has been the trial, Doctor," the clone said smoothly, indicating the ceiling of the cell, where Mondschein now saw an opening through which the snout of a television camera protruded. "All the information that we need has been recorded. But I am grateful for your offer. You have been extremely helpful. Extremely helpful, *Señor* Doctor."

•

That night, in the safety and comfort of his beloved villa, Mondschein slept soundly for the first time since his return to Tierra Alvarado—more soundly than he had slept in years.



"This belonged to an elderly drug dealer who used it once a week to drive to the bank."

CINCINNATI

(continued from page 76)

he tells them to "guard these moments with your life."

It is clear that he considers this the trial of a lifetime. Each morning, he hears the docket of civil infractions wearing a sweater or a charcoal-gray suit. He listens dispassionately to stories of automobile accidents, ignored STOP signs, discharged shotguns, blow jobs offered to vice cops for $25. He passes sentence, the bailiff removes the offender, a reporter sinks into the vacated seat. When the riffraff has been replaced by reporters, Albanese retires to his chamber to put on a long black robe. He dresses up for the show trial.

The best take on Albanese comes from Barrie's son. When I ask Barrie's wife, Dianne, how the children are faring during the trial, she tells me, "It is not so bad. You can imagine that the level of civics class at the breakfast table is a little different from that in most homes. We try to explain pretrial motions in terms that an eleven-year-old and an eight-year-old can understand. Our son listens and says, 'Oh, I get it. The judge is a jerk.'"

Her final civics class is as simple a summary of the case as you'll hear: "They tried, they cheated, they lost."

THE TRIAL

The Supreme Court ruled that for a work to be denied the protection of the First Amendment, it must meet three tests: "Using contemporary community standards, does the work as a whole depict sexual conduct in a patently offensive way? Does it appeal to prurient interest?" No one involved with the case argues that the photos aren't deeply troubling. But the case rests on the third prong: "Using national rather than community standards, would a reasonable person find that the work taken as a whole lacks serious artistic, literary, scientific or political value?"

In his opening remarks, Sirkin plays to his audience: "If I tell you that my apple pie has to have three ingredients in it or it isn't an apple pie, and you taste only two ingredients in it, then it's not an apple pie. Right?"

Prouty simply says, "You know obscenity when you see it, right?"

Juries like this have allowed the local good old boys to ride roughshod over adult bookstores, video stores, X-rated cable companies, nude dancers, gays. Most local verdicts on obscenity cases are overturned on appeal, but the crusade works. The prosecution is not interested in freedom; it is interested in the social use of fear. When *The Last Temptation of Christ* opened, not one theater owner in Cincinnati booked the film. The prosecution says this case costs the city only $14,450. It puts Barrie and the C.A.C.

$350,000 into debt. The defense of freedom is not cost effective.

My colleague Joseph and I debate the circus in several settings. The conversation starts in a restaurant across the river from this bright jewel of a city. "What you have to ask yourself," says Joseph, "is why Cincinnati is the birthplace of all the purity movements. Charles Keating [now under indictment for massive theft in the S&L scandal] started Citizens for Decency in Literature here. John Wilke started the National Right-to-Life Committee. Jerry Kirk started the National Coalition Against Pornography. The local C.C.V. has a two-hundred-fifty-thousand-dollar-a-year budget. The local power structure came into office for busting adult bookstores, video stores, theaters. Yet you talk to people and most of their friends have seen adult movies. For a good time, you simply have to drive across the river into Newport, Kentucky. What is it about this city that makes appearance more important than personal freedom? Respectability more important than the right to see?"

"Keating and his clones have perfected the packaging of sex and decency," I argue. "You join the crusade for twenty dollars, get access to the Keating sampler of smut and feel outraged at the same time you feel disgust and shame at whacking off in the bathroom.

"You still have access to sex in Cincinnati; you just have it on Keating's terms. If you are raised to be ashamed of sex, you will be unable to experience it in the absence of shame. So they allow a red-light district across the river where you can get sex, but you also get the sleaze. If you grow up in a family that is outraged by childhood sexuality and punishes your attempts at sexuality, you will combine outrage, punishment and sex."

Joseph dwells on the ironies of the law: "Why is it that an elegant description of fellatio is protected, but a crude account is vulnerable? Why are words entitled to protection, but images aren't? The elite have always had access to sexual materials in museums. Why is it that when the same material finds its way to the newsstand, it loses its protection?"

That is exactly the point of the Cincinnati show trial: The local vice squad is attacking the citadel.

We resume our discussion the next morning over breakfast. Our waitress joins the conversation: "I have mixed feelings about this. On the one hand, I hate the idea of the state coming into my bedroom. Most of my friends have seen X-rated movies. Most of my friends have driven across the river. Around here, sex is acceptable as long as it's underground. I have misgivings about putting pictures of S/M into a museum, of taking them aboveground. It seems to legitimize those activities. It desensitizes people."

She thinks that the Mapplethorpe photos are temple carvings in the public consciousness. "Desensitize?" I reply. "Whatever those photos did, they did not produce numbness. People came away outraged, shaken, puzzled, enlightened—they were made sensitive to a world outside the boundaries of their lawn. Over each of those photos—whether it was of a lily or of some bizarre sexual act—hovered an intelligence, a questioning, artistic vision that had the name Robert Mapplethorpe. Education can be challenge, not indoctrination."

•

The trial is cut and dried, simple. The prosecution shows seven photographs and presents three policemen who say they have seen those very photographs at the C.A.C.

Sirkin and Mezibov have the burden of presenting an affirmative defense; i.e., they must show that the work has serious artistic value. Other affirmative defenses include a plea of insanity and a plea of self-defense. Artistic value, indeed; all art falls somewhere between insanity and self-defense.

They choose five experts with care to avoid local prejudices. (No one from New York City, no one from Columbus or Dayton and no artists. As one C.A.C. supporter tells me, "Artists aren't credible.") One witness has a stutter. Two are local art critics who have spoken to and for the community for 20 years. The mother of the two children photographed by Mapplethorpe says the photos were taken with their consent, that they are sweet treasures to be shared with the world. The defense puts Barrie on the stand to explain the importance of the exhibit.

The prosecution asks Barrie if it wasn't a publicity stunt. "Given the past seven months, the hardship my family has gone through, if we intended to do something as a publicity stunt, we could have come up with something better."

The prosecution tries to bring the testimony back to the content of the photographs with a shrill harangue: "Can you tell me what artistic value a forearm up the rectum has?"

The experts speak of intent, the arrangement of forms in general, the tension between the physical beauty of the photograph and the brutal nature of what's going on in it. One admits that the pictures are troubling but insists that there is something to be learned. They remind him of Vincent van Gogh's self-portrait with his ear cut off.

•

On October first, the defense asks for an acquittal because the prosecution has not introduced evidence that the pictures lack artistic value. The judge declines.

The prosecution asks to call Reisman for rebuttal.

The defense objects strenuously.

Mezibov tries to explain to the press the problem before the court. It's too

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late for the prosecution to start a new line of testimony. "She was here [during the prosecution's turn]. She was on earth, her starship had touched down."

Reisman can't legally discuss violence (her supposed area of expertise), since that hasn't been raised, or prurience (she is not a sex researcher, only a media analyst) or child abuse (the issue has not been raised). She cannot discuss community standards, since she's not from this community. The defense feels that she is unqualified to comment on artistic value, since she has had only minimal art training. They feel, correctly, that Reisman is an apologist for the National Federation of Decency, also known as the American Family Association. "She serves no purpose other than to pollute the jury with unqualified testimony."

The judge puts his hand over his brow, appears to deliberate and decides to allow testimony.

Joseph tells Mezibov that he has something that may prove useful—a copy of the income-tax return of the American Family Association. The reporters circulate Xeroxed copies of a series of *Playboy* articles on Reisman. By the time she takes the stand, they have a clear understanding of her bias. The question is, What will the jury see?

•

Reisman, a 56-year-old former songwriter for *Captain Kangaroo*, takes the stand. She is dressed in a wispy dress with a scarflike collar that looks like a bib. She dons half-shell reading glasses and studies the nine-page résumé of her career, which lists every speech she has given and every article she has written.

Prouty leads her through her list of purported professional accomplishments. In a singsong voice, she recites her areas of pseudo expertise: mass-media techniques, content analysis, Aristotelian analysis, female imaging, work in right brain–left brain theory. She sounds as if she's reading the table of contents of *Psychology Today* or *Parade*.

Prouty elicits her supposed contribution to law enforcement—the study prepared for the Justice Department on images of children, violence and sexuality in *Penthouse*, *Playboy* and *Hustler*. She says that she served on the Meese commission (she was called as a witness).

To support her artistic credentials, Reisman says that she has had "demonstrable success as a performance artist."

Members of the press corps snicker. Does Reisman cover herself with Jell-O and read statistics from her Justice Department study, which was repudiated by both the Justice Department and American University? Is her entire life an artistic fraud? Bilking the Government out of $743,371 to count cartoons in *Playboy* puts to shame any NEA grant.

Today, Reisman presents herself as an expert in content analysis: "It's a whole field of research, built on the work of Krippendorf." The name dropping sends a ripple of resentment through the courtroom; she is the first witness to condescend to the jury.

"You may be familiar," she says, "with content analysis of TV shows that shows an increase or decrease in violence."

Content analysis is the bean counter's guide to art. It turns loose on the playing fields of the mind zebra-striped officials with an eye for violation: Reisman is out to red-flag what is offensive, not what is meaningful.

She reveals the antisexual prejudice of the pressure group. If it has sex in it (content), it is bad (analysis).

Prouty: "In the direct examination, Robert Sobieszak defined art as the creation of perceptible form expressing human feeling. Do you agree with that definition?"

Reisman: "Yes, I do."

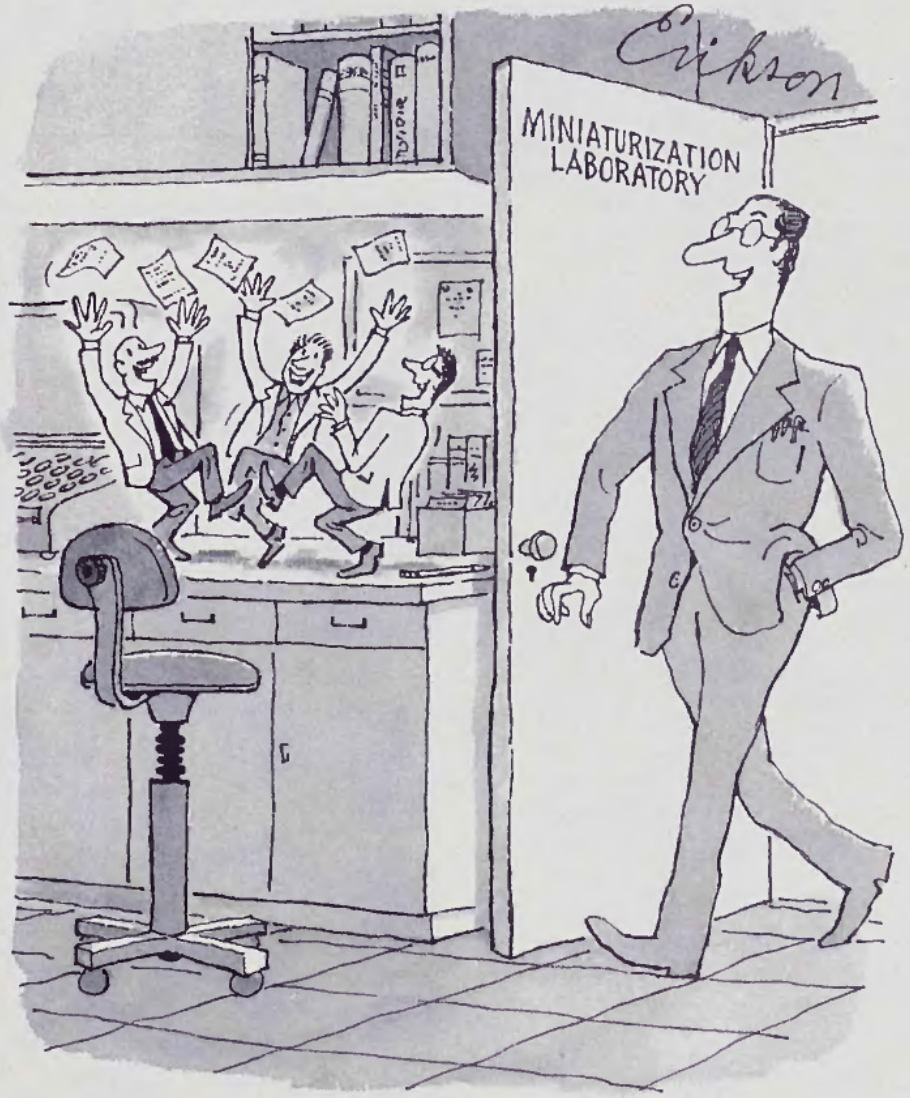
Prouty: "Do you believe from the perspective of content analysis that the five sexual pictures are expressive of human emotion?"

Reisman: "No."

And then the dance begins. The photos lie on the railing in front of her. Reisman stares at the photos through her reading glasses and uses her hands to describe the pictures. "If one looks at the photograph, one sees what appear to be the buttocks of a male." Her hand traces the buttocks of a male. "And we have a highlight coming here and lighting the head of the penis. . . . It almost cameos the head of the penis." Her hand delicately traces a monstrous penis, caresses the cameoed head.

A supporter for the C.A.C. tells a reporter from *The Village Voice* that Reisman is doing "pornography for the hearing impaired."

As her hands move along imaginary buttocks and monstrous penises, I remember an exercise from an acting class. If you want to identify with a person, mimic his or her gestures. I try to make my hands move in concert with Reisman's and experience an overwhelming creepiness. (I am not the only person captivated by the hands. That night in the hotel bar, I watch the reporter



"Any breakthroughs today, guys?"

from *The Village Voice* huddle with her photographer, going over the day's events. I see her hands trace those obscene patterns, her lips mouth the question "Did you get that?")

Reisman protests that the figures are decapitated, anonymous.

Prouty: "I want to direct your attention quickly to each picture. With respect to the picture showing the forearm up the rectum, why don't you believe this is expressive of human feeling?"

Reisman: "There is no face, there are no eyes. There is no indication in any aspect of the human body that would tell us anything about the emotion or feeling in this image."

Prouty: "Is there any indication of the presence or absence of pain?"

Reisman: "That's very important, because human emotion as identified by Eckman and Preesman, who are the preeminent authors on cross-cultural expressions of emotions, on the unmasking of the face . . . would require that there be some expression of joy, anger, fear, horror, shame, surprise or happiness or sadness or, perhaps, interest or distress. I challenge anybody to find joy, anger, fear, horror, shame, surprise or happiness or sadness or, perhaps, interest or distress in this particular photograph. It can't be done."

The prosecutor leads the witness through the photos. A photo of a man urinating into the mouth of another elicits this description from Reisman: "There's another aspect, which is that the person who is receiving this act usually—excuse me, but urinating into someone's mouth is just not something that most people consider to be highly dignified, so that the individual who is receiving that is the individual who is being debased."

She strips the pictures of their art and reduces them to content: "You see, with the absence of emotion, with the absence of pain, with the absence even of joy, if you will, with the absence of distress, with the absence of any human emotion in these photographs, one then receives the information that this is appropriate activity. Certainly so because it is in a museum. A museum would not honor an abusive photograph if it did not have some redeeming value."

When Reisman turns her attention to the photos of the children, the full ugliness of her vision becomes apparent. She is trying to suggest that the composition of the photographs emphasizes the genitals. (The law requires that for the pictures to be child porn, there has to be a lewd exhibition or graphic focus on the genitals.) Again, her hands move as she intones, "If you follow the line of the little girl's leg going down, and the line of the second leg coming out, and the flat foot, the foot is flat . . . turned directly into the genitalia. The genitalia are extremely visible. . . . You have to look at the photo very carefully. And when you look at the photo very carefully, you have to look at the child's face, the way it's tucked into the shirt. And when you look very carefully and just relax and pay attention . . . in the normal kid's position, the child would be centered over the vaginal area. Children do not sit in that manner. It indicates some degree of real strain, because children do not sit in that manner."

The picture of the boy reveals the same "triangular focus." Her fingers join and form a triangle in the air.

I lean to Joseph and whisper, "If God had not wanted the legs to draw attention to the genitals, he would have had them grow out of your back."

Reisman summons the dark specter of the child molester.

Prouty: "What is the harm?"

Reisman: "By placing images of children that are focused on the genitals, that have been sexualized, whose sex organs are clearly visible, on the walls of our museums, what we are doing is legitimizing the taking of these photographs, and you are legitimizing the public display of the photograph, and I think you are then putting at risk additional children. Many people view themselves as photographers, and many use the technique of telling children this is appropriate, because this has been in a museum. That this is appropriate, because it has been in a book. That happens to be a standard technique for getting children into a child-abuse situation."

Prouty: "In your opinion, are these pictures morally innocent?"

Reisman: "No, they are not."

Mezibov begins the cross-examination questioning her credentials.

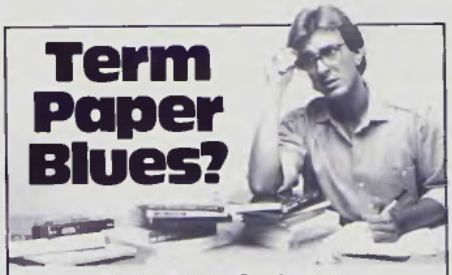
He asks if her study has been published by the Justice Department. "It is on the shelf. It was published. You can buy copies." A series of truths, not adding up to the truth.

Mezibov pulls out the pretrial testimony. "You said before that there was a six-year delay, that the study was published not by the Justice Department but by Huntington Press. Would you like to change your answer?"

Mezibov turns to Joseph. "Mr. Joseph, I believe you have something for me?"

Joseph hands him a copy of the A.F.A. tax return. Mezibov shows it to Reisman, uses it to establish that she has received thousands of dollars from the Reverend Wildmon's antiporn group. Showing her a copy of an article that appeared in *The Washington Times*, a review in which she labeled Mapplethorpe a fascist artist, he points out that it is signed "Judith Reisman, associate research director of the American Family Association." She is an apologist for the pressure groups that provoked this trial, as loathsome to the jury as the woman who blotched.

The session is over. Outside the courthouse, a group of art students parade in



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skeleton costumes with skull masks. The Bill of Rights is carried in a casket by four pallbearers. Some wave placards reading, SIMON IS A DORKBUTT. ONLY A DORKBUTT WOULD BURY THE BILL OF RIGHTS.

•

Maybe artists aren't credible, but goddamn it, you have to admire their balls. County sheriffs study images taken from the video tape of the earlier demonstration. When a protester removes a mask, they serve a warrant.

The spirit in the hotel that night is grim. A reporter tells Sirkin and Mezibov: "You blew the cross-examination. I would have taken a .357 Magnum, walked up to her and said, 'Judith, you're history.'"

There is a sense that something dark has been released into the minds of the jurors. I ask Sirkin about past witnesses in obscenity cases. "They used to throw Victor Cline, Ph.D. [another pseudo researcher, who criticized the original, favorable President's Commission on Pornography], at me. I beat him six or seven times. He would just get so strange on the stand, I'd let him run on and eventually he'd turn the jury. Now they're trying Reisman. I think she was strange enough. I think between the pretrial testimony and today's performance, we have enough to discredit and neutralize her."

But the comparison with Cline is not totally reassuring. Cline used to babble on about masturbation leading to murder, about pornography's being addictive, leading to harder and harder stuff, stranger and stranger thrills. Since, presumably, the jury had masturbated and not killed, personal experience was enough to dismiss the crackpot theory. Reisman is more subtle. She invokes a threat not based on mere experience; rather, it is the specter of harm to other children by sophisticated abusers with "standard codified techniques."

The only hope is the rejection of her obscene vision. The trust that parents on the jury know that the photos of children taken by Mapplethorpe were not pornographic. Reisman seems outraged at the absence of shame—in the children depicted and in the same children who are now grown. She keeps mentioning blackmail—as though to say that if the children weren't ashamed then, they could be made to feel that way later.

She is oddly pathetic, oddly preposterous, but nonetheless dangerous. If she gets her way, her opinion could mean prison for someone whose opinions differ from her own.

THE CLOSING ARGUMENTS

Prouty addresses the jury first. He apologizes for his smile, saying that the state has presented the case as it intended to, without any changes. He has an unfortunate smile—it resembles the look you would get by placing fishhooks in a cadaver's mouth and lifting until the upper teeth were exposed. He smiles and hands over the floor to Mezibov.

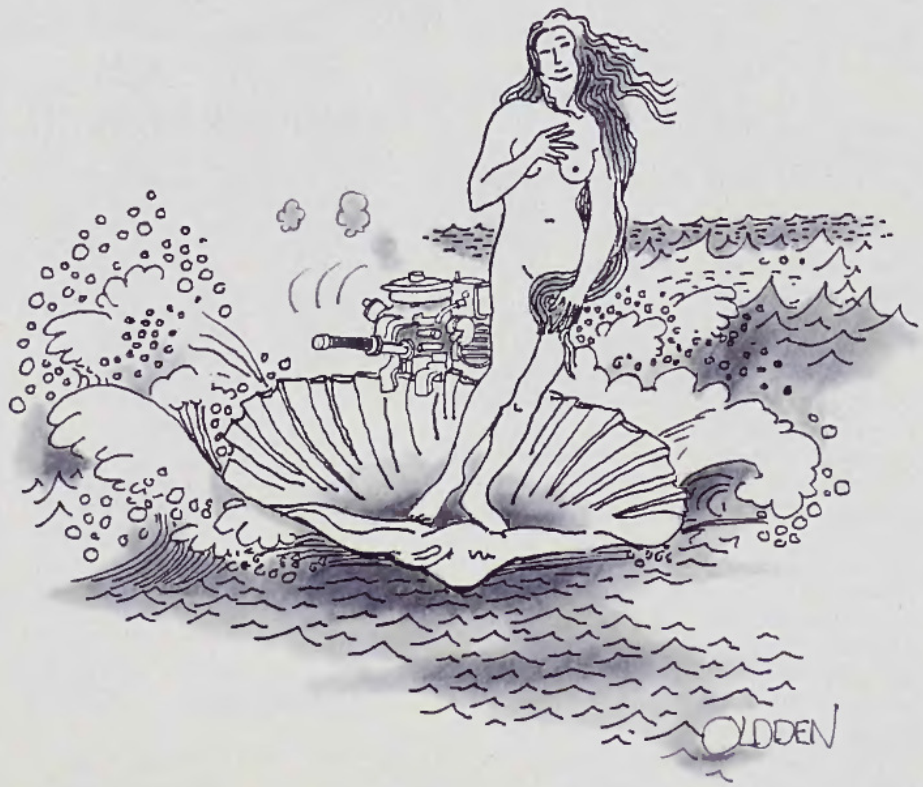
Mezibov's courtroom voice undergoes a change: When cross-examining Reisman, it was the firm voice of intellect. Now it is modulated, warm, wondering. He explains freedom, the system, and opens a door to the outrage of a system abused by law enforcement. He tells of the efforts of the C.A.C. to obtain a court ruling in advance of the exhibition. How the C.A.C. was set up, bilked by law-enforcement officers who were pawns for the nameless and faceless pressure groups, the people who wrote anonymous letters of complaint.

He speaks of the exploitation of the two children by those pressure groups, who distributed copies of the photos, trying to ignite an outrage.

"I think adults can be exploited. It dawned on me last night that there are a million and a half people living in the Greater Cincinnati area, of which maybe seven hundred fifty thousand are eighteen years or older. The kind of people who, if they chose to, could get into a car and drive across the river into Kentucky or down Four Seventy-one or down Seventy-five. I was taken by the fact that eighty-one thousand did do just that, that eighty-one thousand adults went down to the Contemporary Art Center to stand in line. So who's being exploited? I can think of only ten people [eight jurors and two alternates] who were ever *required* to see any part of the Mapplethorpe exhibition, not out of any interest but because they were particularly *required* to do so. Were you? Think of what happened here. . . . Go back six months. The record will tell you that two weeks before the exhibit was scheduled to open, there was a hearing initiated not by the state, not by law enforcement but by the Contemporary Art Center and Mr. Barrie. And the purpose then and there was to lay to rest any question, any doubt, that may have cropped up as to whether this exhibition violated in any measure the obscenity law of this state. What better opportunity for anybody—including those nameless, faceless people—to have his say before the exhibition opened? And you know what happened? Law enforcement passed. This isn't some bridge game where, when it comes your turn, you pass. People's lives are at stake."

Sirkin follows: For most of the trial, he has played net. I notice his reaction time more than his eloquence. Now he touches on some things important not to the case but to the way we see ourselves. "John F. Kennedy once said to some students at Amherst, 'Society must set the artist free to follow his vision wherever it takes him. We must never forget, art is not a form of propaganda; it is a form of truth. . . . The highest duty of the writer, the composer, the artist is to remain true to himself.' We must be able to say things and to show things that some people don't like. Because if we all say what everybody else likes, then there is no reason to protect free speech. We are a country that was designed to let that voice out in the wild give his dream, his feelings and his innermost thoughts.

"Go to the pictures of the children. You heard some comment that 'it's in the



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eye of the beholder.' I challenge any of you when you go back and you look closely again. If you think those pictures are frightening or that they are a lewd exhibition that concentrates on the genitals of those children, that they are anything more than the display of moral innocence. . . . I don't believe the people of this city have that kind of evil eye.

"If you take things and try to turn them the way the state wants you to do, the way Judith Reisman wants you to do, to turn something human into something dirty and ugly. . . . The human body is not ugly; it is ugly only if you try to make it that way."

Prouty stands before the jury for the last time. He brings up the two pictures of the children: "Are these pictures morally innocent? Think about it. You take pictures of your children in the nude. Some of us do, or you do not have the pictures. Would you want the picture of your child in the nude *displayed?*

"Some would say that I'm not too much of an expert on art. But you, the jury, decide what is or is not art. Are these five pictures Van Goghs? No!

"Forearm rammed up a rectum. Art?

"A finger stuck in the head of a penis. Is that art?

"A canister or something stuck up your rectum is art?

"Another picture where you have another individual urinating into another man's mouth. Is this art?

"All five pictures. Think of it. Art?"

With that soliloquy, I realize who could play Prouty. Whenever he says the word art, his voice rises an octave, recalling Don Knotts or maybe John Cleese in a Monty Python skit: "Man with Tape Recorder Up Nose." Art?

•

I walk out of the courtroom. Citizens are streaming toward Riverfront Stadium—away from the county court—for the second game of the National League play-offs. Scalpers stand on every corner offering tickets. I walk five or six blocks to the Contemporary Art Center—it is a second-floor walk-up museum across the street from the Federal courthouse. Huge banners hang on the Federal building, celebrating the 200th anniversary of the U.S. Constitution, the U.S. courts, the Bill of Rights.

I walk around the center: Whereas the courtroom is circular, adversarial, cramped, the gallery is spacious. Whereas the courtroom is muted, with carpets halfway up the wall and industrial-strength oak furniture, the gallery is bright and inviting, with huge rooms, white walls, a single sofa for the contemplative. Whereas the courtroom forces you to consider the facts—statements, photos, law—the gallery presents a grander, more speculative vision. I meander through an artist's creative process. This is Barrie's office, his offering to Cincinnati. Whereas the courtroom forces decision, the gallery invites the opposite, the consideration of possibilities. I feel this way in museums, bookstores, video stores, magazine racks and X-rated peep shows.

•

A few days later, I meet with Joseph. My expectation of freedom has been derailed by the reaction of the jury. "Who would find justice troubling?" I ask.

"We see it all the time in First Amendment cases. A juror has to put aside his deepest feelings—disgust at Nazis marching in parades, at the K.K.K. burning crosses, at porn stars coming on women's faces, at forearms rammed up rectums—to side with the higher principle. The combat happens internally; it is devastating. They are the heroes in this or any other case."

When some of the jurors finally speak to the press, their comments reaffirm the principle. Anthony Eckstein, the engineer in steel-rimmed glasses, says, "We thought the pictures were lewd, grotesque, disgusting. But, like the defense said, art doesn't have to be beautiful or pretty."

Stacey Burton, the forewoman/secretary says, "I think there's something to be learned by these pictures."

The testimony of Judith Reisman is dismissed. The jurors look at the pictures of the children. Jennifer Loesing, the blonde X-ray technician who was visibly shaken, says, "That didn't take that long. We could not see where they had done anything wrong."

In the first vote, the jury was seven to one in favor of acquittal. The holdout, who cited moral and religious reasons, came around. Then, says Eckstein, came the hard part. "We all had to go home and face our families and relatives. We were saying to ourselves, 'Oh, my gosh, how are we going to explain this to people? What will everybody think?'"

In the end, it wasn't easy. If freedom were easy, the whole world would be doing it.

"Sure, I'm qualified. I studied all the normal subjects: laying on of hands, miracles, talking in tongues. . . ."

CUBA LIBRE

(continued from page 74)

once the capital of the island and a city with buildings dating back to the early 16th Century. And everywhere we saw the great old American cars—Buicks, Cadillacs, Chevys, Studebakers; red ones, green ones, yellow ones. Some were being driven, but many sat on blocks as if sunning themselves, waiting for a wheel or just passing the time. Many had names proudly inscribed on their hoods: MARIA, ROSA, ANGEL. They looked like happy characters out of some children's book.

We noticed a general shortage of hot water, but otherwise, all of our accommodations were clean, relatively modern and safe. Cuba's *policía*, it seems, have little patience with criminals, and sentences are swiftly handed out. Knowing that their jails are occupied by the island's real low lifes, most Cubans keep to the proper side of the law.

Cuban cuisine is hot, spicy and, after my experience in the Soviet Union, a gourmet's delight: tropical fruits, fresh grilled fish, poultry, beans, rice and pastries, plus strong, flavorful coffee that kicks you upside the head if you have more than one cup. We celebrated each sunset with a batch of *mojitos*, the island's official drink. Rum, mint, mineral water, lemon juice and a touch of sugar mingle in a libation that helps you lambada till you drop.

A visit to Havana's Tropicana night club affords an experience rivaled only by a Busby Berkeley extravaganza. Celebrating 50 years of performances, the Tropicana provides a spectacle under the stars for tourists and Cubans alike. On multilevel stages and platforms suspended in trees are semiclad dancers—their bodies swaying beneath headdresses like enormous chandeliers studded with twinkling electric lights—moving to the beat of a 32-piece orchestra. Male and female dancers simulate sex to the staccato pulse of strobe lights. And later, after the nightly performance, the stage turns into a disco, where young Cubans get down.

We were enjoying our red-carpet tour immensely, but, we kept asking our hosts, where are the girls? They seemed reluctant to discuss the subject. At the outset of our visit, in fact, an official had warned us we shouldn't expect to take nude photographs. Sexy, yes; see-through, maybe—but not nudes.

"But, *señor*," I argued, "*¿por qué?* The Soviet women were very eager to have glamourous photographs taken of them. Why not the beautiful women of Cuba?"

"*Señor* Cohen," was the reply, "the women of Cuba are very proud. And ninety-two percent of them belong to the Federación de Mujeres de Cuba." The F.M.C. is an alliance of feminists working to reverse the *macho* attitude that has

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long been a part of the island's culture.

Fortunately, the official was mistaken. He hadn't taken into account the power of *Playboy*, the appeal that makes beautiful women all over the world want to appear on its pages. That became clear on the last night of our visit, when our hosts had a surprise for us: an exclusive fashion show, featuring the island's top professional models. Patrick and I selected eight who we thought had the potential to represent the beauties of their country in our pictorial.

After that, I had to get back to Chicago and the office, but Patrick was able to return to Cuba for the best of it. Much the best of it, as it turned out: Not only was he able to travel freely around the countryside in a rented car, minus escort and with eight beautiful women, but he fell in love with one of them: The lovely Idolka de Erbiti is now ensconced in his house in Paris. He was also smitten by the country and its people. The only thing that annoyed him was the government's perhaps predictable red tape.

"In September, when I went back to show my pictures," he told me, "one official would say, 'Fabulous, but wait a minute—we have to go and see so-and-so.' And then so-and-so would say the same thing. Finally, I got fed up and I said, 'Look, if I wanted to write something negative about your country, you wouldn't try to stop me. Here, I want to do something constructive and you say "No" or "Perhaps." If you want to build up tourism, you have to open up *everything* to promotion.'"

What makes the officials nervous is the memory of Cuba's pre-Castro reputation. "Before the revolution, there were a hundred thousand prostitutes in Havana alone," Patrick says. "Batista would even have young girls taken from the countryside and put into brothels, and Cuba became known as the bordello of the U.S. So now the Cubans want to open up tourism, but you know what they're afraid of? They're afraid of prostitution and they're afraid of casinos. They wanted to make sure that we would treat their women with respect."

But that last night in Havana, I must confess that I was thinking less about the political impact of our prospective pictorial than about how I was going to get through U.S. Customs with a box of Cohiba cigars, a bottle of Havana Club rum, my Ché Guevara T-shirts, a set of Cuban toy soldiers and some native jazz tapes, all of which could spell trouble even though my passport indicated nothing about a visit to Cuba. I could, of course, have justified *Playboy*'s interest in Cuba, but with the pictorial not yet finalized, it wasn't a discussion I really wanted to get involved in.

For the sake of journalistic purity, though, I finally decided to play it straight. I declared all my bounty, without brand names (which are not required on the declaration form), and hoped for the best.

In Dallas, where I landed, the Customs agent looked me straight in the eye. "Are you declaring all the goods you purchased?" she asked.

"Affirmative," I replied.

"Are you flying in from Mexico City?"

"Yes, ma'am."

With that, she waved me through. *That's it*, I thought. *I've made it. No sweat. No problem.*

I headed down the hall and was almost to the door when two other Customs officers, making random checks, approached and asked to see my declaration. *Oh, shit!* I thought.

As I handed one of them the form, the other asked, "Who do you work for?"

"*Playboy*," I said, in a tone meant to signify male bonding.

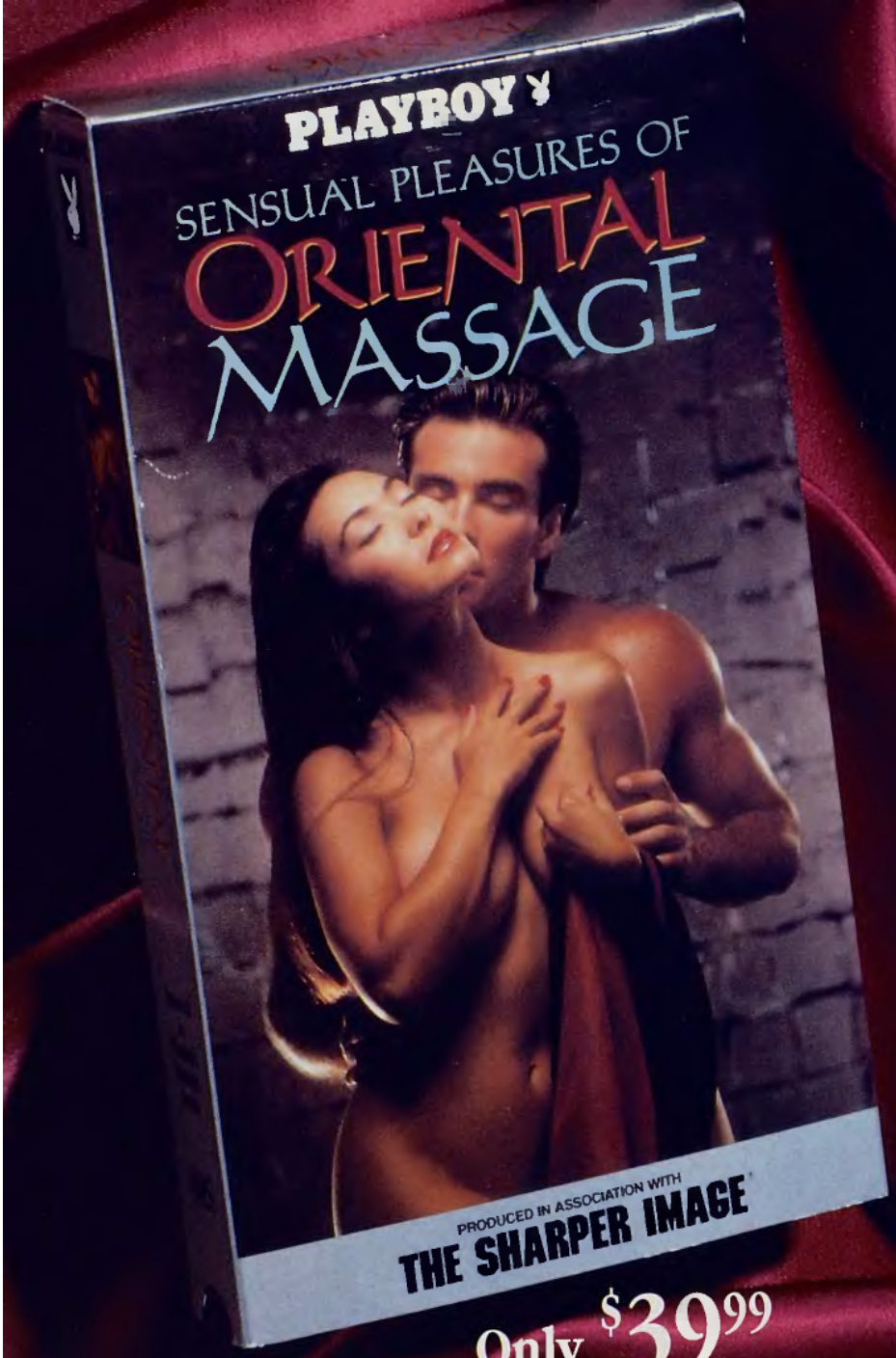
With that, he turned to his colleague and said with a chuckle, "I thought he looked familiar." Turning to me, he asked, "Weren't you the guy who went to the Soviet Union and wrote about smuggling out rolls of film in a copy of *Time* magazine?"

"Affirmative," I said again, a bit shakily.

And the agent shook my hand, pronounced me the celebrity of the day and sent me off into the night with a "Welcome home."

The kids loved the toy soldiers and the T-shirts. My boss is smoking the cigars. I saved the rum for myself, to toast better Cuban–American relations.

"Boy, Ruthie—did I ever trade up!"



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SMART HOME

(continued from page 126)

ending up with nothing but electronic snow? Now there's a smart new breed of VCRs that speak your language—literally. A computer-synthesized voice box on the remote control of Optonica VCRs, for example, guides you through a recording agenda with commands such as "Enter the channel . . . now the start time. . . ."

Another smart VCR, the Panasonic S-VHS PV-S4986 ($1099), accepts operating instructions via a touch-tone telephone, so there's no need to miss a single episode of *Twin Peaks* if you go out on the town and forget to set your machine. Voice guidance and confirmation guarantee you won't come home to a blank tape.

Supersmart 27-to-35-inch televisions by JVC boast powers of deductive reasoning almost good enough to earn them admission to law school. These "artificial intelligence" TVs sample and learn the primary user's viewing habits, then click on with a customized schedule of preferred programing. Say, news at six, music videos at seven, a request movie channel or sports event at eight and, of course, *Playboy at Night* later in the evening. Even the volume is automodulated to the ideal listening level for each show. JVC's smart sets also store as many as five preset channels for a list of programing categories, such as movies or news, and enable users to call up six of a kind in rapid succession or with a single multi-image screen display.

PHONE NETWORKING 1991

You wouldn't open your front door before finding out who's there, so why shouldn't you have the option of knowing who's calling on your phone before you pick it up? That's the rationale for Caller ID—the top of the CLASS (Custom Local Area Signaling Services) now extending across the country from phone companies equipped with digital switching facilities.

After signing up for the service (it's about seven dollars per month), you plug in a special Caller ID phone, such as the Northern Telecom Maestro ($160), or add a small telephone accessory unit from Colonial Data Technologies, Bell Atlantic, Bell South, AT&T or Lynx Automation ($59 to $129). On all Caller ID products, a liquid-crystal display reveals the number from which an incoming call is originating as the phone is ringing. These smart devices also offer recall at the touch of a button.

Some are arguing that Caller ID is an invasion of privacy, since the service exposes unlisted phone numbers. Telephone companies can shield callers with an I.D. block.

Other new species of smart phones talk to one another in ways that avoid extra installations and monthly carrying charges. The AT&T Intercom Speakerphone, for example, delivers paging and intercom operations to your existing one-line system. And Phonex has developed a system that loops incoming calls through your home's electrical wiring to special phone taps installed on power outlets. Adding or moving a phone (or a fax or answering machine) becomes as simple as plugging in a Phonex adapter and any conventional phone product. A starter set for one phone is about $150.

Want to pretend you're sweating at the office when you're really chilling at the beach? Panasonic has a nifty two-line phone, the KX-T2740 ($260), with the brains to forward incoming calls or messages to a designated number. There also are a growing number of cordless phones that pack an answering machine into the base. On the Panasonic KX-T4200 ($210), you can monitor incoming messages from the cordless handset and then cut in if you want to.

Now, if only designers could come up with an electronic phone surrogate that confidently calls forbiddingly beautiful women for dates or deals with mundane matters so we could tackle more important concerns. Anyone seen that grape peeler?

LOOKING AHEAD

Just around the corner is a new generation of smart appliances that instinctively talk and tend to one another without requiring a central computer to call the shots. Imagine a microwave oven taking programming instructions from phone tones—or even off a bar code imprinted on a food package. Envision a clothes drier delivering a message to a TV screen when the load's done.

Future audio receivers and television sets will lower the volume the instant a phone rings. If the water pressure drops severely when you turn on the shower, other appliances that use water will instantly pause. After a power outage, one battery-operated master clock will automatically reset every digital clock in the house so you'll never again have to stare down a blinking 12:00.

More than 30 major manufacturers (among them Matsushita, Sony and Thomson) will drive this smart-home revolution. They have united behind a newly standardized communication interface called CEBus and are rushing to bring out compatible products that they

WHAT COMBINES PURE AIR & BEAUTY?

PHOTOTRON

$39.95 down!

- Pyraponic Industries is ranked as the 86th fastest growing company in the United States.
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- Phototron® used by over 650 universities, schools, and institutions worldwide, including Harvard,USDA, and NASA.
- Phototron® launch aboard Space Shuttle in 1992 to study permanent habitat on Space Station Freedom.
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Phototron III®

The natural home Air Purifier

Hello my name is Jeffery Julian DeMarco, president and founder of Pyraponic Industries, Inc. II, inventor of the Phototron®. The hallmark of the last 20 years has been energy efficiency. That is, we have learned how to best hermetically seal your home against the loss of heat and air conditioning. $39.95 down.

The result has been to also seal in air pollution. The Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) has suggested that every home in the United States has between 2 and 20 times the amounts of pollution inside the home than outside. When placed in a 1,000 sq. ft. room, the Phototron® circulates 1,000 sq. ft. of air through the Phototron® 33 times every 24 hours. This does 4 things: Plants have always been the natural lungs of the Earth;

1- In the Phototron® the natural respiration of plants breathe in all of the in house pollution completely filtering in the air you breathe;

2- Also, all of the carbon dioxide you exhale will be inhaled by the Phototron®, converting the CO2 to pure oxygen for your health;

3- The natural transpiration of plants releases up to 1 gallon of pure distilled, deionized water vapor back to the air for your easy breathing; $39.95 down.

4- Aerosol air deodorizers work by coating your nose hairs with an oil of artificial smell. You breathe the same pollutants, you just don't smell them.

By introducing fragrant plants into the Phototron III's® sterile environment, a natural air freshener is created. Your whole house is naturally perfumed with roses, gardenias, jasmine, honeysuckle, etc. The Phototron III® will grow any plant twice as fast as nature can, producing more fruits, flowers, and vegetables. The tremendous impact that plants will have on your living environment is far more encompassing than the beauty of ornamental display, and you can take action for the health and well being of your family for just $39.95 down, with 0% interest and payments over 90 days. With the Phototron III®, you can help save the planet naturally, painlessly, and inexpensively, as over 100,000 people have already realized. $39.95 down!

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Jeffery Julian DeMarco

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hope will render obsolete almost everything electric we now own. CEBus appliances will speak a universal language over the home's highways—traveling through the A.C. power lines, phone wiring, low-power radio, infrared light, coaxial TV cable or combinations thereof. Most likely, you'll control the system via an infrared remote device pointed at a TV screen. Who knew the boob tube would grow to be so bright?

Smart appliances can't give us the meaning of life. But these talkative power tools are sure to improve the quality of living—spreading pleasure everywhere, simplifying mundane chores, offering control over our domain, if not our destiny.

"Open the bay doors, HAL. . . ."

TRON: THE JAPANESE INTELLIGENT HOUSE

LESS THAN A MILE from the clubs and discos of Tokyo's Roppongi district is an elegant two-story house. From the outside, there is little to distinguish it from the neighboring buildings. But three days a week, when it's open to the public, the year-old home draws a crowd any club owner would envy.

The TRON (The Real-time Operating-system Nucleus) Intelligent House is a $7,000,000 experiment in advanced technology. Not just a showcase for high-tech gadgetry, it's a demonstration of how electronic sensors, appliances, personal computers, lights, climate-control equipment and other devices can work in fully automated harmony to simplify our lives.

The mastermind behind the system is Ken Sakamura, a 39-year-old associate professor of information science at the University of Tokyo. What this technology whiz considers a computer goes far beyond the familiar basic box and keyboard. With computing power being built into everything from microwave ovens to VCRs, Sakamura says, we now have a wide range of intelligent objects that could effectively exchange information if properly interconnected.

Although the TRON house is one of the most advanced home-automation systems in the world, one would never know it from appearances. The interior reflects the spare, clean lines of contemporary Japanese architecture. Wood and natural fabrics in neutral colors exude warmth. One side of the house is given over to a spectacular plant-filled atrium. Yet no effort has been spared to keep this home front comfortable. Sensors monitor temperature, humidity, air flow, human presence and even carbon-dioxide levels inside the house. If skies are clear and temperatures fair, the atrium windows open for fresh air and the HVAC (heating, ventilation and air conditioning) shuts off. At the first drop of rain, windows close and the HVAC establishes an optimum temperature based on the occupants' activities. Reading a book under bright lights will prompt the temperature to decrease a few degrees; watching television in the dark will raise it slightly.

Ultimately, the TRON house was designed for comfort and convenience. If one chooses to dim the lights, not every lamp must be adjusted individually. All features within a room—lighting, temperature, even curtains—can be controlled from a single centralized wall switch.

Other controls protect the entire house—and its owner. An "out" mode sets the burglar alarm and turns the entrance lights on when it gets dark. In a "good night" mode, infrared lights detect when someone gets up in the middle of the night and respond by switching on subdued lighting to guide the way.

The entire system is programmed and users can change the instructions from any of the home's three personal computers. To override the program—keep the windows open, even—just hit a wall switch.

Computers also add new convenience to a number of old pleasures, such as taking a bath. Housed in a luxurious cypress-paneled room, the whirlpool-fitted bath can be programmed to be filled and waiting at any time and at any temperature. Different temperatures can be programmed for different users. An adjoining herb-fragrant sauna features similar programmable controls.

For home entertainment, not only does this house have the latest gear but it's all laced into highly synchronized networks. Video signals from any of seven cameras, VCRs or laser-disc players inside the house, or from television, satellite or cable stations outside, can be viewed on any of the home's 33 television monitors. A person watching a movie can periodically check on someone in another room or see who's at the door just by switching channels. The monitors also can display information such as lighting scenarios, room temperature and humidity, outdoor weather conditions and utility use.

The video system also plays a role in keeping things organized. An automated storage system takes gym-locker-sized bins from four access ports on the first and second floors to and from the basement. Video cameras mounted above the ports record what's loaded into each bin and keep an inventory, which can be viewed on any monitor.

Audio signals also can be routed to any room in the house via its intercom, FM receiver or ten-disc CD player. The living room and one of the bedrooms are fitted with speakers to take advantage of a digital signal processor that can mimic the acoustics of 16 settings, from a large concert hall to a movie theater.

In the kitchen, a computer-controlled laser-disc player is linked to the oven and cooking rings. Discs guide chefs through meal preparation, controlling cooking temperatures and times for perfect results.

The emphasis of the TRON house is on whole-house automation. But more specialized intelligent equipment is included throughout to increase comfort and efficiency. A sensor-controlled watering system keeps the atrium green and a high-frequency sound generator keeps it pest-free. Lights on the dressing table can be set at the level of a typical office, night club or restaurant. With the press of a button, the bathroom faucet can be adjusted to provide just the right amount of water to wash your face or brush your teeth. There's even a toilet that checks the user's pulse and blood pressure and performs a basic urinalysis.

Although the TRON house has taken home electronics beyond most normal expectations, it is just the first step in Sakamura's long-range plans. Using the home as their laboratory, he and electronics manufacturers are working together to develop a line of products built specifically for whole-house automation, as well as to explore the possibility of extending the TRON network outside the home. The information collected by the intelligent john, for example, could be relayed directly to a doctor's computer.

Ultimately, Sakamura sees networks of intelligent objects encompassing regions and entire countries in an effort to improve world-wide communications. How's that for reaching out and touching someone? —DENNIS NORMILE

MADONNA

(continued from page 84)

"because you have more balls than most of the men I know."

Thus is art made.

The young women who adore and emulate Madonna understand the point she is getting at. She is the proponent and symbol of a hybrid pop philosophy that combines the old-fashioned use of sex as a weapon with a women's-liberation-driven bitterness toward men. It is a cheap and tawdry little philosophy, born of anger, cynicism and ennui, just right for today: slut feminism.

"She doesn't sell her body, but it's the same thing, and I think it's great," says Lynne Hollier, 25, a London secretary. "You admire her because she's used it so well. She's used boys and she doesn't deny it. It's about time someone did that. About time some women stood up for their rights."

"I hate her, but I love to hate her," says Linda Robinson, 24, an Irish-born lawyer whose ambivalence toward Madonna puzzles her. "She's too sexual. . . . I hate her! I absolutely hate her! But I think—Jesus Christ!—I'm a lawyer, stuck in one of the most conservative professions in the world, and I could never do this. I think, How does she get away with this? But she *is* positive for women. What she's saying and doing is revolutionary. No one takes women seriously, and she is saying, 'I am a woman and I can do what I want, no matter what you think of me.' She is flaunting her sexuality and she is doing it in the face of the greatest repression in the world, here in England. And I like that."

Dawn, 18, a receptionist in Brixton, says, "Why I like her so much is that she is completely in control. She is doing what she wants because she wants to and she has lots of influence over men. She's respected a lot. You can't call her a bimbo. I suppose I even try to imitate her image because she's got such a strong image. To have that power, that feeling of control over men is one I like to have. If you feel really confident, really good, really sexy, it's amazing the difference it makes. You can get away with murder."

Dawn is pale and wan and has the kind of thin, weak legs that speak of poverty bred in the bone. She has stringy red hair and a face that's already pinched and worn. She is wearing purple-velvet hot pants and black imitation-leather boots and a black see-through halter that looks as if she crocheted it herself. Up on the stage, Madonna slaps down half a dozen strong men in the space of one song; down here on the dirty black plastic of the real world, Dawn sits with a couple of beer-swilling louts who are ignoring her, and who don't think much of Madonna, either.

"I wouldn't marry her," says one

WHERE & HOW TO BUY

Page 102: **Jacket** and **pullover** by *British Open*, at Bigsby & Kruthers, all Chicago locations, 708-498-5700. **Shirt** by *Cross Creek*, at Oak Tree Country Club, 700 West Country Club Dr., Edmond, OK 73034, 405-340-1010. **Trousers** by *Bobby Jones*, at F. R. Tripler & Co., 366 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. 10017, 800-869-7848. **Sunglasses** by *Oliver Peoples*, at Oliver Peoples, 8642 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 90069, 213-657-2553. **Glove** by *Daiwa*, 800-736-GOLF. **Shoes** by *Fratelli Rossetti*, at Fratelli Rossetti, 601 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. 10022, 212-888-5107. **Socks** by *Stanley Blacker*, available at pro shops across the country.

Page 103: **Jacket** by *Polo by Ralph Lauren*, at Bloomingdale's, 1000 Third Ave., N.Y.C. 10022, 212-705-2000. **Shirt** by *Ralph Lauren*, at The Golf Shop, Riviera Country Club, 1250 Capri Dr., Pacific Palisades, CA 90272, 213-459-8891. **Vest** by *Polo by Ralph Lauren*, Polo/Ralph Lauren, 867 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. 10021, 212-603-2911. **Tie** and **cap** by *Polo by Ralph Lauren*, available at select Polo/Ralph Lauren stores. **Pants** by *Polo by Ralph Lauren*, available at pro shops across the country. **Shoes** by *Ralph Lauren Footwear*, at Polo/Ralph Lauren stores or select golf and pro shops. **Glove** by *Valley Forge*, available at private and public country clubs nationwide.

Page 104: **Jacket** and **cap** by *MacGregor*, available at all Greengrass pro shops or by calling 800-841-4358. **Shirt** by *Sansabelt Golf*, at Frank & Harris, 290 Del Amo Fashion Center, Torrance, CA 90503, 213-542-4365. **Shorts** by *Izod Lacoste*, at Macy's 151 West 34th St., N.Y.C. 10001, 800-44-MACYS. **Sunglasses** by *Carerra*, available at Macy's across the country; most Sunglass Hut locations, FL. **Watch** by *Bulova*, available at fine jewelry and department stores nationwide. **Glove** by *Daiwa*, available from Daiwa Golf Company, 800-736-GOLF.

Page 105: **Sweater** by *Burberrys*, at Burberrys of London, 9 East 57th St., N.Y.C. 10022, 212-371-5010. **Shirt** by *Duckhead*, at Belk Department Store, 7201 Two Notch Rd., Columbia, SC 29223, 803-788-7830. **Trousers** by *Ashworth*, at P.G.A. West, 55955 P.G.A. Blvd., LaQuinta, CA 92253, 619-564-7111. **Glove** by *Valley Forge*, available at private and public country clubs and golf specialty stores coast to coast. **Glasses** by *Oliver Peoples*, at Oliver Peoples, 8642 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 90069, 213-657-2553. **Watch** by *Bulova*, available at fine jewelry and department stores nationwide. **Shoes** by *Dexter*, available at select pro shops or by calling 207-924-5444.

Page 106: **Towel** by *Ralph Lauren Home Collections*, at Polo/Ralph Lauren stores nationwide. **Cap** by *Polo by Ralph Lauren*, available at selected stores. **Umbrella** by *Ralph Lauren*, at 444 North Rodeo Dr., Beverly Hills 90210, 213-281-7200. **Vest** by *Joseph Abboud*, at Joseph Abboud, Boston, and other fine specialty stores. **Shoes** by *Stylo*, at select pro shops across the country. **Caddie** by *Ralph Lauren*, at Polo/Ralph Lauren, Copely Place, 100 Huntington Ave., Boston 02116, 617-266-4121. **Shirt** by *Bogner*, at Bogner stores, including: 655 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. 10021, 212-752-2282. **Watch** by *Oris*, at Jerry Grant, 73rd and Columbus, N.Y.C. 10023, 212-496-5050. **Watch** by *Elgin*, exclusively at Time Will Tell, 962 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. 10021, 212-861-2663. **Shirt** by *Izod Lacoste*, at Macy's, 151 East 34th St., N.Y.C. 10001, 212-695-4400. **Vest** by *Whitfield & Bridges*, at Kapalua Village Golf Course, 300 Kapalua Dr., Kapalua, HI 96761, 808-669-8830. **Gloves** by *Grandoe*, available at fine specialty stores. **Golf-club bag** and **cover** by the *Carocciola Collection* by *Gold Pfeil*, at Gold Pfeil, 13350 Dallas Parkway, Suite 1245, Dallas 75240, 214-385-8901.

Page 107: **Sweater** by *Gentry Portofino*, at Cashmere, Cashmere, Inc., 595 Madison Avenue, N.Y.C. 10022, 212-935-2522. **Shirt** by *Izod Lacoste*, at Macy's, 151 West 34th St., N.Y.C. 10001, 800-44-MACYS. **Trousers** by *Cordovan & Grey*, at Goode & Goode Clothiers, 1561 Manheim Pike, Lancaster, PA 17601, 717-560-1700; and select pro shops. **Belt** by *Cole Haan*. Check for availability at your nearest Cole Haan store. **Glove** by *Valley Forge*, available at private and public country clubs and golf specialty stores coast to coast. **Watch** by *Bulova*, available at fine jewelry and department stores nationwide. **Shoes** by *Johnston & Murphy*, available at America's finest pro shops or by calling 800-634-7924.

STYLE

Page 22: **Macanudo** by *General Cigar Company*, at Alfred Dunhill of London, 450 Park Ave., N.Y.C. 10022, 212-753-9292 and at fine smoke shops. **Fuente Cuban Corona** by *Arturo Fuente Cigar Factory*; **New York, New York Selections** by *Consolidated Cigar Corporation*; and **"21" Club** by *Villazon & Company*. **Davidoff** by *Davidoff of Geneva, Inc.*, at Davidoff, Davidoff, 535 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. 10022, 800-548-4623. **Premier** by *Brick-Hanauer Co.*, at Hillside Variety, 900 Hillside Ave., New Hyde Park, NY 11040, 516-354-1166. **TAG-Heuer,** 800-321-4832. **Seiko,** 800-848-3545. **Citizen,** 800-321-3173. **Breitling,** at C. D. Peacock, 700 North Michigan Ave., Chicago 60611, 312-335-0077. **Sector,** at Fortunoff, select NY and NJ locations.

fellow, airily dismissing his doubtless fine chance at making a match with an international sex symbol, movie star and multimillionaire. "She's a bit of a tart."

Dawn's little dream of herself as Madonna, as forlorn a hope in life as it is real in her heart, suggests another reason for Madonna's triumph. She represents not just the sexual triumph of women over men but the promise that such a triumph can belong to Everywoman. This is of course, a lie, but it is fairly presented as such, in an act and a persona that are triumphant in their artifice. Critics look only at the trumpery of it all and see something a great deal less than art. They just don't get it. The point of Madonna's art *is* artifice. She is not a singer or a dancer, except incidentally. What she's really selling is herself in various tableaux of good and evil and vice and virtue. She is, not to get fancy about it, a performance artist, no less so than the chocolate-smeared Karen Finley. Unlike Finley, though, she is seeking a mass audience. And if she is to make any impact in a popular culture that every year sets new levels in reduction to the lowest possible denominator, her performance must be so crude, so trite and so exaggerated in its artifice that no one but critics can fail to get it.

At the heart of her artifice is the uniquely American gift for packaging. Some students of the phenomenon like to exaggerate Madonna's own exaggeration and say that, like Jay Gatsby, she invented and frequently reinvents herself (a beloved pop-crit notion), but this again misses the point; her permutations are variations on a theme, not metamorphoses. Reinventing yourself is dying and being reborn, not dyeing your hair. In truth, Madonna, like other artists, simply mines and refines the same material over and over, drawing from whatever wells there are within.

As it happens, the wells available to her are hardly deeper than a puddle, and they have been plumbed many times before, but that doesn't make what's drawn from them any less real. Her performance comes from her own life, from her childhood in Michigan, from the early death of her mother and her father's betrayal by remarrying, from the conflict between her strict Catholic upbringing and her sexual desires, from her great natural hunger for attention. Her act, both on stage and off, is one long teenage dissertation on these ordinary things. She is mad at her daddy and at the nuns and the priests of her uncompromising church and at boys who want only to *fawk* you and don't even do a very good job at that. She would like, theoretically, to be loved by a good man, but so far, the good men are dull and the bad men are exciting but soon grow tiresome. She alternates from despair to rebellion to nihilism, all felt terribly, terribly deeply but not for long.

It's all banal, of course, which is exactly why it is so right. Profundity is as necessary for our popular art as is intelligence, which is to say, not at all. Warhol knew that, and so does Madonna. It is the very shallowness of her vision, and the very obviousness with which she processes herself in that vision, that makes her art accessible to the people she is trying to reach. Banality is an appropriate tone in contemplating modern life, and if the critics don't know that, Madonna does, and so do all the teenage girls who are mad at their mean daddies and their embarrassing mothers and all those nasty, unkind boys.

Indeed, banality is key. A real reinvention of self would be understandable to very few, but a dye job and a costume change are easily grasped by all. With every redo, Madonna has offered a new and improved self, but never so new that it cannot be assimilated nor so improved that it cannot be imitated. The young woman who posed nude for photographers in 1979 and 1980 was pretty and sexy but not impossibly so. Her face still had a touch of baby fat, her body, a touch of awkwardness. The Boy Toy of a few years later was much more poised and posed but still a little pudgy, still not so impossibly beautiful that a teenager in Brooklyn or Brighton couldn't see herself in that *bustier* and miniskirt. Now she is the playgirl of the Western world, bleached and costumed and stylized and sculpted into something much larger than life but still oddly, carefully accessible. She employs cartoon effects that require almost no imagination or skill to ape. The costumes she wears are hyperbolic in their whole but commonplace in their parts. If you are a so-inclined young woman, you can find a corset and a bicycle jacket in your town. The make-up is bold and brassy and cheap, the platinum hair is known by all to come from a bottle. Any girl can buy the same. Strap on a crucifix, let the world see your bra and learn to say fawk and you, too, can become glamourous, exciting, a star. And much more: a woman—no better looking when she began than you, Dawn!—who makes the men grovel and the boys pant, a woman who calls the shots, a woman who breaks all the rules about what good girls do and gets away with it, a woman in control in a world full of rude and threatening men.

"I think women should look like her and act like her," says Dawn, groping her way through a thicket of thought. "If you dress in a way that makes you feel good about yourself, it tends to make men look at you but not bother you. If you don't look good, they bother you, because they can see that you are vulnerable. But if you are looking good, they respect you. So I personally feel I should put on lots of make-up and dress the way I do."

When the young Madonna-ettes talk, you can hear the lure and the promise of the miracle vibrate in their voices. Melanie Parson and Kelly Jeffries are 12 years old. They dress as much like Madonna as they can get away with, which is not very much. They spend three or four hours a day listening to Madonna's music and working on their Madonna scrapbooks. They are conventional middle-class girls and they will probably grow up to be conventional middle-class women and like it well enough. But tonight, under the smoggy skies of Wembley, they watch the platinum tramp up on the floodlit stage and they know that anything is possible. A new hairdo, a bit of hot lipstick, a daring dress and there is a new you, wicked and bold and remaking the world.

Why do you like Madonna, Kelly?

"She changes. She changes all the time."

PLAYBOY
ON·THE·SCENE
WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

DATS APLENTY

After years of being on pause, digital audio tape (DAT) is finally moving fast forward into the U.S. No, you don't have to discard your compact discs. DATs are to analogue cassettes what CDs are to LPs—with one exception. You can record on DAT. Tape a CD onto a 2⅞" x 2⅛" DAT cassette and you'll get an exact copy, free of hiss and flutter. But don't expect to pass the tape to friends to duplicate on their own DAT equipment. Microchips built into the recorders prevent second-generation digital transfers. Prices of DAT rack systems, car stereos, portable units and prerecorded and blank tapes will initially be high; but, as with most new electronic toys, they're expected to drop in time. And DAT's music to our ears.

STEVE CONWAY

Below, top to bottom: Sony's Model TCD-D3 Portable DAT Walkman features an LCD display and analogue and digital inputs and outputs for direct recordings, about $850, including a rechargeable battery and an A.C. adapter (headphones additional). Model DTP 08 DAT car stereo with programable playback, audible program scan and electronic bass and volume control, by Blaupunkt, about $1800. Model 1000 Digital Audio Recording System features a separate recorder and processor, about $5000 each, and a remote control, $1000, all by Nakamichi.

GRAPEVINE

The Cats in the Hats

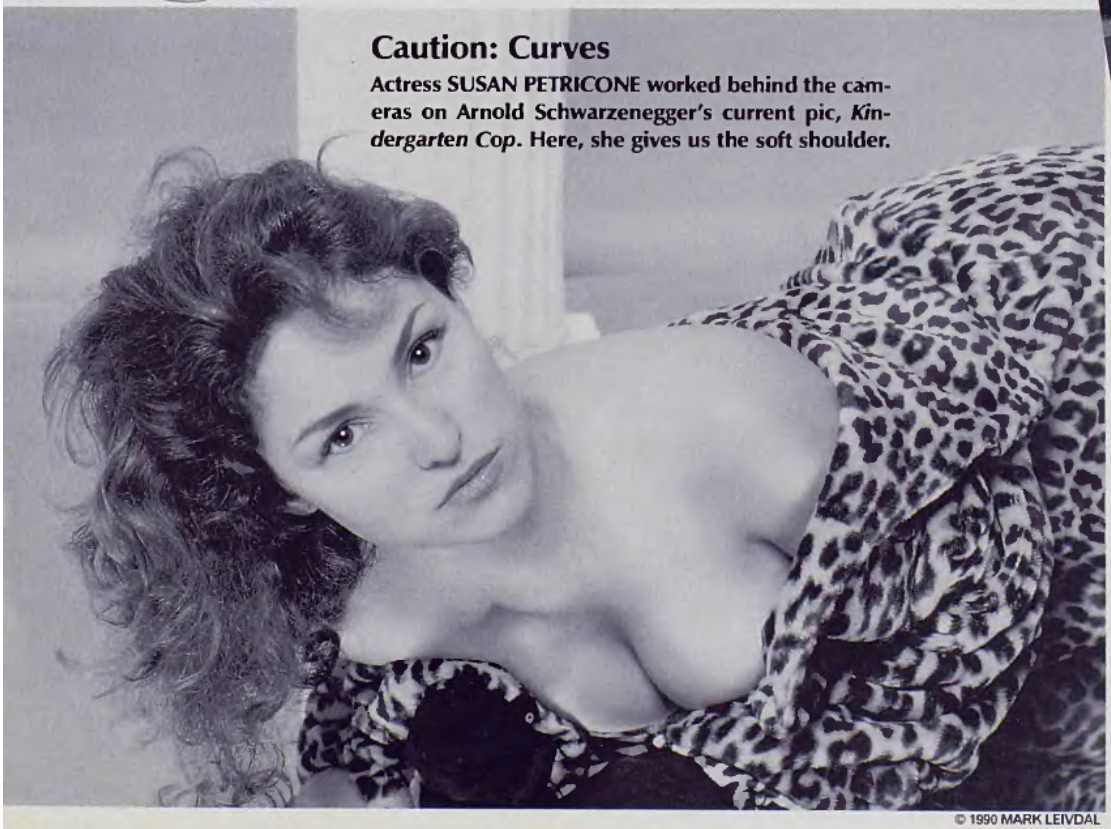
They're blues legend WILLIE DIXON (left) and musician pal DR. JOHN, hanging out backstage at the Benson & Hedges Blues Festival. The Doctor collaborated with the late Art Blakey on the hot jazz LP *Bluesiana Triangle*, and the original Hoochie Coochie Man co-wrote and sang *Long Legged Goddess* on Willi Jones's recent debut album. Singing the blues is still good news.

PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

© 1990 MARK LEIVDAL

LeeAnn Does Her Sleight of Hand

Did you see actress LEEANN MAHONEY in *The Adventures of Ford Fairlane*? Or in the episode of *Cheers* when Sam got the measles? We're proud to have LeeAnn holding up her corner of *Grapevine* with a grin and a touch of skin.



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Caution: Curves

Actress SUSAN PETRICONE worked behind the cameras on Arnold Schwarzenegger's current pic, *Kindergarten Cop*. Here, she gives us the soft shoulder.

RICHARD BOCKLET

A Bat, a Ball and Some Gall

The Yankees need help, but this is ridiculous! TOM SELLECK is suited up for *Tokyo Diamond*, in which he plays an on-the-skids ballplayer. Sounds like a real Yankee.

© SUE PLUMMER

Better Dread than Dead

Have you checked out DREAD ZEPPELIN? It plays old Led Zep songs to a reggae beat and the lead singer looks like Elvis during his Las Vegas days. Whole lotta love, mon.

Sea Nymph

There's more to diving than fish and shipwrecks. TRACY MILLHOLLON, for example: She is an actress/correspondent on TV's *Scuba World*. Want more? Get Tracy's video *Dream of a Mermaid* and blow bubbles at home.

PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Sudden Stop . . .

is the name of rocker COLIN JAMES's new LP, not the state of his career. Opening for Robert Plant's U.K. tour and duetting with Bonnie Raitt on vinyl, Colin pulls *out* all the stops.

PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

There Was (Not Wasn't) a Party Going On

Was (Not Was) singers DONALD RAY MITCHELL (left) and SIR HARRY BOWENS (right) took the stage with Tears for Fears' CURT SMITH at the Was record-debut party for *Are You Okay?*

DOUGLAS MAGBY

NEW LANDSCAPE

In December's *Christmas Gift Guide*, we featured a signed sterling-silver puzzle titled *Landscape Variations* by renowned sculptor Richard Hunt. Priced at $1500, it was a great buy that was bound to go up in value. But if your bank balance is on the small side, you can own the 8¼" x 8¼" puzzle nestled in a walnut base and not have to hock your Rolex to do so. The bronze version pictured here is available for $160, postpaid, by calling 800-345-6066 and asking for item HK-3198. They're selling fast.

JOLLY GOOD LISTEN

P. G. Wodehouse may have gone to that great Drones Club in the sky, but his most beloved characters, Jeeves and Bertie Wooster, live on in a new one-hour audio tape, *Jeeves Takes Charge*, read by Edward Duke. (The selections are from Duke's triumphant Wodehouse stage tour in which he played all the characters.) The price: $8.50, postpaid, from Buckingham Classics, P.O. Box 597441, Chicago 60659. If Wodehouse isn't your cuppa, old bean, Buckingham also offers a tape of *Fanny Hill*.

GET SCREWDEVILED

We seldom feature fishing lures in *Potpourri*, but when you chance upon one named Screwdevil and when the company that manufactures it also sells T-shirts picturing "The Original Screwdevil" and Old Scratch himself, well, you just go to the Devil. D and N Enterprises, P.O. Box 473, Whitewater, Wisconsin 53190, markets the Screwdevil lures for $3.95 each, postpaid. But the T-shirts are what most of D and N's customers are hooked on. They are available in sizes small through extra large for $13.95, postpaid. D and N claims that its lures "do catch fish." Think we'll bite?

INCA DO

If you've followed the sun from Agadès to Zamboanga and are still seeking new worlds to conquer, do we have a destination for you! Hanns Ebensten Travel, Inc., 513 Fleming Street, Key West, Florida 33040, is offering 12 adventurous travelers the chance to visit remote Vilcabamba, Peru, the last refuge of the Incas. The tour, July 14 to 26, which costs $3645 per person, not including air fare, begins in Lima. Then it's on to Cuzco and the ruins of Vilcabamba, where you'll camp for two nights. From there, you proceed to such name-droppable nirvanas as Nusta Hispanan, Quillabamba, Machu Picchu and Cuzco again. Just hope that someone at the office asks what you did on your summer vacation.

MAD AVE GOES TO THE DOGS

Buster Brown's four-footed friend, Tige, and RCA's cocked-headed Nipper weren't the only spokesdogs to become howling successes. In the $12.95 softcover *The Dog Made Me Buy It!*, by Alice L. Muncaster and Ellen Sawyer, ads for Great Dane coal, St. Bernard sardines and Greyhound moving vans are depicted among 130 photos of dogs in advertising.

POWA PLAY

PowaKaddy Remote, "the world's first remote-controlled golf caddie," is about to emerge from the clubhouse to accompany well-heeled duffers over hill and dale. No, it won't throw clubs into the air the way the cart in *Caddyshack* did, but users will be able to guide the battery-powered PowaKaddy from hole to hole via a handheld control. When fully charged, the unit—which will sell for about $1400—is good for 18 holes. For more information, call PowaKaddy USA, Inc., at 800-648-7222. Play through!

ALL THAT JAZZ!

The first general-merchandise catalog geared to the jazz community is out and you'll find plenty of jazzy stuff in its 41 pages—including videos, books, CDs, audio cassettes, posters, postcards, photoprints, T-shirts and much more. The price is only two dollars sent to The Jazz Store, 333-L Beech Avenue, Garwood, New Jersey 07027. Or if you really have the hots for some very cool sounds or merchandise, there's also a phone service: 201-233-9529 is the number to note.

INSIDE LOOK AT LONDON

You don't have to be an Anglophile to lose yourself in *London Living Style*, a Rizzoli coffee-table book containing 250 color photos of such diverse residences as an artist's studio in Kentish Town and a town house in Belgravia. There are shots of foyers, bedrooms and kitchens. The price: $40. Not into London? Rizzoli's companion book, *At Home in France*, also $40, takes you from a Paris *pied-à-terre* to a country château. *Très bien*.

PRINTS CHARMING

Seen a poster or a reproduction of a work of art that you can't live without? Contact Print Finders, a service that researches and quotes the price of the picture you're seeking. All you do is supply Print Finders with the name of the artist and the title of the image and they'll let you know its availability, size and cost. (Print Finders sells the image at retail, without adding a search fee.) Their address is 15 Roosevelt Place, Scarsdale, New York 10583. The Wagon-Bar poster pictured here is only $40. Nice.

NEXT MONTH

SPRING BREAK

AUTO REPORT

UNCLE ANDY

WOMEN'S WOMEN

"UNCLE ANDY GEE'S FAREWELL SHOW"—IT SURE AIN'T **HOWDY DOODY** TIME WHEN A SMALL TV STATION'S TERMINALLY ILL KIDS'-SHOW HOST ASKS TO TAPE HIS ULTIMATE FAREWELL—FICTION BY **STEPHEN RANDALL**

"POACHING"—YOUNGER WOMEN, OLDER MEN. ONCE CALLED CRADLE ROBBING, THIS GAME OF SEXUAL MUSICAL CHAIRS MAY JUST BE DEVELOPING INTO THE DATING TREND OF THE NINETIES. FOR THOSE WHO DARE, *PLAYBOY* EXPLORES THE PLEASURES AND PERILS OF THE SPORT WITH THE POACHERS AND THEIR POACHEES—BY **DAVID SEELEY**

"CALL OF THE WILD"—GET SET FOR THE NEXT REVOLUTION: IT'S ABOUT HANGING TOUGH WHILE STAYING SENSITIVE. A VIEW OF THE NINETIES MALE—BY *MEN* COLUMNIST **ASA BABER**

"GIVE US A BREAK!"—ENJOY THE SIGHTS OF AN UNRESTRAINED AND UNIQUELY AMERICAN BACCHANALIAN FREE-FOR-ALL AS OUR PHOTOGRAPHERS HIT SPRING'S HOTTEST SPOTS: EAST, WEST AND DOWN TO THE GULF OF MEXICO

"IS STEVE MARTIN A NATIONAL TREASURE?"—IN A DOZEN GREAT FUNNYMAN ROLES, AMONG THEM A MODERN-DAY CYRANO DE BERGERAC, A JERK, A ROCK DENTIST, A PRIVATE EYE AND A LONELY GUY, MARTIN HAS DEMONSTRATED WHY HE MAY BE THE GREATEST COMIC GENIUS SINCE CHAPLIN. A *PLAYBOY PROFILE* BY **BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN**

"THE WITLESS PROTECTION PROGRAM"—WHEN CAREER CRIMINALS JOIN FORCES WITH THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT TO COMBAT CRIME, MAYHEM RESULTS. WELCOME TO THE WITNESS-SECURITY PROGRAM: NO BAD DEED GOES UNREWARDED—BY **T. J. ENGLISH**

MARTIN SCORSESE, OUR MOST PROVOCATIVE COMMERCIAL DIRECTOR, WHOSE FILMS INCLUDE *TAXI DRIVER, RAGING BULL, THE LAST TEMPTATION OF CHRIST* AND *THE KING OF COMEDY,* COULD TAKE AN OSCAR FOR *GOODFELLAS.* HE GOES OFF CAMERA, AND ON THE RECORD, IN AN INTENSE **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

PLUS: *PLAYBOY* PAYS TRIBUTE TO THE WOMEN OF WOMEN'S COLLEGES IN A VERY SPECIAL NEWS-MAKING PICTORIAL; YOU WON'T NEED THAT CRYSTAL BALL TO CATCH A GLIMPSE OF WHAT'S IN VOGUE WHEN YOU CHECK OUT **"PLAYBOY'S SPRING AND SUMMER FASHION FORECAST,"** BY **HOLLIS WAYNE; KEN GROSS** REVVVS UP **"PLAYBOY'S AUTOMOTIVE REPORT";** AND MUCH, MUCH MORE

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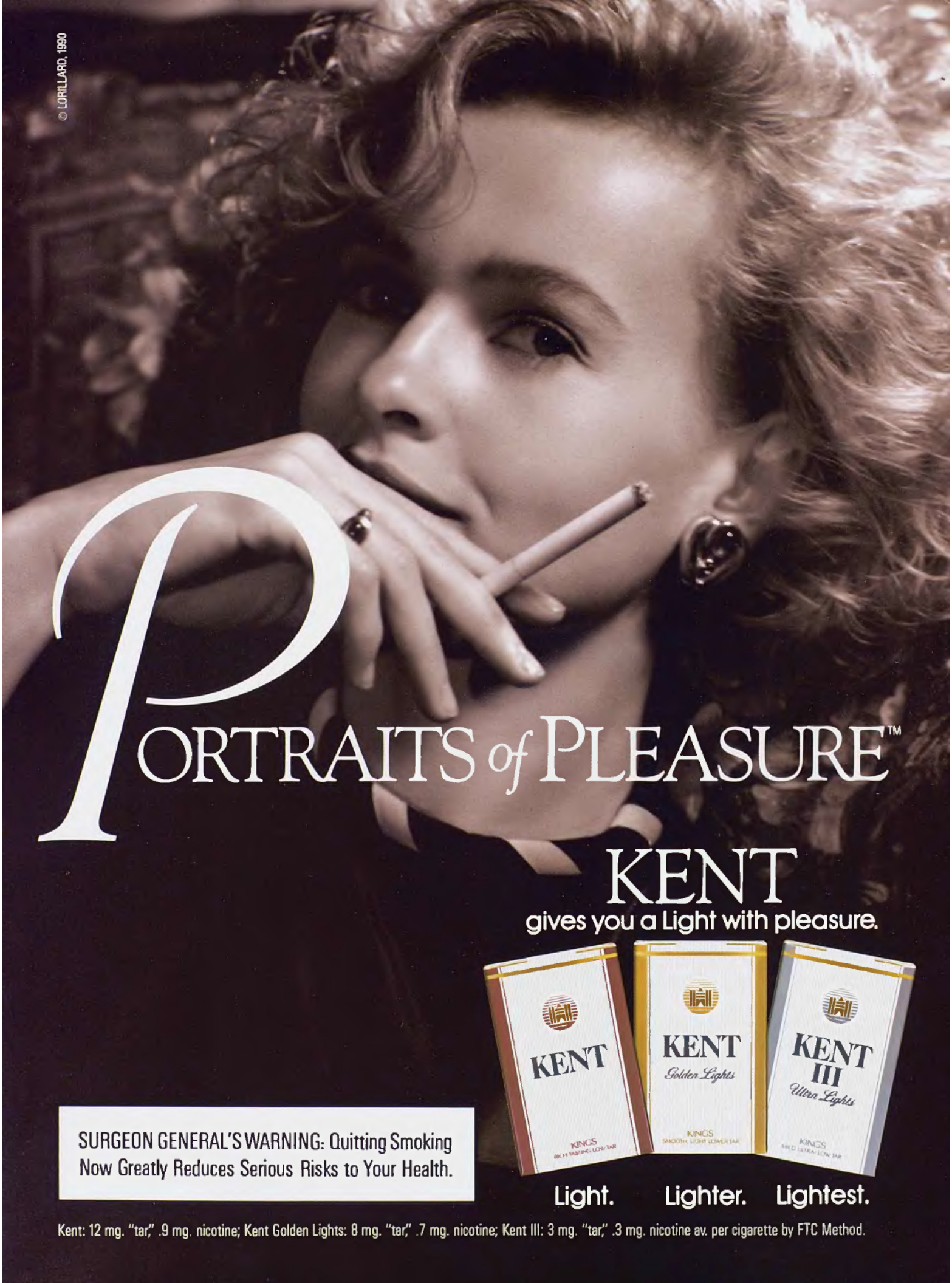

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